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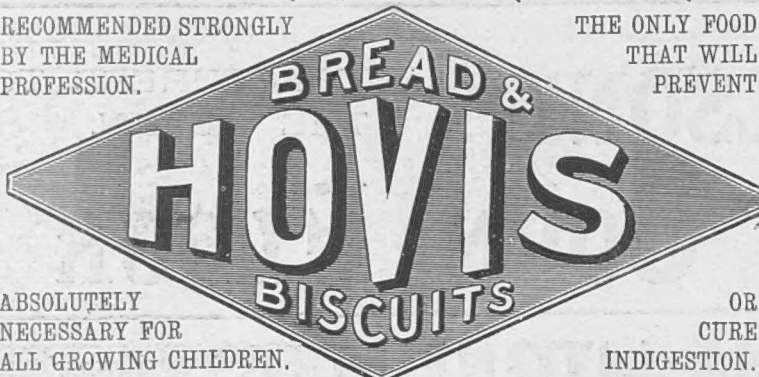
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# THE SKETCH.

No. 36.—Vol. III.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1893.

SIXPENCE.  
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MISS MAY YOHÉ, AS DENISE IN "MAM'ZELLE NITOUCHE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.



### "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

The charming, piquant figure of Miss May Yohé, handsomely gowned in a harmony of autumnal tints, well suited to her clear, olive complexion, dark, wavy hair, and brilliant hazel eyes, arose from a settee in her drawing-room to greet me.

"And so you are going to undertake a boy's part, for I suppose Little Christopher is a male descendant of the discoverer of the New



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.  
MISS MAY YOHÉ.

World?" I remarked, after I had been introduced to Chris, a handsome collie of the Champion Eclipse pedigree.

"Well, it's yes and no to your question, for I am going to play a boy's part and yet a girl's, as I shall endeavour to represent all the *gaucherie* of a boy who is masquerading in girl's clothes."

"If rumour speaks truly, you are to have some lovely dresses."

"My word, you're right. There's a pink one just up to date, I can tell you, and the 'cutest thing you ever saw, with three flounces made out of a hundred yards of silk, with five different shades of yellow. Aye, and a Spanish one, with a divine hat. I am going to show you all the new way to wear a veil; while as to gloves, stockings, and my parasol—well, they're just coming from Paris."

"By-the-bye, didn't you go over to Paris to study the Goulue dance?"

"Oh, yes; but an English public would never stand it as it is danced, and I have had to tone it down. I shall give a wild sort of *cancan*, a minuet, and negro dance, with a plantation ditty; but I sha'n't 'black up.'"

"Haven't I heard some story about a certain lucky yellow dress?"

"Oh, I know what you mean; you are alluding to my 'Mascotte' dress, as I call it—which my dear mother made for me, and in which I appeared in 'The Magic Opal,' and as Denise in 'Mam'zelle Nitouche'—because it has always brought me luck. I am awfully superstitious," she archly went on to say. "Do you know, I really believe in black cats! It is really very singular, but directly the run of a piece comes to an end my cat for the time being always dies or disappears, and a stranger fact still is that just before a new play opens another black cat comes into the house or is given to me."

"Can you tell me something of what the new play is about?"

"Well, you must not expect much. I mustn't tell you more than that the curtain rises on the market-place in Cadiz, where they are unveiling the statue of Columbus. At first I am a stowaway on board a ship, where I meet a wealthy and beautiful young lady, with whom, of course, I fall desperately in love. I then desert the ship, and the next scene is in Chicago, where I play a double part."

"And what about the music, Miss Yohé?"

"Well, in this piece the music has been specially composed to suit my voice. It has been written round me, so to speak. You remarked just now that my voice was considered quite unique. Well, that very fact is detrimental to it in a way, because it will be so difficult to find an understudy."

"And who trained your voice?"

"Now you are laughing at me. You know well enough, I'm sure, that it has not been trained at all. Its originality, some people say, is its charm, for if it had been trained it would have developed into something quite different. For instance, I never sing head notes, all come from the chest. Do you know, at one time I actually had a soprano voice, but it broke just like a boy's on my way home from Dresden, where I was sent for my education."

"And what was your first engagement in America?" I next asked.

"I played in farcical comedy with the same order of business as that in which I shall appear next week. At the Chicago Opera House, under David Henderson, I played the Princess in the 'Arabian Nights' (Alfred Thompson's version), also in 'Natural Gas' and in 'The City Directory.' 'Prince Prittiwitz' was also in the season's programme. Then I went to Melbourne and other cities in Australia, and on returning I played in 'Hoss and Hoss' during a tour in the States."

"And which do you prefer, English or American audiences?"

"Fancy now asking me that! Why, American, to be sure. I have nothing to say against your upper circle, gallery, and pit; but, my word! the stalls. Why, they just sit with their eyes under the seats. For a real good time, give me a cowboy audience. Well, there; that's something like. Why, in—however, I forget the name of the place, but it was in a wild part in Montana. It was in a barn-like place; the dressing-rooms were only recesses fixed up on either side of the stage, with just a couple of 'crazy quilts' to screen them. There was only one cake of soap and one pot of rouge among us; we had to throw them across the stage to one another, and we had only the light of candles to dress by. But what a night it was, and what a house we had! At the end of the performance, following the usual rule—that is, when the audience is satisfied—the cowboys pelted us with money."

"You speak as though you had great sympathy with the Wild West."

"I should think I had, for, though my father's family hails from Holland, I can trace clear descent maternally from the brave Nagarasette tribe of Indians. Yes, Sir, I am a real American, and I am proud as Lucifer that I can say so. And if you take the initials of my name, Mary Augusta Yohé, you will understand why I call myself May."—T. H. L.

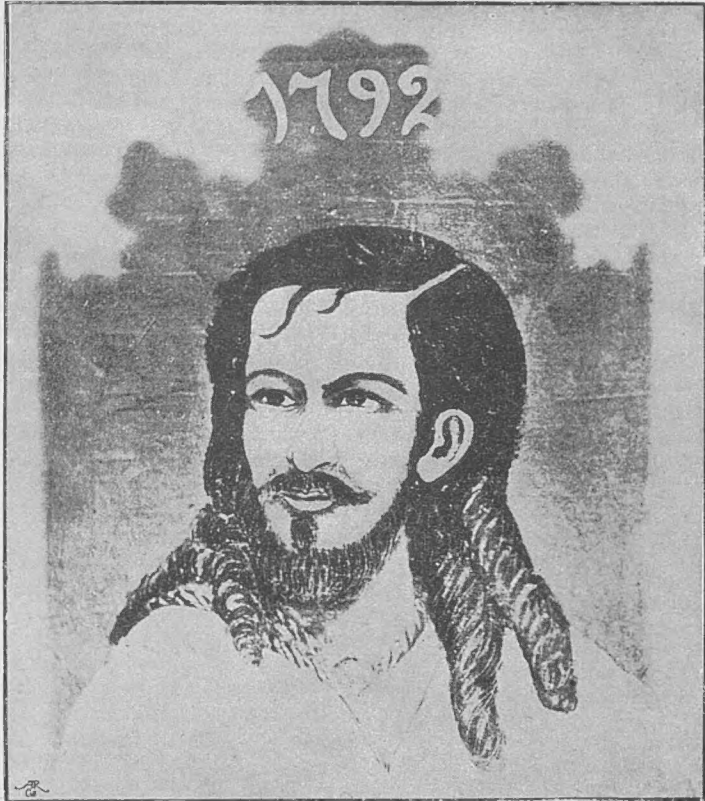


Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.  
MISS YOHÉ IN "THE MAGIC OPAL."



## ALL ABROAD.

One of the most interesting features of the forthcoming electoral struggle in Prussia will be the Anti-Semite movement. So successful were the Jew-baiters in the recent elections for the Imperial Diet, that it is seen to be impossible to use the Anti-Semites as mere appendages to



THE "MARTYR" OF REPUBLICANISM IN BRAZIL.

the Conservative party. Herr Ahlwardt's latest proposals prohibit Jewish immigration, excludes Jews from all State and commercial offices, the army, and the teaching profession, and forbids them to keep German servants.

The cholera epidemic is rapidly diminishing at Hamburg. An Italian mail steamer which was refused entrance at all the Brazilian ports on account of the presence of cholera on board has arrived at a quarantine station on the Sardinian coast, 144 persons having died on the voyage.

The Kaiser as a tailor is the latest novelty. His Majesty designed a wonderful hunting suit for his recent trip to Hungary. It is made of a bluish-grey waterproof cheviot, in semi-military, semi-forester style. Over it the Emperor wears a cloak of the same material, but of quite an original shape. The hat is of grey, green-edged soft felt, adorned with a big chamois feather. High, lacquered boots, with spurs, and a broad hunting belt with a long hanger, the handle of which is decorated with the royal crown in gold, complete the costume.

Thursday was a great day at Innsbruck, when a monument to the peasant patriot, Andreas Hofer, was unveiled. In 1809 he called his countrymen to arms in order to help in driving the French out of the Tyrol, and more than once he actually defeated the troops of Napoleon. At last he was betrayed, and shot by the French, but he remains a great hero to the Tyrolese, and has been sung by most of the leading Austrian and German poets. The statue is 18 ft. high, and made of bronze. It represents Hofer in the Tyrolese national dress.

Barcelona is very excited over the Anarchist outrages that have occurred there within the past week or two. Many bombs and materials for explosives have been captured, and a large number of Anarchists have been arrested. At Vienna an Anarchist plot to commit an outrage on the day of the meeting of the Reichsrath after the summer recess has been discovered.

President Cleveland has written a letter to the Governor of Georgia stating his position on financial points. He declares that he wants the currency of the United States to be so safe and reassuring that those who have money will spend and invest it in business and enterprises, instead of hoarding it. He objects to tinkering the difficulty, and calls for the immediate and unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Law.

Monday is the twenty-second anniversary of the burning of Chicago, and it is "going to set the pace of the *fin de siècle*," as the *Tribune* proudly says. The day pageant will begin as soon as it is light enough to see, and will close only when it is too dark to see. Processions, music, choruses, bands, games, fêtes, land pageants and water pageants, banners, flags, and gonfalons, military display, cannons, bells, and the spectacle of hilarious thousands will combine to fill the day with

attraction. The night will be even more brilliant and gorgeous. The great White City will be in a blaze of light rivalling the brightness of noonday with its illuminations.

A severe indictment of the Peixoto Cabinet has been made by four members of the Brazilian Congress, who are on board the rebel vessel Aquidaban. The Cabinet is charged with stealing the public funds, destroying the autonomy of the States, and fomenting national war, in order to serve its own personal ends. Admiral de Mello declares Peixoto is trying to place Brazil under the rule of absolute tyranny.

A Brazilian naval officer has been telling an interviewer at Lisbon that the monarchy would now find complete favour in the eyes of the Brazilians after their three years' unfortunate experience of Republican rule. "It is tacitly understood," he says, "that Prince Augustus, a member of the Saxe-Coburg family, who is now serving as an officer in the Austrian Navy, would be chosen as Emperor. He formerly served in the Brazilian Navy, under De Mello, and gained the respect of everybody."

It is interesting at the present crisis to recall the "Martyr of Republicanism," as Joaquim José da Silva Xavier, nicknamed Tira-dentes (the tooth-drawer), is called in Brazil. By profession a dentist—isn't it curious how doctors come to play the parts they do in the South American republics?—he became an ensign of militia, and as such led the revolution of 1789, when an attempt was made to throw off Portuguese rule. The conspiracy was nipped in the bud, and Xavier was hanged for his trouble. The Brazilians regard him as a saint, and a photograph of him is to be found hung up in private houses much the same as a crucifix or picture of the Virgin would be.

The revolution in Argentina is spreading. The States in the northern part of the republic are all against the Government of President Saenz-Platz.

That vigorous newspaper, the *Madagascar News*, refers at length to a paragraph which appeared some time ago in this column, in which it was inferred that France is the controlling power in that island, and that the *News* was labouring to cause Great Britain to intervene.

"This," it says, "is not the position. France has no foothold here, either in fact or treaty-law. In effect, and by treaty, her preponderance here is a negative one, for treaty distinctly states she has only the right of protecting Madagascar from foreign aggression, and must not interfere in the internal administration of the country. The French Government

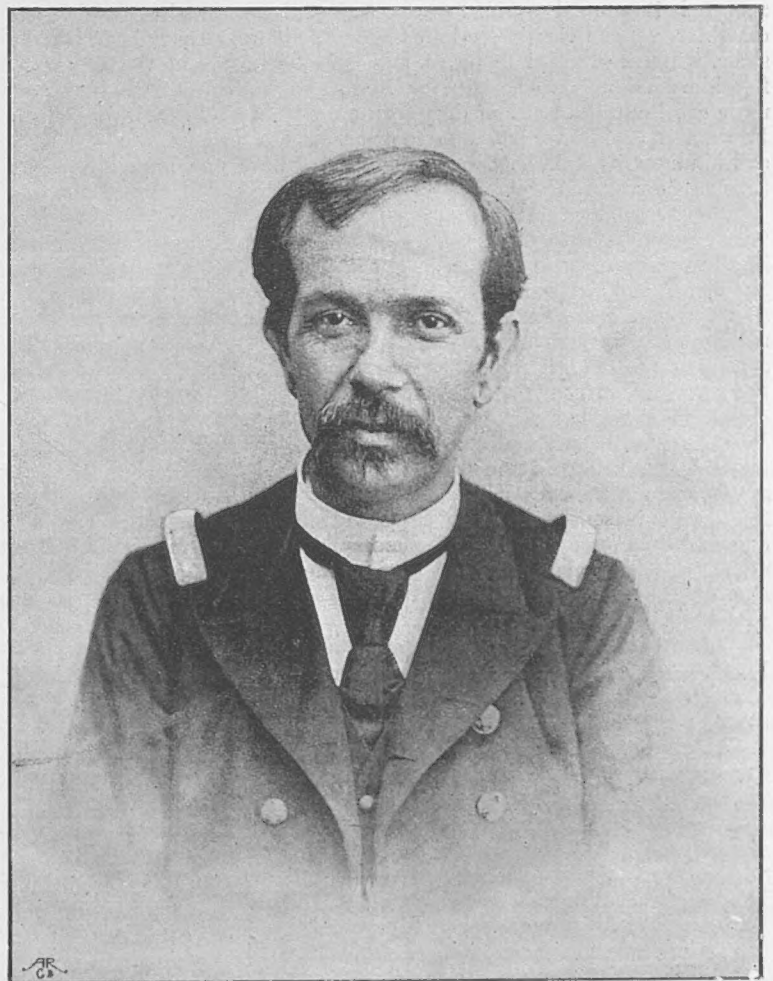


Photo by Henschel, Rio de Janeiro.

GENERAL PEIXOTO, PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL.

now seek to infringe these agreements, and it is against that attempt we protest, both in the interests of British Imperial Federation and of Madagascar."



## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

## "SOWING THE WIND," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Messrs. J. Comyns Carr and Sydney Grundy are very lucky people, for after "Sowing the Wind" they have reaped a whirlwind—of applause—and, in addition, are likely to have a golden harvest, for success seems almost certain, since one rarely hears in a theatre such a burst of spontaneous clapping as after the third act on Saturday night. The new play is one that will charm almost every class of playgoer. Perhaps those people for whom the unusually heavy crop of burlesque is ripening will find it rather too lachrymose. Moreover, the realists will turn up their noses; they may say that the *facture*, with its heavy set of coincidences and many soliloquies is old-fashioned, and complain that a question is started and the answer eluded. To this Mr. Grundy can answer that he raises no question, but merely tells a tale.

For my part, accepting the play as an April shower tale, I have no confidence in the blaze of sunshine at the end. I doubt whether the gambling hero, the young gentleman whose policy is to earn a living by losing money at cards, is of the stuff to wed a girl of equivocal reputation. I think Master Ned would find country life too dull, and not have strength enough of character for a campaign in London with his wife. However, despite this, and without prejudice to any views I may have as to *facture*, &c., I had so much pleasure that I do not wish to dwell on its defects to suggest that the argument of sex and sex in the third act seems dragged in and ahead of time, that the fourth act is really superfluous, that Lord Petworth is a tedious person, with little more touch of life than one finds in an Adelphi villain. These and other flaws may be found in the play; but it has real tears, a few smiles, and, above all, is interesting.

One meets some charming people in the work, and among them Mr. Watkin is one of the pleasantest. He has a pretty wit that hits hard, as when he calls women "aggravated girls," and says that "marriage develops a negative evil into a positive calamity," and some force of character that leads him to "I'm friend first, gentleman after—or not—as you please." Yet he had a very nasty cut from Rosamund when, to his remark, "I've taken the liberty of bringing my friends," she answers, "You mean the liberty of accompanying them." Right through his part are true touches of life, even in his aggravating way of reminding his friend of his debt to him. Luckily, the character was entrusted to Mr. Cyril Maude, whose wonderful skill differentiates him from all the other stage old men I can recollect.

Mr. Brabazon is what ladies call "an old dear," and in him one seems to find a trace of Colonel Newcome. One wishes he could have accepted Rosamund as Ned's wife before knowing she was his own daughter, yet can clearly see how impossible it would have been for him, since, while he longed to do so, and suffered keenly in the refusal, he felt himself bound to be wise for Ned: you know that good men are more cruel out of a sense of duty than most bad men in their wickedness. Few actors could have given to the part such a tender grace of old age and kindness as did Mr. Brandon Thomas, whose one imperfection was the occasional inaudibility of his speech.

No one expects much from a simple lover's part like Ned's; he is true enough as a type, but not well individualised, nor does Rosamund in all respects come to true life. The scheme of the character is noble, but Mr. Grundy at times uses her as a mouthpiece for social ideas that sound strange in her, and she makes phrases, such as "I'd rather bear my mother's shame than share my father's honour," that seem aimed at the gallery. Yet she has some of the breath of life. Miss Winifred Emery has not gladdened our eyes for some time, so the sight of her in a dainty old-world gown caused a hearty greeting, and well she deserved it. With half her beauty and charm of voice she would have fascinated the house by her acting in the third act. So fine was her art that but for seeing tears in the eyes of half the audience—with difficulty seeing them, for obvious reasons—one would have said she was underacting. As it is one calls it a *tour de force* of maximum of power with minimum of effort, and the playgoer will cherish the memory of that scene as one of the rare exhibitions of purest art that this generation has witnessed.

The other characters are hardly on the same plane. The pert Miss Maud, who thinks "one can say what one likes about the character of a singing woman if one has taken two half-guinea tickets," was not very amusing even when saucy Miss Annie Hughes played the part. Miss Rose Leclercq was very arch as her gossiping mother, anxious to make her daughter a prude, forgetful that prudishness is the caricature of virtue; but her skill was unavailing. Mr. Edmund Maurice as the sporting nobleman, whose view of his betrothal was that he'd "taken the colt on trial," was rather roughly drawn for the play, and his "Smashing Topper" soon grew wearisome. Lord Petworth and his blind-alley complication proved tedious. The old attorney, however, was neatly drawn and charmingly played by Mr. W. Dennis. I also should add that Mr. S. Brough acted Ned's part in good style.

Treating it as a whole, I think that the two sets of adjectives I culled from the Sunday papers fairly meet the case: "charming, interesting, and picturesque," and "very pleasing, entertaining, touching." The "picturesque," no doubt, refers to the scenes and dresses, which are of the days when the Sailor King was on the throne.

## "A MODERN DON QUIXOTE," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

"What! is Maud your name?" A deep sigh—long pause. "Maud, it has been the dream of my life to love someone named Maud, to be beloved by a Maud. The moment our eyes met I felt that we were destined for one another. I have never loved before; I shall never love again. Say the word that will make me the happiest of men. What! you say 'Yes'? Then, since we are engaged, let me offer you this ring: each stone represents a throb of my heart."

Now, you can hardly fancy the "ingenioso Hidalgo" of La Mancha saying such things, seeing that his "heart was true to Poll"—or, rather, Dulcinea of Toboso—still less can you believe that, changing the name from "Maud" to "Phœbe," "Mabel," &c., as the case might be, he would have made the very same declaration to every girl he met. Least of all is it credible that the Knight of the doleful steed would have presented a mere Brummagem ring, and immediately bolted with the valuable jewel he received in its place as love-token.

Yet these by no means doughty deeds were done by the modern Don Quixote, otherwise Don Arturo Roberto, who cared no more about chivalry than about Polynesian politics, and was, more truly speaking, a modern Autolycus: this remark is not intended as a libel on the staff of the *Pall Mall*. The "unconsidered trifle" that Don Arturo snapped up was pretty Miss Maud, niece and ward of General Jenkinson, governor of the jail called Treadmill Castle. However, I will not imitate young ladies, who always are wicked enough to begin at the wrong end of the book. I must keep back the *dénouement*.

The Don and his untrusty squire, Sancho Panza—more truly, Tom, Dick, or Harry—met Maud when, in his travels, he touched the village of Hogthorpe—a name that reminds one of Lamb's luckless play, "Mr. H." He travelled on the strength of a simple fraud, for by "divers subtle and fraudulent devices," as the statute says, he induced rustic maids and youths to yearn for matrimony, then pretended to be an itinerant registrar, and collected registration fees and promptly became very itinerant. One of his devices may be named: he had concocted a pill which when thrown into the air gave a noise like a crack of thunder. Immediately a pill went off the girls, as their manner is, sought shelter in the arms of the nearest man, and, of course, had to pay for the shelter.

At Hogthorpe he went even a little further than usual, for, having "welshed" the wandering bishop of Gretna Green, and even stolen his clothes, he earned the registration fees by marrying almost the whole village. Unluckily, his inexperience caused him to wed every Jill to someone else's Jack. Maud, however, remained a spinster. Now, the young lady had a fortune of £20,000, and was very much in love with the Don as well as with the hero of Cervantes, whose life she had studied with zest—I hope in a family edition, free from the episode of Miss Maritornes.

General Jenkinson wanted to marry Maud to his son Algernon, as big a fool as you could find on a racecourse, and, in order to carry out his scheme, kept her under lock and key in Treadmill Castle. This, no doubt, was the worst policy he could have adopted, for love, as they say, laughs at locksmiths, and even the safe deposit company that is advertising for a "few experienced burglars" would shrink from tempting a few desperate lovers.

So the Don got into the jail—not, I fear, for the first time. He presented himself in the guise of a fashionable doctor, nominally to see after Maud's health, and told to her his plan for an elopement. It proved needless, since, when, a little while later, in order to carry out the plan, he came in woman's dress, pretending to seek a situation, he successfully "mashed" the governor, and learnt from him that Maud was of age, and, therefore, illegally detained. The end of it, then, was a marriage as tame as that which wounded the romantic heart of Lydia Languish.

The story of "A Modern Don Quixote," as a matter of fact, is one of no importance, for the new "nondescript"—that is what the author calls it—is really three hours with Mr. Arthur Roberts, who is on the stage nearly all the time, and sadly missed when off. His marvellous fecundity and versatility of humour make the nondescript live. He is really a Proteus, though yet you may truly use of him the hackneyed phrase, "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*." He creates roars of laughter with his burlesque proposals, made with intense mock sincerity. Grotesquely got up as the bishop, he pretends to play the organ on an anvil, and seems an organist to the life. When he came on as the doctor his manner was gravely professional enough to cure a hysterical patient of an attack of pseudo-hydrophobia.

Not only was Mr. Roberts delightful when he spoke, but he gave two convulsing dumb-show scenes. He set before our eyes a young swell at supper, and an English waiter of the old school attendant on him. Then he took us upstairs to show us the young lady who is setting her hair straight, and so fine was his mimicry, you could guess the very style of her coiffure, and his attitude in putting on an imaginary opera cloak and tying it in was entirely convincing. Never, I think, has he shown his strange gifts more successfully, and, consequently, it does not matter a bit that the book was poor, that the music was tame, and the company very provincial. A word must be said for the very pretty dancing of Miss Mabel Love, who is making great strides in her profession, and avoiding them on the stage, and soon will be one of our most accomplished as well as prettiest dancers.

E. F.-S.



## OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Mr. Gladstone's reception in Edinburgh on Wednesday was of that enthusiastic description which the great Scotch towns invariably offer him. The only attempt at decoration of the streets was that carried out by Mr. Beerbohm Tree's manager, who had an announcement crossing a street to the effect that "A Woman of No Importance" greets 'A Grand Old Man,' but the crowd in the Albert Hall where he spoke quite made up for any lack of bunting.

The Premier made a heavy onslaught on the Lords, taking as his text Mr. Chamberlain's denunciation of the Peers in 1884, as irresponsible, obstinate, arbitrary, and arrogant. His main arguments were that no great reform has ever been passed without encountering the bitterest opposition from the House of Lords, and that opposition, however bitter, has never finally prevailed against the passing of any great reform.

Zola has at last bidden us good-bye. The welcome he has received in a country that has seen fit to prosecute a publisher of his books is curious, but not the less sincere for all that. At the dinner given to him by the Authors' Club on Thursday he declared that he was leaving London, not as one who had triumphed, but as a man who was happy in leaving sympathetic feelings behind him in this country.

And he has scored with others besides knights of the pen, for the knights of labour cannot but have been gratified by his donation to the fund for the relief of the miners. "I have seen on the spot," he says, "sufferings such as these, and I have wept for them." His idealistic treatment of the Belgian miners must be fresh in the memories of the readers of "Germinal."

The misery caused by the strike is, indeed, calculated to rouse the sympathy even of those who cannot find any excuse for the conduct of the miners. Heartrending stories are being told of the suffering of women and children, who have no voice in the quarrel, as the urgent appeal on their behalf by the London Trades Council puts it.

The masters' side of the question does not suffer from being hidden under any bushel. The President of the Coalowners' Federation puts their case very strongly. Reason must prevail, he says, before any agreement can be arrived at. The owners cannot endorse the folly they know to be a delusion and a dream, that the maintenance of high cost of production will increase or affect the price that the consumer is able to pay. Arbitration ought to have prevented the strike.

The Miners' Federation, while refusing to meet the employers for the purpose of discussing any reduction in wages, has agreed to allow men to work at the old rate of wages wherever employers are willing to pay it.

One of the most amusing spectacles at the recent reception of the Institute of Journalists at the Imperial Institute was the sight of the Telephone Room, temporarily arranged in connection with one of the leading music-halls. Round a long table, ladies and gentlemen, with an intensity of interest almost painful to witness, listened to the strains of music and vocal efforts, which formed the evening's programme. To the onlooker it was quite a relief to see the universal smile which passed over the anxious faces when the unusual notes of "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" came over the wires. The "patter" lost most of its point, as it came in muffled tones from the platform to the auditors at the Institute. Our artist has depicted a certain well-known London journalist in the act of listening.

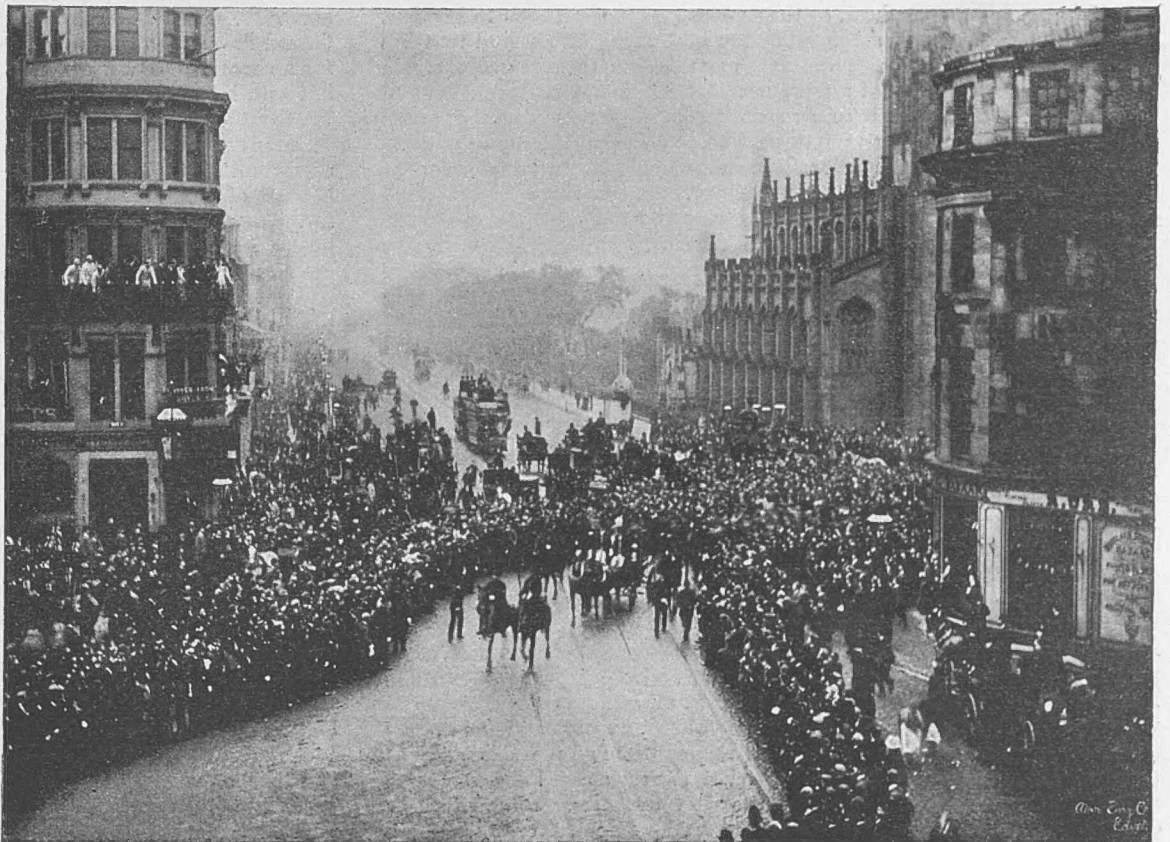


English classical scholarship has received a severe blow in the death of Professor Jowett, the veteran Master of Balliol College, Oxford, who died on Sunday afternoon. He will be best remembered by his magnificent translation of Plato, which will constitute a lasting memorial of scholarship in this century. Ecclesiastically, he won the respect of everybody by his liberal views, which did not exclude the Unitarians, who have also lost one of their veterans in the Rev. Dr. Crosskey.

Mr. George Robert Tyler, the Lord Mayor elect, is head of the firm of Messrs. Venables, Tyler, and Co., which has already supplied a Lord Mayor to the City in the person of Mr. Alderman Venables, who was Chief Magistrate in 1826. Mr. Tyler, who is a Churchman and a Conservative, is fifty-eight years of age.

Here is as quaint an advertisement from the *Times* as any newspaper has had for some time: "Matabeles.—Gentleman, aged 26, previous experience in South Africa, leaving for Fort Victoria on the 7th, would take companion anxious to see fighting. £300 premium and outfit. . . ." Embryonic Haggards should apply.

In the twenty years of its existence the London School Board has made great progress—at any rate, in numbers. In 1874 it had 65,000



MR. GLADSTONE IN EDINBURGH: EN ROUTE TO THE ALBERT HALL.

By the Orr Photo Engraving Company.

school places, at a cost of £138,000. Now it has 445,000 places, and the expenditure has risen to £1,969,000. The proposal to print Mr. Diggle's speech was adopted at the meeting on Thursday only after a good deal of opposition, on account of its controversial character.

The third-class dining-cars recently inaugurated on some of our railways will be a greater boon in winter than they have been in summer. The Midland service leaves St. Pancras forty minutes later than before—at 2.10 p.m. instead of 1.30. The return train from Glasgow will continue to leave St. Enoch Station at 1.30. As before, luncheons, dinners, teas, and other refreshments will be served at charges which makes one wonder how the company can afford to do it.

**DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.**—Every Night at 8.15, AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY of COMEDIANS in THE FORESTERS, a Four Act Comedy by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Miss Ada Rehan as Maid Marian, Arthur Bourchier as Robin Hood. FIRST MATINEE, Saturday next, Oct. 7, at 2 o'clock. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats, also, at all Libraries, or by telegraph.

## M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y .

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES.  
The AFTERNOON EXPRESS from LONDON (St. Pancras) to GLASGOW, with FIRST and THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES attached, now leaves LONDON (St. Pancras) at 2.10 p.m., instead of 1.30, as formerly, and returns from Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 1.30 p.m. LUNCHEONS, DINNER, TEAS, AND OTHER REFRESHMENTS will be served en route at the following Tariffs—

<b>LUNCHEONS.</b> (Served immediately after departure.) First Class, 2s. 6d. Third Class, Joint Luncheon (inclusive charge), 2s. Also à la Carte at Buffet charges as per daily bill of fare.	<b>TEAS.</b> (Served from 4.30 to 6 p.m.) Pot of Tea with Roll and Butter, 6d. First Class, 9d. Other viands at Buffet charges as per daily bill of fare.	<b>DINNER (Table d'Hôte).</b> (Served in the Down Train on leaving Hellfield; Up Train on leaving Leeds.) First Class, 3s. 6d. Third Class, 2s. 6d.
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Derby, October 1893.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.



## THE NEW BALLET AT THE EMPIRE.

"The Girl I left behind me," the new ballet at the Empire, invented by Mr. George Edwardes and arranged by Madame Katti Lanner, is so very good in its way that I seem, even to myself, a little unreasonable in pointing out that it is, like "Round the Town," somewhat more in the nature of a pantomime than of a ballet pure and simple. The tendency of ballet at present certainly sets in that direction, and pantomime, unfortunately, means modern pantomime, an attempt at realism which sometimes endeavours to compete with the Harris order of things—big guns going off behind the scenes, big horses prancing about in front, fire-escapes, sea-sickness, virtuous workmen, and vicious baronets. The ballet is so entirely and beautifully artificial, so essentially and excellently conventional, that it can gain nothing by trying to become, what it never can and never should be, a picture of real life. That is why—much as I enjoy "The Girl I left behind me," with its marching and movement—I would rather have seen the "Faust" which there was some talk of giving, a ballet in which I fancy to myself the really personal talent of Madame Katti Lanner exercised freely, and after her own way, in the making of something which should be merely beautiful, and nothing more.

But I shall be told that I am conservative, pedantic, unreasonable in my preferences; unreasonable, in particular, if it is true, as I have lately been informed by an accomplished writer in an intelligent magazine, that I always like to be ahead of the fashion. Let me hasten to say that "The Girl I left behind me" is quite the best thing of its kind that has ever been done, that it has not a dull moment—there were moments in "Round the Town" when I always leaned back in my seat and ignored the stage—and that there is really a good deal of genuine dancing, and a great deal of just the right kind of spectacle; also that the music is quite specially good—good even for M. Wenzel, who is always a musician at once accomplished and adroit. The story, though there is much of it, is not important, except in so far as it brings forward the charming face and the refined talent of Miss Ada Vincent, who is better and better in every new ballet, and the intelligent and restrained pantomime of Miss Paston, who was so pathetic as the mother in "Round the Town" and so gracious as the mother in "Katrina." I am the more pleased at the progress in skill and advancement in position of these two young English girls, as we are spared in consequence the turgid and tumid heroics of Signorina Malvina Cavallazzi, who has long held the principal pantomimist's part at the Empire. Not by any means without talent, she so deliberately and resolutely overdoes everything she has to do as to absolutely tire one's eyes, much as a Salvation Army brass band tires one's ears. I am afraid that Mdle. Héva Sarey, the new *première danseuse*, is somewhat inclined also to a certain kind of exaggeration in movement; but she was very nervous on the first night, and should not be judged after one performance. Signor de Vincenti is more marvellous than ever: he does the impossible with the ease of one who is quite accustomed to it. And how charming, in her different, purely English method—sheer effervescent gaiety, the poetry of the dance—is Miss Katie Seymour, who flits across the stage like a bird! Quite different again, in a sort of sombre gaiety, dark and vivid, Mdle. Cora flashes upon us, a gypsy queen, a tempting witch, as she treads the measure of fate in and out among the fortune-telling cards that strew the ground. Mdle. Cora is not merely a good dancer, she is not merely handsome; she has that rarest of qualities, an individuality of her own. She is never like anybody else; she is never commonplace; she is never indistinguishable in a crowd, and that is really the main reason why she is so fascinating.

As a spectacle, the new ballet is daringly and successfully brilliant. In the first scene—Epsom Downs—there is a dance of gypsies which is a charming medley of white sleeves, red kerchief-hoods, and dark frocks. The second scene—the invariable dream—shows us a Cave of the Vices, which is like a scene from "Orfeo" as it might be imagined by Chéret; absolute Chéret are these diaphanous champagne-girls, these Parisian card-nymphs, in their black-and-white and red-and-white short frocks; just the right kind of fantastic modernity, with a suggestion in the bell-shaped skirts of the traditional costume of the ballet. Then, in the dock scene, there is a patriotic touch of red, white, and blue in the soldiers who parade and manœuvre and the sailors who dance, nimbly led by that dashing midshipman, Miss Lizzie Vincent. Then we find ourselves in Burmah, at a fête which reflects the greatest credit on the Burmese. Colours clash like discords, resolve into startling and satisfying harmonies of tone; violet, maize, red, green, and gold, with a rim of tin and tinsel, gold and silver, in the trotting children, like little heathen idols. Banners, all flowers, wave in the air, advance, retreat, like a moving forest of feathery trees. It is a carnival of colour, of movement, of gaiety. Lines flow and undulate, curving into circles, become rigid, and cross and re-cross in file, melt into cunning caprices, and twine into exquisite arabesque. I can find nothing to criticise—I can only enjoy and admire—and when everybody comes before the curtain I shall keep my best applause for the incomparable Katti Lanner.

A. S.

## VERY MUCH ALIKE.

"Her religion is very much like her dress: she can put it on or off, just as she pleases."

"Yes, and like her ball dress, at that; there isn't very much of it."—*Life*.

## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The Russian craze seems imminent once more in Paris and the rest of France, and black and yellow will consequently be the favourite colours among the middle classes and populace. But it won't do to put too much faith in Russia's love for France, for, while the fleet of the former country is to visit here, the Czar will probably visit the Emperor at Berlin. The Grand Duke Alexis, the Duke and Duchess of Leuchtenberg, Prince Boris, and a large party, while visiting Bayonne recently, were entertained to a regular bloodthirsty bull-fight, in which no less than six bulls and fifteen horses were killed. It is stated that they much enjoyed the spectacle, which the Mayor of Bayonne and his councillors also attended.

Shooting seems more popular than usual this year, and some big bags, for France, have been made. M. Hubert Desbrousses, Château de Nangis, with a party of seven, killed 327 head. At the Château de Courtry, Baron Fribourg, the celebrated shot, gave a "shoot," at which a party of ten assisted, and, although only 150 head fell, the Baron himself killed over eighty. This doesn't say much for the rest. At Noisiel, M. Ménier and party killed 340 partridges in one day. The Comte de Montigny, Château de Noirmont, organised a shooting party, of which several were "sportswomen"; 94 partridges, 33 hares, and 210 rabbits were killed. A young Marquise, celebrated for her beauty and *chic*, sported a "cavalier Louis XIII." costume, in black velvet, turned down with blue satin, trimmed with *jet*, of all things in the world for a shooting get-up, while on her fair hair was perched a large velvet hat with long blue feathers!

Many poaching affrays have happened lately, and not always at night, as the following will show: In the Department of the Oise one of the keepers of a large forest distinctly heard a shot fired quite close to him in the afternoon. Hurrying to the spot where he judged it had happened, he espied a priest sitting on a fallen tree calmly reading. In answer to his query, the priest assured him he had seen nobody pass that way, nor had he even heard the shot, although, he said, he was so absorbed in his book that that may have been the reason. The keeper was not quite satisfied with this explanation, however, and hid himself among some bushes a little way off. In about half an hour "M. l'Abbé" got up, and, pulling out a gun, carefully hidden under the tree, he reloaded and brought down a magnificent cock pheasant. It turned out afterwards that he was a noted poacher from an adjoining village, and had the good idea of thus carefully avoiding suspicion by pretending to be a priest.

At Brest, an old beggar woman recently died, Marie Collin by name, in whose room was subsequently found a strong iron box containing nearly £200 in money and £10,000 in various bonds. It is believed that she died through starvation, and up to the present no heir or will has been discovered, so the Government will probably be the gainers by the woman's avarice.

A rather celebrated yacht, Le Lazzarone, has just gone to the bottom of the deep blue sea. She was on her way from Arcachon to Bordeaux, when a violent storm came on, and made a big hole in her, and her owner, Baron Henry de Loënhout, and some friends were obliged to abandon her, escaping in two boats to the Ferret lighthouse, which they reached, after great difficulty, in the middle of the night. In the early morning the yacht was still afloat, but soon afterwards filled and sank. The yacht was cruising about Trouville, Dieppe, Havre, and Fécamp all the summer, and many jolly parties were given aboard her, I believe, to gay *Parisiennes* staying at these fashionable watering-places.

Mdlle. Marguerite de Pachmann, the celebrated composer and pianist, is about to marry M. Fernand Labori, barrister at the Paris Court of Appeal.

At the Casino de Paris great excitement prevails every evening when Cody, the wonderful shot, appears. He asks any person present among the audience to step on to the stage, and then shoots at an egg, placed previously on their head! It seems almost incredible that several idiots, willing to risk being shot dead or seriously wounded for absolutely nothing at all, are to be found regularly every night, and several female maniacs, too! A very pretty actress has made a large bet that she will undergo this William Tell business next week, and, consequently, an enormous crowd will be attracted there. One can only hope that she will have the good sense to give up the absurd undertaking.

A lamentable accident has occurred at Havre. MM. Legrand and Calcas, from Paris, were out on the sea, shooting sea-gulls, with a boatman and a boy of fifteen. A gull flew past, and M. Legrand, seizing his gun to shoot it, the shot entered the boy's side, causing instantaneous death. M. Legrand was subsequently arrested on a charge of committing homicide through carelessness.

The management of the Opéra has issued an order that after Oct. 1 ladies wearing hats or bonnets will not be admitted to the orchestra stalls. This is a step in the right direction.

The funeral of the late Duc d'Uzès took place at Uzès last week, and was attended by many wishing to pay a last token of friendship and respect to the lamented deceased.

MIMOSA.





Cody at the Casino

"When extremes meet"



French idea  
of a useful  
shooting suit.

Villebois

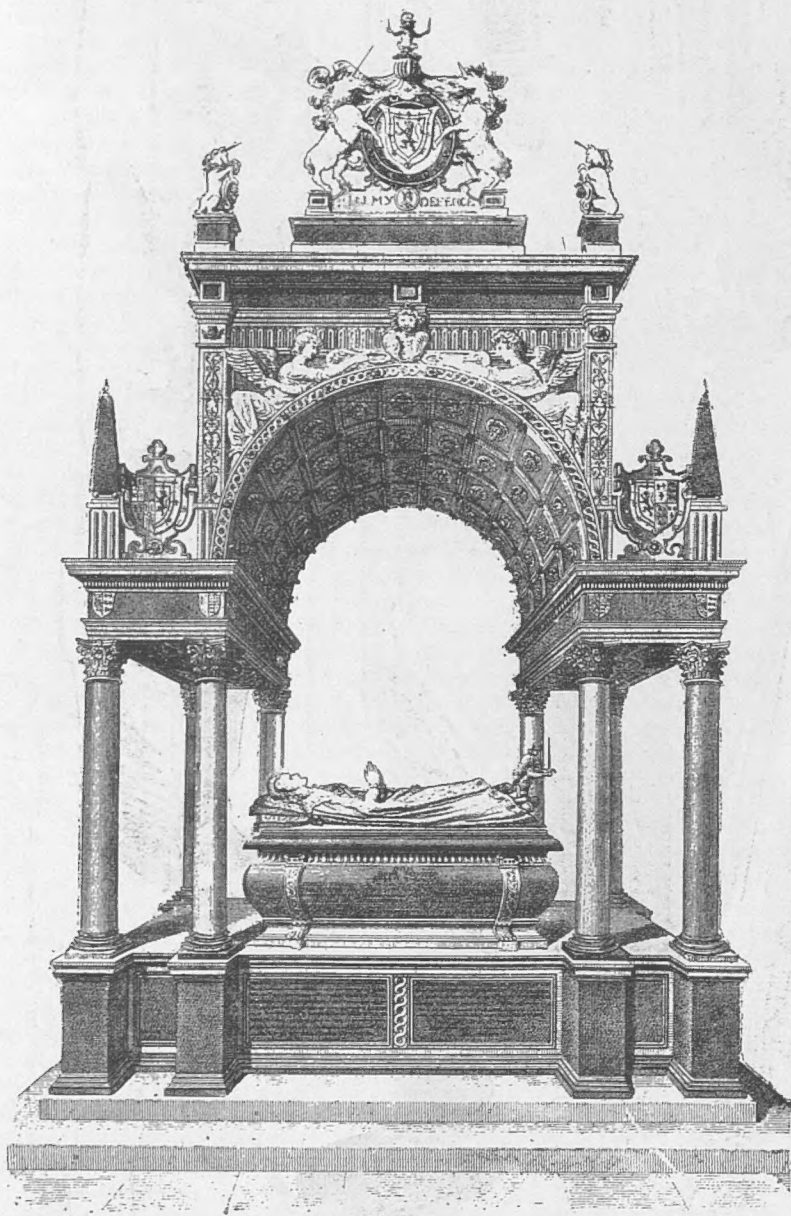




## INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS STATUES.

## III.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I was sauntering in the Abbey the other afternoon, engaged in those improving and original reflections which that great fane and its associations always inspire. I thought of the vanity of human wishes, the caprices of fame, the irresistible comedy of some of the groups in statuary, which must have been so impressive to the sculptor and his contemporaries. I thought of the extraordinary blending of distinguished



SOUTH VIEW OF THE MONUMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

and commonplace dust in the national mausoleum, and from that I was led to muse upon the democratic character of death, with appropriate quotations from the poets and moralists, who have never wearied of the subtle and stimulating philosophy that we are all equal under the grave-stone. Presently I approached an elaborate tomb beneath a canopy, with the recumbent figure of a woman, her hands joined in mute devotion over her breast; and here I fell a-thinking (there is an astonishing rapidity of thought in the Abbey) of the filial piety of kings, for this was the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, and hither her body was brought by James, defender of the faith and enemy of tobacco, to show his fidelity to the memory of the mother who had lain in the earth under the shadow of the scaffold for so many years.

"Such a Christian spirit!" I murmured. "You can hear him mourning for his mother in a good Scotch accent. Aweel, aweel!"

I am used by this time to the sudden vitality of statues, but I felt a slight lifting of the hair when the recumbent figure sat bolt upright, and a voice exclaimed—

"*Mon Dieu!* You call it Christian" (she called it "Chireestian"). "A son who longed for his mother's death, who left her to die by the hand of a murderess! False to God, false to me, coward from his birth! But it is a dutiful monument, as you say"—this with a gesture of infinite scorn—"and these good stout pillars, I doubt not, will bear lying witness of his love for ages."

I was less astonished by this outburst than by her aspect. This was not the "grizzled, wrinkled old woman" of that last scene at Fotheringay in Mr. Froude. Her face was aglow with youth and charm; her eyes,

a trifle too close together, were fathomless and full of fire; the pose of her head had a mingled dignity and winning grace which made me catch my breath.

"Speak, Sir," she commanded.

"Madam," I faltered, "this is most surprising. I don't mean your unlooked-for but most welcome return to life, though as to that I should like respectfully to ask whether it has happened before."

"No," she answered coldly. "You are the first who ever roused me. No one else has had the ill manners to praise James to my face."

"Nay, Madam, I count that as a merit, seeing what a happiness it has brought me."

"You are a courtier, Sir," she said, with a smile, which made me catch my breath again.

"A deferential observation of illustrious sovereigns in stone has been my tutor, Madam," I responded, with a bow, whereat she went off into a ripple of laughter.

"Are they, then, so charming, those stony others?" she asked, with the most ravishingly piquant intonation.

"They are indeed a right noble and gracious company, Madam; rather sooty here and there, but full of good humour and condescension withal. Now, there is Queen Eliza—"

A storm cloud gathered in an instant, and lightnings began to shimmer beneath her brows.

"I—I mean an old, a very old woman, in a huge and most unbecoming ruff. She must be fearfully and wonderfully like the original. Now, my surprise, Madam, is that you do not resemble in the least any of your numerous portraits. No two of them are like each other, and not one is like you. The best give you what I may call, saving your presence, in the words of a most esteemed author, one Charles Lamb—who had you not in his mind, I trow—"

"You need not trow," said Mary, with, I regret to say, a slight yawn. "Speak your natural tongue, Sir, and to the point."

"I crave your Majesty's pardon. The expression in most of your Majesty's portraits is what Lamb called 'a stick-at-nothing, Herodias' daughter kind of grace.' For example, the nose—"

"Enough, Sir. We will not trouble you to make inventory of our features. Herodias' daughter! Your Master Lamb must have been as civil as that pestilent heretic, John Knox. Ah! I thought that sermon would never end, and someone whispered in my ear—"

A truant memory came back, and parted her lips with a tenderness which might have maddened an anchorite.

"But tell me," she said, with sudden intensity, "do men speak well of me, or of—of Elizabeth? Is she hated, or am I? Is my blood on her head?"

"Madam, you are still the dream of chivalry and poetry," I answered diplomatically, "and Elizabeth is good Queen Bess and the Virgin Queen."

I never saw such malicious scorn in a woman's face.

"But my Lord of Leicester, is he, then, forgot? Does no one know my Lady Shrewsbury's tale? I sent it to Elizabeth writ with my own hand, and I warrant you it did not make her love me more. The Virgin Queen!" And she proceeded to recite Lady Shrewsbury's story, laughing in a most embarrassing manner.

"Really, Madam," I protested, "this exceeding plainness of speech is unsuited to the age in which we—in which I live. We have more decorum than the century you adorned. Such things are never mentioned now, except in the evidence of the Divorce Court and the volumes of the Historical Manuscripts Commission."

"Good Queen Bess!" she repeated, in a mocking tone. "But what say you of poor Mary Stuart, Sir Critic of the centuries? Are her sins still blazing scarlet? Nay, stammer not with your mouth full of meal. If you are Elizabeth's man, speak out. She had my head at Fotheringay, but who has conquered?"

"In that England is neither Catholic nor Spanish, Madam," I replied, "Elizabeth has worsted you; but in the duel between two women the sentiment of the world is for Mary Stuart. You have our sympathies because Elizabeth was ugly and swore like a trooper. You might have blown up a dozen Darnleys, and plotted a thousand crimes, and lied with forty times the cunning that served you so splendidly to the last; but the eternal troubadour would still have tuned his guitar to your memory, and half Christendom made you a religion."

"Methinks that speech is still plain even in *your* century," she said tranquilly. "Ah, the troubadour—that was prettily said. I always loved the troubadour."

"And that is why they still show Rizzio's blood at Holyrood; you can see it for sixpence."

There came into her eyes a strange, frozen look of horror. She seemed to gaze beyond me, as if at some appalling sight, and shrinking down upon her couch, with her hands pressed tightly together, in an instant she was stone again.

L. F. A.

## AN IMPEDIMENT IN ITS SPEECH.

MERCHANT: "I hate to deal with Gotrox. He is such slow pay. He hates to part with his money."

JUMPUPPE: "Yet he can make his money talk as well as anyone else when he takes a notion."

MERCHANT: "I don't know about that. It always seems to me that his money stutters."—Puck.



## SMALL TALK.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Charles Morley represents one of the most talented of the younger school of journalists. Mr. Morley is associated with an epoch in illustrated journalism, for he was the first to brighten all our wits with reference to being thoroughly up-to-date in illustrating current news. Many of us in the old days when he was editing the *Pall Mall Budget* took up that paper with a perfect assurance that we should see illustrations of events which had occurred half an



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. CHARLES MORLEY.

hour before, if not actually of events which were going to occur half an hour later. It was rather a contrast to the old days, when the *Illustrated London News*, standing without a rival in illustrated journalism, would not hesitate to publish a portrait a fortnight after a man was dead. Even the arrival of the *Graphic* left these two great and very popular papers still free to secure thoroughly good printing and a high class of illustration, though often at the expense of being a few days behind the ordinary daily telegrams.

This was, no doubt, as it should be, but there seemed to be room for the kind of rough sketch which Mr. Morley initiated with the *Pall Mall Budget*, and which has since been carried to such a remarkable stage by the energies of the projectors of the *Daily Graphic*. Not long since a change of proprietors at the *Pall Mall Gazette* Office led to Mr. Morley's secession with Mr. E. T. Cook, the editor of that periodical; but this is an old story, with which all the world is familiar. Mr. Cook has since been distinguishing himself as editor of the *Westminster Gazette* and Mr. Morley as editor of the *Westminster Budget*, and I do not doubt that both have brilliant careers before them in connection with these publications. Mr. Morley is a nephew of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and, like his distinguished uncle, was born at Blackburn, in Lancashire.

It is a specially happy coincidence that Sir John Gilbert owed his first introduction to the pen-and-ink illustration work with which his name will ever be honourably associated to Mr. John Sheepshanks, the donor of the celebrated Sheepshanks Collection. The veteran artist, who received the freedom of the City of London on Sept. 26, has repaid the debt of gratitude for Mr. Sheepshanks' interest in his work by giving to the City some splendid pictures, which will probably act as incentives to many artists in the future. Sir John Gilbert was born at Blackheath seventy-six years ago, and commenced life in an estate office, where, curiously enough, he had a good view of the Mansion House. A water-colour drawing of his attracted attention in 1836, at the Society of British Artists. Mr. Sheepshanks having submitted some of young Gilbert's efforts to Mulready, he began drawing on wood, and has illustrated so many books that their titles occupy six pages of the folio catalogue at the British Museum Library. Sir John Gilbert's name will always be linked with the *Illustrated London News*, for which he drew thousands of sketches. Those connected with the stirring incidents of the Crimean War stand out, in particular, for their boldness and carefulness, considering the pressure at which they were drawn.

The compliment of conferring the freedom of the City was enhanced by the graceful language used by Sir Richmond Cotton, to whose words Sir John modestly and gratefully replied.

Sir Arthur Sullivan—at any rate, as far as cheerfulness is concerned—looks better than he has done for some time past. Viewed from the stage at Daly's Theatre on Wednesday, he would have made a good semi Jan Van Beers' study. The iron curtain rose, and there he was—bâton in right hand, and left hand in trousers pocket; behind him the background of auditorium, shrouded in holland. His eyeglass, like Captain Good's, was firmly fixed in his eye. Sir Arthur is inclining very considerably to thinness a-top; still, as far as expression is concerned, he looks rather younger than older. What a respect he has for his bâton! It never leaves his right hand. He directs by gesticulations with his left, which, when instructions are given, soon goes back again into his trousers pocket.

Undoubtedly, Sir Arthur is, in some respects, as modest as the clerk of Oxenford. In the accompaniment to the "Bee" chorus there is a peculiar buzzing effect, given on the strings and bassoon. Speaking to one of the performers, he said, "You play it like this. I couldn't write exactly what I meant." Sir Arthur expressed himself delighted with what Mr. Daly had already done in working up "The Foresters."

The Transatlantic manager, who sat in the stalls, was evidently much delighted at the compliment. A curious contrast he makes to the great English composer. Tall and alert, with small, fair moustache, long hair, he is one of the sallow, willowy types of American. Miss Rehan was not at the Wednesday rehearsal. For all that, she is, apparently, already quite at home in her part. It is odd to notice that when speaking the lines written for her it is with an exquisitely modulated, rich-toned voice. The instant, however, she drops the "book" the Yankee accent in colloquial talk is at once observable.

Lord Charles Beresford is most popular—far more so than his predecessor—in the dockyard at Chatham. Oddly enough, he has converted himself into a horse marine, and rides from vessel to vessel, moored against the quay or otherwise, on an Arab, which I should hardly think is up to his weight. Lord Charlie has a much more staid look on his face than he had years ago. Residential Government appointments, married life, and the latter end of middle age help to do that sort of thing very considerably. By-the-way, have you ever thought that the tactics pursued by him in running the *Condor* so close in to the forts at Alexandria, so that the Egyptians could not sufficiently depress the guns, might have been suggested through reading an account of the siege of Gibraltar? Quite as likely as not.

In "Small Talk," lately, a remark was made about what early risers some of the leading French artists are, and also as to their praiseworthy industry. For the matter of that, Mr. Alma-Tadema is always in his studio at eight o'clock, and woe betide anyone who interrupts him in the afternoon or evening when the light begins to fail. As to early rising, the same remark holds good of Sir Frederick Leighton, who also begins to work at the same hour.

There is a certain book which, in the dire extremity of waiting for the train, I have perused with mystified curiosity: it is entitled "The Form at a Glance," and, for the benefit of ladies, I may state it relates to racing. A certain familiar pink paper which has just arrived reminds me of this book. Mr. Basil Tree, at St. James's Hall, issues periodically what he calls "The Panel Concert Date List," which gives one the musical arrangements of the season "at a glance." Mr. Tree, like his namesake, is "The Tempter" where concerts are concerned, and for the ridiculous sum of one shilling he will post you every one of the season's "Panels," from which you may select your musical treats.

It would, perhaps, be unjust to the good people of Norwich to say that they are more interested in the advent of M. Paderewski's new wife than even himself or his great Polish fantasia (also new). But if there is a fascination to the minds of the fair in the ordinary bride, how much more so in the case of a matrimonial exotic, as the wife of this golden-haired—red-golden-haired—musician must be considered. That M. Paderewski has been deified, willy-nilly, as a special and particular feminine fetish during his recent wanderings there is no doubt whatever, and now that he has inevitably followed the way—I will not say of all flesh, but of most men—there is naturally a special and particular interest in the fair lady to whom this pet of duchesses and idol of all "prosperous unemployed" ladies has succumbed. If I say that the bride is American, and that her attendances at the great musician's performances for the past few years have been constant, have I said enough? For those who want more I may further add that the lady, to borrow a Wall Street metaphor, is "well off for dimes." Meanwhile, to return to the next interesting item about the great pianist. His fantasia was performed lately in Paris, but with very closed doors, and to an audience of only one—namely, the composer himself. The executants were picked men, and under promises the most sacred not to divulge the music before its introduction at the Norwich Festival. And an American interviewer, with a journalistic conscience all his own, has since assured me that the utmost he could glean, after worrying the performers for a week, was that at the finish of the performance in question Paderewski "was observed to look pleased," which was not enough to build a romance on, even for an "out-West" reporter.



"Lute" writes: Rehearsals, in my humble opinion, are much more interesting than actual performances under formal conditions and gaslight. The hall at the Royal Academy of Music, in Tenterden Street, was filled last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday with audiences who listened intently to the three or four novelties and other works which are being performed this week at the Norfolk and Norwich musical festival. The chief attraction was on Thursday, when M. Paderewski's new Polish fantasia, for the piano and orchestra, was heard for the first time. While Dr. A. R. Gaul was carefully conducting his cantata, "Una," there was a little stir at the door, and through the group came a pale-faced young man, wearing the lightest of summer overcoats and a white bowler hat. Then the young lady students leant over the balcony and whispered excitedly, "It's Paderewski, the dear!" Staider musicians could not resist craning their heads to follow the great Polish pianist with interested eyes. He shook hands warmly with Signor Randegger, removed his hat, showing thereby that the lion's mane was just as long and golden as ever, and then he beamed on everybody.

The vocalists went on with their work as excellently as before, but the point of attraction had shifted from the platform to the seat in the dark corner where Paderewski sat. Mrs. Helen Trust, in a tailor-made costume of brown, sat next to Mr. Ben Davies; Madame Belle Cole, in blue serge, had Mr. Norman Salmond on her left; these did their best for Dr. Gaul and his cantata, but we were all glad when Paderewski strode to the Erard piano, and nervously fidgeted his thin hands, eager for the fray. Signor Randegger waves his bâton, and the orchestra commences the fantasia. Soon the characteristic mannerisms of the pianist are forgotten as the wild melody proceeds; sometimes a smart tap on the conductor's desk stops the music, and a patient smile passes over Paderewski's face; then they go on again, his nimble fingers now caressing, now chastising the instrument he loves. For twenty minutes the fantasia proceeds, making a deep impression by its brilliancy and fervour, while three or four little rills, as it were, of water-music, ripple through the Polish song. A great burst of applause punctuates its conclusion, and Paderewski rises and bows, a faint flush overspreading his face; he clasps the conductor's hand, and then to the orchestra Signor Randegger conveys the warmest approval of the composer.

Many frequenters of the Festival of the Three Choirs did not forget to look out for the familiar face of Mr. William Done, who for so many years has had an important connection with the meetings. Since 1887, when assistance was rendered by Mr. C. Lee Williams, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, Mr. Done has not conducted the festival when held at Worcester, as in time past he had so often done. This year his name was gracefully placed on the page of the programme devoted to the leading vocalists, &c., as filling the post of orchestral steward. Mr. Done is a native of the "Faithful City," where he was born seventy-eight years ago; in 1884 he became organist of the cathedral which office he still actually holds, although, necessarily, many of its duties have since 1887 been ably discharged by Mr. Hugh Blair. It was pleasant to see the veteran a most punctual attendant at each performance in the fine cathedral, which has so often echoed to the music produced by his fingers.

"What a pity it is that in London one so seldom has the opportunity of seeing that admirable actor, Mr. Hermann Vezin, in Shaksperian characters!"—that was my mental exclamation the other night after a most enjoyable evening at the Brighton Theatre, where Mr. Vezin's Shylock had delighted the audience. There is no English actor of to-day, no matter what his position, who can compare with Mr. Hermann Vezin in the difficult art of speaking blank verse properly. What a treat it is to hear the lines delivered with such fire, such expression, and last, but by no means least, with such clearness! Here is no clipping of words, no mumbling of sentences. By this player, at any rate, Hamlet's advice is acted upon. That the parts assumed by Mr. Vezin now and again lose somewhat by the actor's want of height, I will not deny; but those who have seen his Merchant of Venice, or who remember his truly magnificent performance of the terrible Cenci, will recall how there are moments when the actor seems to tower physically as well as intellectually above his surroundings, as I have seen Booth, also a little man, do as Richelieu, and as tradition says that Edmund Kean did as Shylock and Richard.

"The finest figure in America." That was the description that heralded the appearance in August of Miss Sylvia Gerrish to take the title-rôle in "Mam'zelle Nitouche" at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, played with such an amount of dash by Miss May Yohé, who is described at length elsewhere in this issue. Both ladies are Americans, Miss Gerrish hailing from the picturesque Yosemite Valley, in California, where she naturally learned all those feats of daring with which Bret Harte credits his hardy heroines. Then she turned stagewards, serving an operative apprenticeship in New York, where she made her début in "Boccaccio." At the Casino she appeared in nearly all the Gilbert and Sullivan series, in which she played with great success. Her stay on this side was very brief, but there is reason to believe we have not seen the last of the lady. Since her return to New York she has had a severe illness, from which she is, happily, recovering.

The Queen is now in excellent health, her Majesty having derived great benefit from the bracing air of Deeside. The Queen will not remain

in Scotland after the middle of November, as the weather then becomes very cold at Balmoral, and there are dense, penetrating fogs. Life at Balmoral this autumn has been, for various reasons, more than usually dull for the Court *entourage*. People are prone to imagine that a "place at Court" is a wonderfully fine thing to secure, but had they the chance of trying it for a while they would, in most instances, quickly conclude that it was not such a bed of roses as they had supposed. The bickerings, petty jealousies, and ignoble squabbles of a Court can be appreciated only by actual trial; while the fact that you may never, when in attendance, have a cold, sore throat, or cough—although, perhaps, in itself an insignificant trifle—becomes exceedingly irksome when nature insists that you shall catch one of the prohibited ailments. Considering these many disadvantages, it is a wonderful thing that Court appointments should be so desperately canvassed.

Sir Henry Ponsonby has at last got away from Balmoral, and will take a much-needed rest from his arduous and delicate duties. Sir Henry goes first to his residence at Windsor for a few days, and then pays a round of visits. In right of his office as Privy Purse, Sir Henry has a house in Stable Yard, St. James's Palace, another in the Norman Tower, Windsor Castle, and a third in the grounds at Osborne. Sir Henry will be away from Court for about a month, and during his absence Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Major Bigge will undertake his duties.

The Duke of Cambridge is to be the guest of the Duke of Grafton for a few days next month at Euston Hall, Suffolk. The pheasant shooting at Euston is generally acknowledged to be about the best in the county. The Commander-in-Chief is also to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel. The "White Farm" at Crichel, where all the animals—horses, cows, hens, ducks, dogs, cats, every living creature thereon—are of a pure white, always attracts the attention of visitors to Lord Alington's Dorsetshire seat. The weighing-machine in the hall at Crichel is yet another institution. Here the name and weight of every guest is duly registered, forming a highly interesting record.

If elephants have taken to prowl through suburban clothes-lines and remote villa back gardens in England, the scarcely more domesticated bullock has been making a bid for freedom in France. Quite a little scene took place at Montmartre on Saturday week, which a globe-trotting friend who witnessed it describes as being reminiscent of his best buffalo-hunting days. A score or so of bullocks were being driven into that temporary retirement whence they emerge in the new character of cold beef, when one of them, scenting danger, no doubt, made off for anywhere, while his young brother bloods promptly took the cue, and scattered themselves at all points of the compass. The drover's feelings were too acute for action, and he only had strength to sit on the pavement and weep. His neighbours were friendly, however, and the scattered cattle were in a short time under way again—all but one, and that the prime offender. This unrepentant rebel had covered considerable ground before he pulled up short, when two sons of the highway, seeing his unprotected condition, each claimed him for his own. They came to words, and next proceeded to blows, which the police of that neighbourhood perceiving, marched men and the future Sir Loin off to the station, where his history was promptly discovered, and the disconsolate drover made glad, while the highwaymen were sent away sorrowing deeply at heart.

"Cocoa: All about it"—that is something worth knowing in these days of adulterated foods; and the little book that Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. have published under the title is timely, because our knowledge of cocoa as an article of diet dates from the discovery of the Western World by Columbus, just four hundred years ago. The Spaniards are said to have been the first to taste chocolate, France being the next country where it found its way. The earliest record of it in this country is in 1651; when the good people of London were told that "in Bishopsgate Street, in Queen's Head Alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West Indian drink, called chocolate, to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade at reasonable rates." During the reign of Charles II. it was in high estimation, under the name of "Indian Nectar." Since then, of course, it has made enormous strides. The little book noticed describes the preparation of the food, with illustrations of the process as carried out by Cadbury.

France still passes round the loving cup with more (or less) than fraternal affection to Russia. The latest development of enthusiasm is to invite the Russian naval officers to a grand gala night at the Opéra, which is being specially organised for their benefit by leading members of the French Press. Bless the work! The Government sanctions this occasion, and preparations are actively going forward under the superintendence of M. Arthur Meyer, who is chairman of the special theatrical committee, of which all the leading dramatic critics of Paris are members. The scheme, if carried through, promises brilliant things. For instance, the fourth act of "Hamlet" with Madame Emma Calvé, the third act of "Salammbô" with Madame Rose Caron, and the fourth act of "Faust" with that darling of the Parisian fancy, Madame Melba. As if this were not enough, by way of *fondants* after food, the young Russian gallants are to be taken during the *entr'acte* to the *foyer de la danse*, where, as a special *bonne bouche*, all the dancers of the Opéra will be assembled for the special delectation and gratification, and so forth, of the susceptible Russian. This last out-Cæsaring of Cæsar is so truly French that it merits a special smile.





MISS SYLVIA GERRISH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.



Mr. Edouin evidently holds a different opinion to the average *mater familias* as regards good looks in a governess. Far from thinking the possession of a handsome face a detriment, he is properly sensible of its value on the stage.



Photo by Guy, Cork.

MISS HELEN FERRERS.

in which, indeed, they did not oust men from their position, but one in which women had a clear right by reason of their own indispensability, their earnings giving them a charming sense of independence, while adding to the support of others."

Miss Ferrers had the advantage of starting under the management of her sister, Miss Fortescue, appearing as Cynisca in "Pygmalion and Galatea," the Duchesse de Sonnaz in "Moths," and as the heroine in Jerome's "Sunset." Then a tour in America preceded her first two seasons at the Olympic, in "The Pointsman" as Geraldine Fordyce, Emily Everond in "The Ticket of Leave," and Marianne in "The Two Orphans." Subsequently she played every female part and that of the heroine (with only five hours' rehearsal), with Penley, in "Æsop's Fables." Then Hermann Vezin took her on tour, and cast her for the Queen in "Hamlet," Emilia in "Othello," and Helen in "The Hunchback." Playing the same parts afterwards in Busson's company, she added to her repertory the characters of Portia, Mrs. Page, and Queen Margaret. "I shall never forget our time at Stratford-on-Avon. We seemed to talk Shakspeare, dream Shakspeare, eat and drink Shakspeare. However, Shakspeare, I believe, was in no way accountable for the upsetting of the boat the year previously, when some of the company, during a 'wait,' gaily disported themselves on the river in their dresses and make-ups." Perhaps no part she has played has ever fitted Miss Helen Ferrers so admirably as Miss Cazalet, the adventuress, in "The Times," and she was seen to great advantage also as Violet Fullerton in that pretty piece, "Parallel Attacks." Modern comedy is undoubtedly her *métier*, and Mr. Sydney Grundy's vein of humour is of the subtle kind she can well interpret; while the same intuition makes her also keenly sympathetic in all emotional parts—almost too much so, perhaps, as her friends credit her with actual tears nightly when playing Lady Dedlock in "Jo."

Whene'er I take my walks abroad how many dogs I see!

Some long-tailed dogs, some short-tailed dogs, and some of low degree.

So sang the poet, and I confess to taking a remarkable interest in all sorts and conditions of dogs with whom I meet when I take my walks abroad, and I believe most people are of my way of thinking. The other day I met with a terrier of great character. My new canine acquaintance was a white, broken-haired terrier, and he lived with some other jolly dogs at an old country house not far from where I have been holiday-making. At rats he was simply A 1, and never failed to be a prominent member of every ratting party. A few weeks ago a ferret got loose, and for some reason of his own strolled in among the dogs, and fastened himself on the nose of my particular terrier. A separation was effected, and no more was thought of the matter—at any rate, by the owners of the animals. When, however, a certain rick-yard was to be ratted, and ferrets and terriers were taken there, Jack, the ferret-bitten dog, lay flat on the earth, sulky and shivering, and no matter what rats rushed out he took no notice. Suddenly the ferret who had assaulted him came out of the rick; in a moment he seized it across the loins, and chucked it into the air a dead ferret. Then, having taken with fortitude the inevitable licking, he cheerfully killed rats with his accustomed promptitude.

It is, fortunately, but seldom that one has to chronicle so serious a disaster in a Cornish mine as that which has recently taken place at Dolcoath. As compared with coal-mining, the metal-mining of the western county presents a wonderfully clean bill of health. Dolcoath is

one of the most celebrated tin mines in the kingdom, and has during many years probably paid a larger sum in dividends. It is a mine of extraordinary depth, the workings, indeed, being, I understand from a west-country man who is familiar with Cornish mining, in some places more than two miles below the surface. From the first I was doubtful as to the success of the rescuing party, as in all the tin mines that I have seen the levels are so narrow that it is impossible for more than a few men—sometimes, indeed, only one or two—to work at the same time at the fallen débris. In the present case, the one man rescued probably owes his life to the knowledge and energy of the manager, or "captain" of the mine, Captain Josiah Thomas, than whom no better practical miner lives in the Duchy of the "Three Feathers."

There is much discussion at the present time on the practical use of the divining-rod for the finding of water, and the Dolcoath accident has reminded me that in the west country not only do they find water with the hazel-rod—I remember our own old gardener, who had the reputation of being a wizard, found an excellent spring at one end of our garden in this manner—but they also find lodes of metal with a long twig or rod of witch elm. It was on a mining property in the district in which Dolcoath is situated that I saw this feat performed for the benefit of the directors and proprietors of a certain Cornish mine. The rod, which in the vernacular is called a "dowser," did nothing whatever in the hands of either chairman, directors, or even large shareholders, but, once in the hands of the expert or medium, it bent ever and anon to indicate the presence of metal, though its holder was trussed up somewhat like a fowl, to show the London gentlemen that there was "no deception." And the proof of the pudding was in the eating, for, though the "dowser" could not indicate the richness or poorness of a lode, it indicated its existence.

In the current number of that gay little publication, the *Butterfly*, there are many matters of a genial kind of interest. The humour of this artistic production is certainly of a finer quality than the tragedy as represented by Mr. John Gray; and, although the humours of a live Gorgonzola are growing a little stale, there is very much in this bright



booklet that will rouse a smile. By kind permission of the editors, we are able to produce a clever little illustration by Oscar Eckhardt, "The Entr'acte."—There is a good deal of quiet character about the piece, in the semi-solitude of the place, the half-interest of the face, the stray spectator gazing upon the benches. It is more or less, in a loose sense, an illustration of still-life among refined humanity, and the life is convincing and real.



## BILL NYE, THE AMERICAN HUMOURIST.

Mr. Edgar Wilson Nye, whom a nation impregnated with Bret Harte persists in calling Bill Nye, though he is not attired in top-boots, or a bowie knife, or a red Crimean shirt, is in London. He does not wear the mark of Cain, for a milder-mannered-looking person, at first sight, than this clean-shaven, bland, brown-eyed, bespectacled, bald-headed man it is not easy to conceive. All his caricatures, and they may be



numbered by the hundred, depict him with a baby face, a hydrocephalous head, and goggles. If you look a little deeper, you will read a great deal of quiet determination in the man—no man who hadn't grit could travel as Mr. Nye has done. For years he has been the most popular lecturer on the road in the United States—for a long time in connection with the poet James Whitcomb Riley, and lately with Mr. Burbank, the elocutionist. Mr. Burbank does the serious, as Mr. Riley formerly did the poetry; Mr. Nye does the interludes. He has lectured in every decent-sized town in the United States and in a number of hole-in-the-corner places. At all of them he is interviewed, the moment he arrives, sad and wearied out, by the local humorist or humorists. He doesn't say much to them; but that does not signify, as they all mean to affiliate their own jokes upon him in the interview. He is equally in request among the clubs of New York and Boston and Philadelphia on "Storytellers' Nights." The moment his tall figure, with its dry Yankee face, rises there is an unusual hush, even for the well-behaved American audiences: everyone knows that something good is coming. Mr. Nye's jokes have points, and he has a habit of remembering what jokes he has told before in a place. Mr. Nye is a genuine Yankee. The Englishman is apt to connect Yankee humour with western cowboys, but Yankee signifies a New Englander, and Mr. Nye was born "down East, in Maine." But he early made up his mind to turn his back on the effete East, and at the age of three accompanied his parents to Wisconsin, where he remained over twenty years.

He was born, I should have said, on Aug. 25, 1850, at Shirley, Maine, received a "college education," and was called to the Bar. In 1876 he left for the Territories to make his pile, and established at Laramie City, Wyoming, the two thousand inhabitants of which supported four newspapers, two of them dailies. Laramie not proving equal to supporting Mr. Nye as a lawyer, he became a reporter, and, news being scarce in Wyoming, he had to invent most of it. What sort of people the editors must have been to take Mr. Nye's fun for sober truth, history does not relate. Among their readers were some persons appreciative enough to "stock" a journal of his own for Mr. Nye, the world-famous *Boomerang*. The fame of this soon reached everyone who could read in

the Territory, but this meant no more than twenty thousand people. The first eastern editor to take Mr. Nye completely by the hand was Colonel Charles Taylor, of the *Boston Globe*, a man ever ready to hold out a helping hand to genius. Since then Mr. Nye has become a power in the land; the President himself is not more caricatured. His sayings are quoted everywhere. There is hardly a town with a Sunday newspaper that does not print his latest column. Hitherto, Mr. Nye resided on Staten Island, N.Y., but he recently bought a house in the city, and an abandoned farm in North Carolina.

"The only use I make of my city home," said Mr. Nye, "is to pay the rent, but I show them what a farm-bred boy can do down in Carolina. I've got everything into order again pretty well now. I've been there in hired houses two years or so; my own home is ready now. Old colonial house, did you say? Not a bit of it, good and new. It's near Ashville, behind the Blue Ridge—that's really a bit on to the Alleghanies; marvellous climate we got there, climate of Milan; entirely different from the rest of the Carolinas; the summer climate equal to the Catskills, only a little milder, gentler. My home, you know, is in Buncombe County."

He saw me smile.

"Why, don't you know the origin of Buncombe? It's in Webster. It was the representative of this very Buncombe County in the North Carolina Legislature who was talking out time to stop some piece of legislation that was against the interest of Buncombe County, when the Speaker called him to order, and asked him what he was doing. He says, 'Mr. Speaker, I'm talking for Buncombe.' And," Mr. Nye added, "I wish I was back there now. I'm a homely man. I don't go about half enough, except when I'm travelling around with my show. Not that I'm any account in my own home—leastways, with the servants; they look upon me as a kind of boarder, with no especial sort of command over them."

"And the family?"

"I've two splendid girls of fifteen and sixteen, and two boys younger. It would be much better worth putting in their pictures than mine."

Though Mr. Nye goes about as little as he can, he is a very familiar figure in New York literary clubs, such as the Authors', the Aldine, the Fellowcrafts, &c. As I wrote above, they don't consider a "storytellers' night" complete without him, and those who had the pleasure of hearing him when he was taken completely by surprise at the Zola Dinner of our English Authors' Club last week will easily understand this. The gravity with which, when he was dragged back, he walked straight into the middle of the room, and in his gentle but distinct American drawl began—

"I'm a Frenchman myself; the name was originally spelt Ney; but the last who used it that way was unfortunate—was irresistible."

I asked, "Do I recognise your hand—or, perhaps, I should say your foot—in the *Arizona Kicker*, Mr. Nye? It has a touch of the *Boomerang* in it."

"No; the *Arizona Kicker* is the work of M. Quad—Charles B. Lewis, that is—in Detroit, Mich."

"What day was it that you woke up and found yourself famous?"

"Well, it was about the year 1876 that the States east of the Mississippi began to copy largely, and about 1880 that I began my Sunday letter to the newspapers, first to Denver, Salt Lake City, and the *Boston Globe*. And now I will tell you something between you, me, and the wall, as I've got a train to catch, and that is that the Americans don't hate the Irish any worse than they hate the rankest Tory in your country; but the Irish manipulate the political machine." D. S.

## WHO WILL SUCCEED THE CZAR?

The wise saw which bids us believe only half that we see and none that we hear is never more applicable than when dealing with rumours of Court gossip, and the fierce light which beats, &c., doubtless has a trick on occasion of magnifying the veritable perspective into an exaggerated middle distance out of all proportion with foreground facts. There has been a good deal of talk, however, among the diplomatic set in Berlin about the Russian succession, and, as diplomats ought to know, there may not be "something in it." The *Cesarevitch* is declared confidently to be out of the probable succession, and in his stead the young Grand Duke Michael is freely spoken of as being probable successor, as he is undoubtedly first favourite with his Imperial father. The Grand Duke George, who comes next in age to the *Cesarevitch*, is, like his cousin and namesake of England, a typical jolly and highly popular young sailor; while the youngest brother is reported to be extremely precocious, and with a passion for political intrigue and government—a character which would seem to fit the needs of Holy Russia more than that of his gentle and somewhat weakly eldest brother. A strange subject to have come under full and free discussion in Berlin, truly! Several points dear to the traditional prejudices of the Czar are known to be "taboo" with his eldest son, notably that of Jewish persecution, on which subject the young *Cesarevitch* expressed himself strongly to his uncle, Duke Alfred, at a royal wedding in Berlin last January. And it is well known that the heir of All the Russias is devoted to the Kaiser, and thinks him "a man among men," while the Czar might, perhaps, express his feelings in similar case, but attuned to a different key. It is well known that his Majesty suffers greatly from insomnia, and that of late his mind seems to dwell much on this troublous question of Russian succession.



## MISS MABEL LOVE.

Miss Mabel Love may claim to be one of the prettiest and daintiest little ladies on the London or provincial stage, and none will grudge her her well-merited success in "A Modern Don Quixote." From the very first performance, her charming dancing was received with gratification, and Mr. Arthur Roberts's clever work was almost overshadowed by Miss Love. By this time, however, Mr. Roberts has managed to hold his own with all the original versatility which, fortunately, never



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.  
MISS MABEL LOVE.

deserts him. Miss Love, who is still on the sunny side of her nineteenth birthday, is descended from a famous ventriloquist of that name, who flourished some half-century ago, and was given an abiding place in ventriloquist literature by a reference having been made to him in that pseudo-classic, "Valentine Vox."

Miss Love, although her talents are of a somewhat different order, doubtless owes some of her versatility to old Mr. Love. She made her début when most girls are still in the schoolroom, at the age of twelve, in "Alice in Wonderland," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Her intelligent reading of the character assigned her struck Miss Kate Vaughan, then looking out for clever young actresses, and the following season she offered Miss Love the part of Triplet's eldest child in her revival of "Masks and Faces" at the Opéra Comique. In 1888 the child-actress became a member of the Gaiety Company, which then included, among others, Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Miss Florence St. John, and the late Mr. George Stone.

Since that time Miss Love has worked late and early, satisfied with any and every rôle that could give her the chance of making progress in her art. As Polly in "The Harbour Lights," when that play was acted by Mr. Terriss's company at the Grand Theatre, Islington, she showed a very pretty talent of serio-comedy, and she only missed taking a part in "La Cigale" on four nights. Though she could claim to sing, dance, and act equally well, Miss Mabel Love's greatest successes have been made in the Terpsichorean art, and she has more than once been called upon at short notice to take the place of leading dancers at Covent Garden during the grand opera season. The mantle of Miss Kate Vaughan seems to have fallen on her one-time protégée's shoulders; every movement is instinct with grace, and she relies but little on any adventitious aid from skirt or limelight. In this respect, her dancing is a pleasant relief to the playgoer, who has grown weary of the serpentine and other styles familiar to us all in theatre and music-hall.

## AN INFERNAL INTERVIEW.

The curtain fell upon the third act of "The Tempter," and there was a general rush for whisky-and-soda and cigarettes. Now and then the polite hubbub of well-bred chatter was pierced by a more resonant voice. Fragments of phrases forced themselves into notice, and it was one of them that sent me Devil-hunting (says a representative of the *Sketch*).

Three acts of "The Tempter" had sufficed to show what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Beerbohm Tree thought of the Devil. It would be distinctly interesting to learn what the Devil thought of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

But I had first to catch *mein Herr*.

I thought of asking an omniscient and Right Honourable Unionist in the stalls if he could tell me the address of the Prince of Darkness, but I felt that he would probably say that he believed him to be in Scotland at the moment; while an equally authoritative and Right Honourable member of the Government, half-a-dozen seats distant, would as certainly have advised me to look for him on the Continent. A High Church parson in the dress circle seemed promising, but, as there was a Broad Churchman hard by who would, I knew, have given me an exactly opposite address, I refrained from asking either.

In a state of indecision I supped at the club—perhaps well rather than wisely—and made my way to the smoking-room, and, by-and-by, out of the fumes of a Henry Clay loomed the fascinating features of the "fallen gentleman" who journeys about the world "studying mankind."

"I am curious to know," I said, "what you think of yourself as represented at the Haymarket. You have seen the impersonation, of course?"

"Oh, yes. I am in the neighbourhood every night, so I looked in on Wednesday. It is always well to see ourselves as others see us."

"Have they done you justice?"

The Devil shrugged his shoulders, and his eyebrows disappeared in the roots of his hair.

"My dear fellow, it is my misfortune that no one has ever done me justice. Your Mr. Tree is infernally clever, and your Mr. Jones is devilish smart, and between them they have done wonders, but they have made rather an anachronism of me. I am fourteenth century until I open my mouth, then I am often nineteenth, and *fin-de-siècle* at that."

"But Mr. Tree makes you delightfully picturesque and polished, and Mr. Jones gives you eloquence and wit."

"True, and I am indebted to them. But there are lapses. I am grateful to Mr. Jones for crediting me with a sense of humour such as not even Goethe allowed me, while, to mention only one or two who have caricatured me, Milton made me something of a platitudinising preacher, and Longfellow painted me as a prosy philosopher. Even Shelley, though he got nearer the mark than most, and admitted that 'the Devil is a gentleman,' made me at times a bard bartering rhymes for sack, a statesman spinning crimes, a swindler, and other quite objectionable people. Mr. Jones has treated me brilliantly, but now and then he has drawn me too closely in the likeness of man. Then, at times, he has been a shade hard upon me. You remember the florid description of my imaginary life with the Lady Isobel in Hell?"

"Any other grievance?"

"Well, I think I am made to appear a little weak in craving for human love? Now, as a man of the world, do you think that I—I, Prince of the Infernal Regions and Master of a multitude of delightful devils, should really yearn to

Wrap myself within  
The bosom of humanity, take on me  
Flesh's soft robe and veins of tingling blood,  
The sluice of tears, the sting and pant of life,  
Labour and hunger, sweat and sleep, hopes, fears,  
Joys, sorrows?

I, a Power millions of years before Man ever breathed, to envy him! And what about Proserpine? Mr. Jones plainly thinks that marriage is an infernal failure, and that there is no happiness in Hell. Another little point: do you think that a 'fallen gentleman' would use quite such strong language as occurs in the song which I am made to sing to the pilgrims?"

"But Mr. Jones justifies that literally by chapter and verse—Revelation iii. verse 16."

"Ah, yes; I believe he does. But things might suit St. John that I should consider very bad form."

"Yet, take the Haymarket Tempter as he stands; he is a most fascinating devil."

"You flatter me, for I can see you think that it is a faithful portrait."

"I certainly do think so, and the more, now that I have had the pleasure of meeting you."

"Not for the last time, I hope," and the Prince bowed and smiled in courteous fashion.

But, somehow or other, I did not altogether jump at the suggestion. As the Haymarket Devil says when Sir Gilbert Morbec damns him for a coxcomb, "Damn me! That's quite superfluous! That's butter on bacon!"

I turned to hint as much to my visitor, but he had vanished; the fire had died down, my cigar had fallen from my fingers, and I found myself wide awake, with two smart maxims in my memory as souvenirs of the Tempter: that he is just what folks think him, and that of

The blab of men from morn till night,  
One half they say is lies, the other scandal.

For which wise saws I am indebted to the dramatist—not to the Devil.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"FROM THE FIVE RIVERS." BY MRS. STEEL.

A glance at this volume (W. Heinemann) shows that Mrs. Steel's tales are about India, and if the reader imagines that India is the literary preserve of Mr. Kipling he may have a resentful suspicion that here is a poacher. In the infinite possibility of evil, an imitator of "Plain Tales from the Hills," may favour us with weird stories and semi-Oriental cynicism in echoes of a manner which, as they say in advertisements of lost property, is of no value except to the owner. Now, Mrs. Steel's Indian studies have nothing whatever in common with Mr. Kipling's, except the art of telling a short story as much by allusion as by direct narrative. The difference on this point is that Mr. Kipling is a master of this art and Mrs. Steel is still a 'prentice. The reader will understand this when he comes to "Suttu," which is made so obscure by what is omitted that it is not easy to grasp the personal relations of the characters. But this defect of workmanship is forgotten in the freshness of the vision, in the admirable significance of much of the detail, above all in the picture of life in India as it is lived by the native women. Mrs. Steel may have had it in her mind to make English readers appreciate the troublesome question of child-marriage, but she is far too much of an artist to give her book any air of professional pleading. The ignorance, superstition, and misery which surround the child-wife in India are suggested by a number of effective touches, not hurled at you with pamphleteering aggressiveness.

Take the tragedy "In a Citron Garden," perhaps the most successful tale in the book. Naraini, the gardener's granddaughter, is a bride. She is about to follow the bridegroom to whom she was betrothed twelve years before, and who has not seen her since she was a baby of three. She is standing in the garden which lies within the crumbling walls of an old palace. She can hear the tom-tom and the horn celebrating the marriage festivities, from which she has slipped away to gather flowers. She troubles herself little about her husband. "Men were kind to pretty girls," she thought, "and she knew herself to be a very pretty girl." So thinks the bridegroom, who catches a glimpse of her, and, not knowing who she is, seizes this chance of "a lark" before his wedding. He slips into the garden; she throws her flowers in his face, and he chases her. In a moment the sport is turned to despair and death. He is bitten by a snake, and curses her for beguiling him. "It was a lie!" she cries. "'Tis not my fault. Why didst come? Why didst follow? And if thou art the bridegroom, was not I the bride?" Then something leaped to memory. She threw her hands above her head, and beat them wildly in passionate despair and horror. "He is dead! he is dead! And I am the bride!" The words rang through the garden, and pierced even his grovelling fear. As she turned to fly, he clutched at her skirts, and dragged himself to her fiercely. "The bride, then the widow. My widow! Thou hast killed me, but thou canst not escape me. A widow! a widow! . . . Thou shalt see me die—'tis thy fault—thou shalt see me die!" So they sat side by side in the grip of death. . . . And even when the swift poison loosed his clasp, Naraini was still a prisoner to the dead body, lying with its face of desire and disgust hidden in her lap. She was a widow. The citron blossom had fallen. And everyone knows a Hindu widow is doomed to a life of humiliation and contumely.

It is not much better for the woman who does not bring forth men-children. Veru, wife of Gunesh Chund, has a girl, to the anger and scorn of her husband's mother, who rules the household. The women who have boys exult over the sonless wife, whose miserable babe sickens and pines, and is choked at last by the charcoal fumes which are supposed to expel the evil spirit from its wretched little body. Unknown to Veru, the dead infant is then thrown to the jackals, and

Gunesh is driven by his mother to seek another bride. Learning this, Veru dies with an unborn child, the child of her prayers and penances, who was to have removed her reproach, and the old hag who has harried her to death is fearful lest she will return as a ghost. Gunesh, who is a meek, kindly man, and knows nothing of the circumstances of Veru's end, is enlightened by a letter, for his wife had been taught to read and write by missionaries, an accomplishment which earned the savage contempt of all her neighbours. Then Gunesh dies, partly of misery and partly of ague, and his mother, who loved him in her fierce way, cries over his funeral pyre, "I might have saved him but for the letter. Oh, curses, curses, ten thousand curses on those who taught her to write! Curses to all eternity on all new-fangled ways!" In its strength and its gloom this story reminds me of Mrs. Margaret Woods's "Village Tragedy." Almost as sombre are the sketches "At a Girls' School," in a very poor quarter, where the acquisition of arithmetic,

algebra, and the sciences needful to qualify students for Government pay as teachers are varied by the worries of babies, the quarrels of women, and the inexorable immolation of the child-wife. Fâtma, aged ten, on whom falls the care of her brother's children, is a pathetic little figure. A tumult in the infant department of the school has drawn a number of grown-up spectators and combatants, to whom Fâtma, arriving on the scene from marketing, administers reproof: "Ari, mothers! Ari, sisters! This is unseemly. This is a deplorable word. Have you forgotten this house is a school? You come here to learn, not to make a beast-like noise. What a bad example! Does not shame come to you?" These reproaches failing to quell the tumult, Fâtma turns to the alphabet-learners, her special charge. "Come, my daughters, let us leave this scene of infamy! This is no place for us people. Come, let us go!" The infants follow her in solemn procession, while the women scream with delight: "Ai! dil aziz! Wah! the little marionettes! See how they go like old women! Heart's core! are we so wicked? Look at my Anima Fuzli—not four, I swear, and as grave as a judge! Tobah! tobah! Go not, little lives. We are sorry. See, we bite our tongues, we hold our ears." This is charming, but poor Fâtma has a harder fate than that of rousing the infants to rebuke their elders. Her worthless brother, in the seclusion of a jail, bethinks him of his duty to the family honour, and she is threatened at twelve with the inevitable bridegroom, who, however, is forestalled by cholera.

The prevailing note of these tales is sad, like the lives of the people;

but there is a spontaneous fun in "The Blue Monkey," especially in the portrait of Hunumân Sing, B.A., a Hindu, who asserts the rights of religious liberty by blowing a conch, an instrument obnoxious to the Moslem faith, and setting up the equally irritating effigy of a monkey on the summit of a Hindu temple. The entertaining adventures of Hunumân suggest that Mrs. Steel declines to take the native B.A. seriously. Perhaps the day will come when the Hindu humourist will turn the tables on the Anglo-Indian. But I am content with the less remote prospect of more volumes from the "Five Rivers." I. F. A.

## ETERNAL FAME.

MRS. RONDO: Why don't you write something real good, instead of writing so much? Many a man has made himself famous for ever by a single poem.

MR. RONDO: Who, for instance?

MRS. RONDO: Why, the man who wrote—

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.

MR. RONDO: And what was his name?

MRS. RONDO: Oh, dear me! I've forgotten.—*Life*.



MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL AND HER HUSBAND.

Photographed on the occasion of their Silver Wedding, 1892.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A STRANGE PILGRIMAGE.

BY HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON.

*Author of "The Old Adam," "Hypocrites," &c.*

We were on our way to the seaside for a short holiday. For the greater part of the journey we had the compartment to ourselves, but at a certain manufacturing town a little old lady entered. There was something about her—something difficult to define—which immediately aroused our interest. At one time she must have been singularly beautiful, and even now her features were almost perfect. But the wrinkles were many and

communicative. It turned out that she was going to Torby—the same place as we were.

"We are in search of rest," I said.

"I am in search of rest, too," she said quietly.

"I sincerely hope you may find it," said Maria. "It is a very healthy place, we are told, and you don't look well."

"You don't quite understand me," said the old lady, with a strange sad smile. "I am going there to die."

The announcement was so unexpected and so full of pathos that it was impossible to conceal our feelings.

"I am afraid I have shocked you," she proceeded. "But I have



*For the greater part of the journey we had the compartment to ourselves, but at a certain manufacturing town a little old lady entered.*

deep, the dark hair had turned grey, and the brilliant eyes had lost their lustre, having a dim, far-away look, as if they saw nothing clearly. She was dressed in mourning, and although everything she wore was scrupulously neat, it was made of the cheapest materials. At least, so Maria assured me afterwards, and, as the wife of a literary man, she ought to be an authority. I noticed, also, that the old lady was in feeble health. Of course, she had many parcels, which she disposed on the seat around her, and here I was able to be of some little assistance. She thanked me, but showed no inclination to enter into conversation, and sat looking out of the window, yet without seeing the scenery through which we were passing.

Maria had brought a great basket of sandwiches, enough to have provisioned the whole train, and when the time came for unpacking them we invited the old lady to share them with us. As a matter of politeness she took one of them—a very small one—and pretended to eat it. She was evidently not hungry; but after that she grew more

been looking forward to this time for years—for many years—almost since I was a girl. You are glad to live; I am glad to die. That is the reason why, after long waiting, I am taking this journey to Torby. Someone I am very fond of sleeps in the churchyard there."

I noticed that she spoke of him in the present tense, as if he were still living. Whether he was a husband or a lover she did not say, and as she did not remove the black-cotton gloves from her hands during the journey there was nothing to guide us in forming an opinion. I found it impossible to enter into her feelings, and Maria evidently experienced the same difficulty; for, although her tones were meant to be cheerful, her face was full of awe and pity as she said—

"Why do you despair? Doctors are not always right. Oh, yes, I have often known them mistaken. The sea air works wonders, and you may get quite well again."

"I hope not," said the old lady. "Indeed, I know I shall not, and for that knowledge I am thankful."



The sandwiches were put back in the basket, and we talked very little afterwards. Feeling it to be a sort of sacrilege to gaze at this old lady, who was going on such a strange and pathetic pilgrimage, I tried to fix my eyes on something else—on the changing scenery outside, the pages of a book, or the roof of the railway carriage; but they would wander back to the tired old face opposite. Before we reached Torby I asked her if she was going to stay with friends. But she answered that she had no friends; they were all dead. For the little time that remained to her, she meant to take lodgings.

At the station I offered to fetch a cab for her.

"I am afraid it would be expensive," she said doubtfully. "If a porter would wheel my luggage on a barrow, I could, perhaps, walk."

I guessed what she meant. She was afraid lest the small sum of money she had should run short, and not leave enough to bury her decently by the side of the somebody she had been so fond of. Of course, there was no difficulty in arranging with a cabman without wounding her pride. I helped her into the cab, and before she was driven away she gave me her card, bearing the name "Miss Honoria Ingle."

Maria was anxious to take lodgings in the same house, or, at any rate, close by; but she was not strong herself, and I felt that frequent companionship with the poor old lady would not be good for her. So Miss Ingle went to the higher part of the town, near the churchyard, and we to the lower part, near the sea. Nevertheless, she was perpetually in our minds. We could not think of anything else, and on the first morning after our arrival, instead of wandering about the beach, as we had intended to do, we walked up the hill to the churchyard.

Situated at the top of the hill, it overlooked the whole length of the valley, the little fishing town at its margin, and the strip of sparkling sea that thrust aside the two dark promontories on either hand. In the centre was the church, built of great blocks of weather-worn stone, the mortar between having in many places crumbled away. The grey tombstones around looked almost as old, sloping this way and that, many of the inscriptions being altogether illegible. There were no trees—they could not stand the wind; but fuchsias and other flowering shrubs grew luxuriantly, forming masses of colour. Although there were a few sheep about, the grass was long and ragged, and this gave the place an appearance of neglect.

As we approached the highest corner of the churchyard, we noticed a kneeling figure, dressed in black. We had no difficulty in recognising Miss Ingle. Maria saw her first, and laying her hand upon my arm, drew me back in silence, and sitting in the shadow of the tower we watched the fishing-boats hoist their dark-tanned sails and follow one another away towards the distant west. A long time afterwards the old lady went very slowly down the hill.

We should have been more than human if we had left the churchyard without visiting the tombstone at which she had been kneeling. According to the inscription, it had been erected to the memory of Edward Hamilton, lieutenant in the 4th Regiment, who was killed at Sebastopol in 1855, and whose body was brought back to England at the wish of his mother. There was no reference to anyone else. But upon the grave was a glass case containing a bunch of withered flowers, fastened with a piece of ribbon, which had once been white. There was evidently a story attached to those withered flowers, and we could guess whose hand had placed them there many years before.

"Poor Miss Ingle," said Maria softly, as we turned away, and there were tears in her eyes and in mine.

On our way back to the town we inquired where she was living, and took the opportunity of calling upon her. We found her very much exhausted by her walk, short as it had been. But she seemed glad to see us, and in her gentle, old-fashioned way she welcomed us to her little room. It appeared that she had had much difficulty in getting lodgings.

"It is not easy," she said, with a strange smile, "for a poor old body to find a place to die in. A death in the house is considered unlucky, I believe—it keeps other lodgers away. So I had to go from door to door, almost begging for a room, and only succeeded at last by agreeing to pay a higher price."

The calmness with which she spoke of her approaching end was very striking. She seemed to regard it as if it were an ordinary matter of business. When I called at the house next day, I met a sombre-looking man coming out, and in reply to my inquiry he told me that Miss Ingle was ill in bed. He looked like an undertaker, and that, I learned, was really his calling.

"The old lady has been making arrangements for her funeral," he explained. "She has paid me in advance, too." And as he laid his hand on his pocket there was an unprofessional twinkle in his eyes, though his features retained their solemnity.

By accident I discovered that the doctor who was attending her was an old college friend, named Knighton. I lost no time in going to see him, and when our talk began to slacken I mentioned Miss Ingle.

"A most unsatisfactory case," he said, shaking his head gloomily. "There is no organic disease; she is not really old—not much more than fifty; yet I believe she is dying."

"Because she doesn't want to live," I said.

"Then why call in a doctor? To say the least, it's unfair to him."

"It's mere habit, I suppose. But are you sure that you can do nothing for her?"

"Impossible," said Knighton decidedly. "No doctor in this world can help her against her own will."

I asked him if he knew anything about her, but he said he did not. He promised, however, to make inquiries, and, as the result, informed me a few days later that the Vicar had some dim recollection of the circumstance, and had told what he could remember. It appeared that in the autumn of 1851 or 1852 the two families—the Hamiltons and the Ingles—spent several months at Torby, and, living close together, grew to be great friends. Miss Ingle was then



*He seemed to be absorbed in gazing at the tombstone before him.*

a very beautiful girl, and as Edward Hamilton was a tall and handsome young fellow, just gazetted to his regiment, it was only natural that they should fall in love. As neither would have very much money, and both were so young, there was considerable objection to any fixed engagement, but, whether it existed or not, the two young people evidently regarded themselves as affianced lovers. This state of affairs continued until the war with Russia broke out, when Hamilton's regiment was ordered to the Crimea. He distinguished himself in several actions, but at length there came a letter announcing that he had been killed. He had no father—only a mother. Almost distracted by her loss, she was most anxious that he should be buried at home, and she arranged with the captain of a vessel which had been chartered to convey stores to the Black Sea that he should bring her son's body back to England. When it arrived she was living at Torby, and in the churchyard there it was eventually laid. That was the Vicar's story, incomplete and unsatisfactory in its details, yet helping us a little to a proper understanding of the facts. To my mind, the strangest thing of all was that she, who was then a girl and was now an old woman, should, through all these years, have remained constant to her young lover.

A week later, when we called to inquire about her, we were told that she was very ill indeed. In fact, the doctor said it was merely a matter of hours, and he was in the house at that moment. The window of her room was open, and she had had her bed drawn close to it, so that she might look out upon the sea, across which she had last seen her soldier

lover go sailing, and upon the churchyard where she hoped soon to be at rest by his side. As we went up the hill we thought we could see her face at the window, just inside the curtains; but in this we may have been mistaken. We both felt very grieved about the poor old lady. It was our intention to ramble over the hillside, and to call again at her lodgings on our way back, for we hoped against hope that there might be some change for the better.

But as we were passing the churchyard we went in, for the purpose of looking at Mrs. Hamilton's grave, which we had not noticed on our previous visit. To our surprise, there was a man sitting on a mound opposite the next grave, her son's. His hat was thrust far back on his head, his elbows were upon his knees, and his chin was resting in his hands. He seemed to be absorbed in gazing at the tombstone before him. We were close to him before he noticed us, and then he looked up in a dazed way, as if he did not understand how we came to be there.



*The only persons at the funeral, besides Knighton, were Maria and myself.*

He had a long grey beard, I observed, and handsome features, the skin bronzed and the expression careworn. His hands trembled so much that I asked him if he was ill.

"Ill!" he repeated, in a hollow voice, as if trying to get at my meaning. "No, not ill—only staggered—that's all. You've never looked at your own tombstone, have you?"

"No, I have not," I replied, wonderingly.

"Well, I have," he said. "That's what I'm doing now. It's a queer sensation, looking at one's own tombstone." And he again directed his rather vacant gaze towards the one before him.

"What!" I cried, "your name is not Edward Hamilton?"

"Yes," he answered, pointing a shaky finger at the inscription, "there it is. Edward Hamilton—that's my name."

I sprang forward and caught him by the arm.

"Get up, Sir!" I exclaimed. "Quick, please—it is a matter of life and death—there's not a moment to spare. She is very ill—dying, the doctor says—but you may save her."

"Who?" he asked, staring at me, as I dragged him to his feet.

"Miss Ingle—whom you were engaged to. For pity's sake, come at once." And I began to hurry him along the path.

He walked rapidly down the hill—could not help himself, indeed, for I held his arm firmly. I was too excited to speak, and he seemed to have no power. When he reached the house I left him downstairs, and, preceded by the frightened landlady, hurried up to Miss Ingle's room. The door was opened by Knighton.

"Hush!" he said, with a look of surprise at seeing me.

"It's not all over?" I asked in a whisper. "I have found her lover—the lover she thought dead. He is here—downstairs. He will save her."

"Too late," said Knighton. But he moved aside to let me pass into the room.

The old lady lay by the side of the open window, the breeze from the sea stirring her grey hair. Her eyes were closed, and her face was so white and her attitude so lifeless that, in spite of the expression of placid contentment, I thought the end had already come. But when I uttered her name she opened her eyes and looked at me.

"I have brought good news," I said. "Extraordinary news; can you bear to hear it?"

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"He is alive, after all," I went on. "You were all wrong in supposing that Edward Hamilton was killed in the Crimea. He has come back to see you after all these long years. He is here now."

For a few moments she lay still, apparently not even breathing. I was afraid that the shock had killed her. But of a sudden, with startling energy, she sat up in the bed, and stretching out her clasped hands cried—

"O God, is this true? They would not deceive me. Then let me live. Oh, let me live for a little while. Don't let me die just yet—before I can see him—before I——" But her strength had suddenly failed again, and she dropped back upon the pillows.

Not knowing how to act for the best, I ran downstairs to bring her old lover up to her. But, to my astonishment, he was not there. While I was questioning the landlady, Knighton appeared on the landing above.

"It is all over," he said quietly; "she will never see him now."

In my agitation I had forgotten Maria, and when I got outside I found her waiting for me. I asked her if she had seen anything of Hamilton.

"Yes," she said, "he came out, with a scared face, a few minutes ago. He went hurrying down the hill towards the sea."

The only persons at the funeral, besides Knighton, were Maria and myself. The old man was not there. Nor could I find him, although I searched the town, and we never saw or heard of him again. Why he had acted in such an extraordinary way; how the mistake about his death originated; whether the body supposed to be his had been brought to England in error or for the sake of gain; why and where he had hidden himself for so many years; or whether the old man in the churchyard was not in reality Edward Hamilton, but a poor harmless lunatic, I cannot tell, for I do not know. If there is anybody who has met him, and can throw any light upon the matter, I shall be glad to hear from him. But Maria thinks most of the poor old lady, whose strange pilgrimage, begun in hope after long waiting, had ended in despair.

#### APOLOGY FOR GAZING AT A YOUNG LADY IN CHURCH.

The sermon was long  
And the preacher was prosy.  
Do you think it was wrong?  
The sermon was long,  
The temptation was strong,  
Her cheeks were so rosy,  
The sermon was long  
And the preacher was prosy.

*Century Magazine.*



## A SUMMER VIEW OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

While the Home Rule struggle in Norway still smoulders, ever ready to burst out into flame against Sweden, it is interesting to take a glimpse at the King of Sweden among his people. The simplicity of his surroundings, the preparations in his honour, and the innocent delight



Photo by A. Tonasor, Göteborg.

OSCAR II. ON BOARD THE DROTT.

of the Swedes themselves in festivities that would scarcely extract "faint damning praise" from a modern society child of twelve are quite fascinating to *blasé* Britishers.

Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden, was, until the death of his elder brother, Carl XV., Sweden's sailor prince, and still retains much of his sailor's simplicity and genial manner. Consequently, as soon as it is known that he, on board his schooner, the Drott, is making a tour round the coast, every place at which he is expected to stop is in a mild state of pleasurable anticipation, and his coming is looked forward to as that of a personal friend, for everyone, from the greatest to the least, irrespective of position, age, or sex, may have the joy of shaking hands or talking with the King. The stock question, in fact, if you are known to have breathed the same air with him, is, "Have you spoken to the King?"

The following anecdote will give an example of Swedish reverence for royalty. In a small town, not a dozen miles from Gothenburg, but where he had not been for some years, there was much anxiety among the neighbouring "bond-folk," as the peasants are called, to see their sovereign in the flesh, and they poured in from all the country round. There was, consequently, a considerable crowd when, just as the King was expected, a sharp, female voice rose above the rest, exclaiming, "Let me get in front! let me get in front! Do you think I've walked all this way and spoilt my best black dress for nothing? I want to see what the King is like—let me see where the King is!" and a stout, elderly woman pushed her way forward. In front of her stood a tall, elderly gentleman, quietly dressed in dark blue, who, with an amused smile, said, "*Here is the King,*" and he turned himself round for her inspection. Nothing abashed, however, the good woman looked him searchingly up and down, and then remarked, "*Jasa!* Well, I'm glad to have seen you at last. I've been waiting here for hours, and"—holding up a torn skirt—"just look at the hole they've made in my best black dress! I was not going to have that spoilt, and then see nothing, after all."

In appearance, King Oscar is very tall and rather slender—he usually towers a head above everyone else in an assembly—has large blue eyes, an aquiline nose, lips slightly apart, a grey beard, and a very pleasant smile. He dresses always in dark blue, with a white peaked cap, his only articles of jewellery the wedding ring which Swedish custom demands on his left hand, and an equally simple gold ring on the middle finger of his right hand. Every woman adores him to an almost absurd extent, but I found such of his male subjects as had received any special notice not far behind in this respect. His ready courtesy and simple

manner of entering into their enjoyments make his people consider him the personal property of each. The Norwegian difficulties, too, have, perhaps, been a bond of union; it is known that the King has taken them so deeply to heart. As a lady said to me on the subject, "His Majesty has indeed his sorrows, though he puts them behind him for the present." The gentlemen in attendance number only about half-a-dozen, all, like the King, clad in dark blue naval dress. Whether by accident or design I know not, they are mostly short men, so that the majestic figure of the King stands out in striking contrast. Perhaps the best known figure among them is that of a fair, determined-looking man, with aquiline nose, pointed beard, and keen eyes, Pallander, Captain of the Vega. All these gentlemen, by-the-way, are known as the jolliest men in the whole of Sweden, always ready for any such amusement as fate and fortune may prepare in the brilliant northern summers, and certain to add greatly to the success of any function at which they are present.

When the King is first expected to land formally, there is a gathering of all the population to greet him—the ladies being requested to be well *en évidence*, as ornaments, for his Majesty, dear man, admires pretty women. Such of them as possess the national peasant dresses, of which there is a distinct one for each province, wear them, for the King prefers them to any other, and their brilliant colouring of green, red, orange, and blue add a most picturesque element to the scene. On landing from his electric launch, King Oscar usually shakes hands with such of the bystanders as he knows—and a few that he does not know—says a few pleasant words to each, and then proceeds to whatever special form of hospitality has been prepared for him, usually by the Styrelsen, or committee of the principal inhabitants. Such entertainments are beautifully simple. A dinner, such as one may get daily at any London hotel—minus the national Senorgasborel—but held at an early hour in the afternoon; perhaps followed by a walk to the woods, if such there be, for coffee—the King leading the way, while the population trail happily after; a supper, equally modest, with a little dancing first, great merriment and drinking of *skål*; a picnic, with a cup of coffee and cakes as refreshments; or, best of all, a dance.

Marstrand, a rocky island of the Skargard, about two hours distant from Gothenburg, is the Brighton of Sweden, and the King's favourite watering-place. It is surrounded by smaller isles, for the most part untouched by vegetation, rocky and mountainous, so that the eye seems to rest on an infinite perspective of rocks, sea, and sky, and these, in the wonderful northern sunsets, take every shade of grey, green, blue, orange, and deepest crimson. Great preparations were made this year in honour of the King's three weeks' stay on the island. Dances were held twice a week, concerts, thought-reading séances, theatrical entertainments, and illuminations were the order of the day. Yet through all ran the same note of simplicity. A Venetian fête, much spoken of in the papers, meant six large sailing boats and as many small ones, each with an allowance of from three to a dozen Chinese lanterns, sailing out to surround the Drott, from whose decks, however, a couple of search-lights lit up a scene of grand natural beauty. At a sleight-of-hand and thought-reading séance the King did not disdain to show an interest in the tricks, or to provide a cigar for the lecturer's needs. He led the applause, and, needless to say, was quite as much the centre of interest as the lecturer himself. So much, however, was conceded to his Majesty, that he and his suite were allowed arm-chairs in place of the backless forms allotted to the rest of the audience.

But the most interesting and astonishing to a foreigner were the balls, at which the King of Norway and Sweden deigned to be present. They were held in the "*Societet-Salongen*," the large room used for all public affairs by the visitors at Marstrand. The room itself is large and lofty, with galleries running round the four sides, a plain deal floor, and a platform at one end. The decorations were practically nil, if I except the arms of the various states of Sweden, placed at regular



Photo by Eurenus, Göteborg.

VIEW OF MARSTRAND.

intervals round the galleries. The sole preparation for the King and his suite consisted of half-a-dozen arm-chairs, upholstered in that brilliant shade of blue known, I believe, as Reckitt's Paris in the advertising and laundry world, placed on the platform, but not made use of, as King Oscar himself, when not standing and chatting to some of the pretty women or brave men around, sat peacefully at the edge of the platform, dangling his royal legs some inches from the ground. The whole affair, indeed, like all those at which I have been present, was absolutely devoid of stiffness. It gave one more the idea of a father with



Photo by J. Lundberg, Göteborg.

VIEW AT MARSTRAND.

his children than a king and his subjects: there was so much genuine enjoyment, good humour, and absolute jollity about everyone present that not only "some of them wore a beaming smile," but they all positively radiated with joy.

This reminds me that dress was, like the company, decidedly mixed. Full evening dress for some ladies, ditto and a bonnet for others, and so on, through Sunday meeting, afternoon, morning dress, down to a sailor hat and a not too clean veil. The men, too, were equally catholic in their tastes, and the status of those present ranged from the sovereign himself to our grocer, taking in professions, trades, and aristocracy as intervening strata. As in a revival meeting "all are welcome," so here a man or woman's occupation is no bar to his enjoyment—the King smiles with equal sweetness on all, and, another secret of his popularity, possesses the royal quality of never forgetting a face or its name, however insignificant the owner thereof. So, in the alarming impetus of the Swedish waltz, the inexplicable mazes of the Française, a substitute for our square dances, or the jollity of the polka, all twirl and bound alike, and, apparently, all enjoy themselves equally.

This faculty of enjoyment and light-hearted gaiety is, indeed, a peculiarity of the Scandinavians to be admired, wondered at, and, if possible, cultivated. They appear, when intent on enjoying themselves—and this is by no means seldom—to live only for the moment: careless, happy, overgrown children, delighted with good food and strong drinks and other simpler pleasures. That there is a deeper side to their characters I do not doubt, but this, for the time, is out of sight. Everything pleases them. A hundred Chinese lanterns will provide "absolute fairyland," a dozen flaring and evil-smelling lamps in otherwise Egyptian darkness "magnificent illuminations," and a ball-room decorated with flags, a floral device, a palm, fifteen flower-pots, and some "crinkled" paper will make both men and women ecstatic in their admiration, if not hysterical. Well, perhaps, if a certain other nation had a little such heaven.

But it is time I drew to a close, so we will only see the King mingle briskly, though not often, in the mazy dance, and whirl his partner round with right goodwill, before, with the people of Marstrand, we bid him good-bye, for the Drott leaves at six to-morrow morning. We listen, however, to his parting speech of thanks and hope of meeting his dear people here another year; we mingle our voices in the four-fold hurrah which etiquette claims for the King alone; we bow, as art or nature instructs us, in answer to his parting salutations—for we are nothing if not a polite nation, and our bows are many and wonderful—and then, clad as we are, stream after him down to the quay.

There one stout old lady begs for the honour of taking his hand, "just once more," before the King takes his place in the little electric launch in waiting there. We watch the latter as it pants its fussy way, in a stream of electric light, out to the Drott, and, as the lights in the latter disappear one by one, we are at last compelled to bid a final farewell to his Majesty King Oscar II.

K. O.

## ELWELL, THE WOOD-CARVER OF BEVERLEY.

### A CHAT WITH A COLLECTOR OF CURIOS.

In the town which has come to be known as the Rouen of England, so precious its Minster, so perfect a Perpendicular its second church (says a *Sketch* representative), you may now and then see a man, slightly lame, wearing a Kossuth hat. Once a new hat, it is beginning to bloom. Age is, in truth, the springtime of most hats, for it is then they commence to grow green. A grey Garibaldi shirt and a necktie not worth the asking might make you pass this man by. But if you took the more judicious second look you would notice a very odd ring round the necktie. If ever you had this ring upon your finger you would be willing it stay there, for it has a double circlet of true-lovers' knots, brightened by eighty-four square little rubies, surrounding a centrepiece of ivory, on which is etched a church and the typical doves of love. The fellow to this old, odd ring is yet to be found. And having glanced at a grotesque watch-chain, which has cabalistic characters graven inside and outside each link, and at the wearer's deep-lined face and blue, eager eyes, you would know him for a man with hobbies and whims. Indeed, it would be Elwell, collector of curios in Continental cities, inveterate theatre-goer of London, chairman of the late Anthony Trollope's election committee, familiar of artists and actors, and wood-carver of Beverley, East Yorkshire.

As we stand chatting, mellow bells forewarn the hour. Their music is soft and Æolian, as if mingled with the hum of bees and the murmur of centuries. They are the Minster bells, and their singing is carried far o'er the land when the wind is gentle with them. A cold wind chills them, and a hard high wind beats them down. Life is still somewhat of a calm pond in the East Riding, and the bells tell you this. Their notes wander in the western towers, picking and choosing the point from which they shall flutter and make themselves known to the little world of Beverley below.

We leave the Minster, half robed in its own shadow, and come to the Wednesday market, thence to the Saturday market. Lucky Beverley, with two market squares—the one modest, the other opulent. Still luckier with the right of sanctuary that Athelstan conferred upon it, if such now held good. But there is still the Fridstol—the Chair of Peace—to be seen and sat upon in the Minster. Mr. Elwell walks briskly, notwithstanding his lameness, talking of the time when he was chairman for Trollope. It will have to go down to history that Mr. Trollope was the rejected of Beverley. The town had its patron saint, St. John; it could not brook a St. Anthony. Yet, Mr. Trollope wished to win, and rode hard, but it was with the Holderness Hounds, not to the poll. Fonder of fox-hunting than of electioneering, he left the bulk of the work to wood-carver Elwell. The latter had imbibed of Kossuth in his youth and while working in London—nor is the hat the only remainder now—and he threw all the heart he had into the campaign, quite regardless, I daresay, of his soul. But it was to no use; the



MR. T. E. ELWELL.

novelist was badly beaten, and the one Radical result of the election was that a certain wood-carver, best known to himself, was lamed for life. Mr. Trollope might have triumphed had he been politically wise.

"You must go dead against the Game Laws," said Elwell. "Half the voters are poachers."

But Trollope dearly loved a spin with the hounds and the pursuits of country-house parties generally, and he had his sympathies. "I will not," said he; and he lost.

Elwell hobbled about with crippled ankles throughout the election. He has those ankles yet; and they let him know it. The novelist



showed somewhat questionable gratitude; he put his erstwhile chairman "in" a novel, for which see "Ralph the Heir."

"Where were you born, Mr. Elwell?"

"At Perry Bar Mill, now a suburb of Birmingham, fifty-seven years ago. Attended in my youth King Edward's Free Grammar School, in Birmingham, a school which has turned out I don't quite know how many bishops, canons, archdeacons, and the like. The present Archbishop of Canterbury was a pupil, and also, I believe, Archdeacon Farrar. Then I came to Beverley to learn cabinet-making; next five years in London, at Wright and Mansfield's, then in Portland Street; finally returned to Beverley, and here I am and mean to stick."

And here we both are at Mr. Elwell's Old Curiosity Shop, which hides its light but to beam in sudden surprise upon you behind the fourteenth-century North Bar. It is a quaint corner—an old gateway of dark-red brick ("fruity," were it wine), with stepped battlements—made still quainter by Elwell's shop, a fine specimen of timbered work, with richly carved mouldings and cornices right up to the roof-ridges. But scaffolding is in front, for renovation is in progress, else I would take a view. So we go straight to the large workroom, where fifty men and boys are kept busy at the benches throughout the year. The room is full of sound, of the tap-taps of light mallets, of the screaming planes, from which shavings fall, like shorn curls, to the ground. There are scents of pine and of cedar floating above a background, as it were, of sound-smelling oak. At this end of the bench is the first carver Elwell engaged when the work got too much for one pair of hands. Especially good at the grotesque is this man, quite a humourist in wood. Further down the bench is another old hand.

An organ-case is in progress for the Victoria Hall, London. A portion of it vignettes the workmen behind; there is a screen for a Croydon church; there are two political cartoons, copied from *Punch*, in oak. Mr. Disraeli, of forty years ago, is on the shelf, or, in joiners' parlance, bench. Mr. Gladstone and his friends are pictured in the second cartoon (time: present day), which, enigmatically, is placed in front of the stove (suggestive of destruction) and beneath the glue-pot (of constructive ability).

"Let me into the secret of wood-carving."

"Natural aptitude," was Mr. Elwell's laconic answer.

"How do you discover your men?"

"What astonishes me," he said, in reply, "going about England as I do, is the immense amount of undeveloped talent in the country—in the country much more than in towns. I cannot explain the fact; I haven't even a theory; but I am convinced there is still genius in the country. One of the best carvers I ever had was a wheelwright in a village. Another, who did some of the handsomest work to be found in modern carving, did not know the meaning of a Gothic arch when he took up the tools in his early manhood. In the immediate neighbourhood of this old town I have found all the workmen I want."

"Tell me of your first ecclesiastical work—that branch in which you are now famous."

"I had been carving triptychs and shrines for some little time when I heard it had been determined to erect a choir screen in the Minster. I went in for it. Sir Gilbert Scott was the designer of the screen (in the opinion of authorities it is one of the most graceful pieces of wood-work he ever did), and after considering my estimates he 'thought it would be all right if they gave the commission to Elwell.' I had then five men with me, and we six worked at the screen until we finished it. Its cost was £3000. After this Sir Gilbert Scott was indeed a kind friend to me. We spent hours together in many churches discussing and planning decorative work."

"What has led to the revival of English wood-carving?"

"I think the High Church movement and the growing taste for high-class furniture, but especially the former. We have done over £100,000 worth of ecclesiastical carving alone. Now we have commissions that will keep us busy throughout this year. No, we never canvass for work, nor do we tender if it be a cutting-down job."

"And since that first screen?"

He laughs heartily.

"We've never been idle. We carved the largest organ-case in the world—it went out to Sydney; a fine reredos for Boston Church—Boston 'Stump,' you know—and chancel fittings in Lincoln Cathedral; carved furniture and fittings for the Duke of Connaught and for many noblemen's houses; for St. Agnes', Kennington Park; St. John's, Torquay; for the private chapel of the Archbishop of Armagh; a memorial pulpit to the father of the late Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson)—so on. By-the-way, I will tell you an anecdote of the Archbishop's visits here. He often came; but, first of all, let us go into the other workroom, the *sanctum sanctorum* of wood-carving."

It is a picturesque little den, if one may apply that word to a well-lit room. There is abundance of light and an absence of shadow; it is the birthplace of saint in oak and sinner in more perishable material. There are scores of little gouges and chisels ready to hand; here a bit of flowing Italian scroll, there the work of Flemish carvers, elsewhere a matronly German Virgin.

Miss Rhoda Broughton has been here, and Dr. Robson Roose has paid unprofessional calls; the tall figure of Mr. Leonard Courtney has bent beneath the little doorway, and Lady Trevelyan has been "charmed"; John Billington, of "Toole's," has told lively stories, till the workshop rang again; a host of titled people have been permitted, and Dr. Thomson stood by, content to watch without learning; Bohemia has been, and respectably married R.A.'s; Miss Braddon (who wrote her first novel in Beverley, to the ruin, it is said, of her first publisher) is due to come.

Mr. Elwell has a charming water-colour by Miss Braddon on one of his crowded walls.

To-day I miss the white-haired, rotund carver whose special bent finds the carving of heads most congenial. Funny thing about the carving of heads, that the grain of the wood will entirely alter the expression, making a merry face cynical and a misanthropic cast of countenance quite gently genial. Now for the anecdote of the Archbishop.

"We were talking at Beverley Station, Dr. Thomson and I, when he spoke of a wish to erect a memorial pulpit to his father. Could I suggest a design? I drew upon the platform, using a piece of rough chalk, the first draft of the ultimate design. The Archbishop and the carver were seen bending over the 'flags' of the platform, to the wonder of the railway porters. That pulpit is now at Whitehaven."

We descend now to the curio and bric-à-brac room. Elwell the collector rivals Elwell the carver. Here are many fine things: an ivory statuette, with history appended, of Charlemagne's time; a pair



MR. ELWELL AND SOME OF HIS WORK.

of Vienna vases; a centrepiece of old Spode; a magnificent miniature on ivory, which Mr. Elwell has just captured in Paris (Mr. Elwell has a son with Julien in Paris; he recently came out head of the English and American sections, and sixth of the whole five hundred); a tea-set in Sèvres, given by the Empress Eugénie; Empire candlesticks in silver; a vase of old Worcester; an antique carved ivory tankard.

"The most difficult bit of English pottery to find?" I ask.

"Square-marked Worcester."

"And now tell me of your first venture in curios?"

"An old maiden lady died, and her relations picked out the best of her things, as they thought. There were some they refused to have—'theatrical trinkets' they called them. I was asked to take the lot. I knew nothing about such things in those days, but they looked worth the price asked, at least. Do you know, they turned out to be remarkably fine specimens of antique jewellery—rubies, emeralds, and garnets. The 'dirty-white stones' were pearls. I made 1000 per cent. profit, but I did not know their value. I ought to have made 6000 per cent."

"Please put me in the way of a little business like that."

"I will tell you another story instead," said he. "An old man had a collection of china I had long coveted, and he would not sell. One day he sent for me, he was dying. 'Give me £50 for that cabinet and its contents,' he cried. 'Why do you sell?' I asked. 'When I die they will all melt in drink,' he answered. 'I want to save them from the hands of my son. Money' is nothing to me now. Give me £50.' I bought without examining, and afterwards found rarest Worcester, some of the valuable Spode, Crown Derby, Rockingham, and Oriental. A single shelf of that cabinet was worth the £50."

"All this must be very profitable?" I ventured.

"If you ask me that I shall claim sanctuary and escape to the Minster's Fridstol," he replied laughingly.

"But that will not give you peace. Athelstan, even St. John of Beverley himself, could not have conjectured the interviewer," I retorted.

"I'm not so sure about that," was Mr. Elwell's answer. "The Venerable Bede was a pupil of the said St. John."

"And you think Bede the Father of Interviewers?"

"Exactly!"

"Poor Bede! What a lot he will have to answer for some day!"

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Continental critics are accustomed to deny us the possession of a real love for music, and certainly we do our best at times to justify the reproach. We seem in our concerts to introduce merely so much good music as may serve to season the trash wherein we chiefly delight. With all the songs of the centuries to draw on, and a number of writers of charming songs still among us, we have made the ballad of the British Ballad Concert a byword and a scoffing to all time; we mingle symphonies of Beethoven with vocal waltzes in the manner of the latest local bandmaster school. Then, still further to humble the home of grand opera, we have "Humorous Nights" at Covent Garden. Here be Sinkins, indeed, into the very depths; but, to find a lower deep still, the "enterprising impresario" has penetrated into Limbo, and brought back—Sims Reeves!

We did think—we really *did* think—that we had said a final good-bye to that eminent singer some time ago. We had, indeed, seen the last of him, not once, but many times. Farewell concerts there had been, and last appearances, and final appearances, and extra-final appearances—the last dregs of praise and profit had been wrung out of a voice that had lasted far beyond the average years of a singer, and a style that had outlasted the voice, and a popularity that had outlasted the style. Nay, we have had a volume of reminiscences, and another volume of something or other else. And now the grandsons of those that welcomed the first appearance of the great tenor are to gloat with what ghoulish satisfaction they may upon the spectacle of the veteran once more trotting out the hoary half-dozen songs of his répertoire. Once more we are to hear of a Pretty Jane, staler far than ever was Poor John; once more Maud is to be summoned, with that atrocious Balfian stress on the first word, to "Come into the garden"—a garden that has surely been let for building purposes ages ago.

It is not well; it is very far from seemly; it is much less than decent. To every day of work should come the evening of rest. Many never win entrance to the haven, and go on toiling till they are ordered "entire rest and change" by the one physician that they will obey, and he who would not seek fresh air is quieted with fresh earth. But that a veteran, resting in the consciousness of a career of success, of honour, and, if report says truly, of profit also—should be beguiled back to the scenes of former triumphs, merely to show that he possibly possesses more relics of his former powers than any other singer has retained at his age—what are we to say of this? "The pity of it, Iago!" Surely, Mr. Sims Reeves has earned a rest from "The Bay of Biscay, O!" and surely so have the public.

But this is an age when old men—and we may say old women—are gradually encroaching on the province of the young and driving them into retirement. Old age is a beautiful and venerable quality, but, like all other advantages, it may be—and is—abused. When we pride ourselves on the increased longevity of civilised races, on our improved sanitation, on the comparative rarity of serious epidemics, we are too apt to forget that there is another side to the shield. The aged not only refuse to retire from life—a reluctance which all but savages have learnt to tolerate—but cling obstinately to employments and vocations, and even continue in some cases to do their business as well as ever, and better than the young men who are waiting vainly for their places. All this is wrong. The aged, as a rule, are not able to keep on at their employments indefinitely. Those that retain their vigour ought to consider the interests of society, and avoid setting a bad example. One talented old man makes many—in their own estimation. Cardinal Fleury held the reins of power in France on the whole wisely; but to him every man under fifty was a reckless boy, and when at last he died the middle-aged youths that he had shut out of influence in the State rushed into power with the heedlessness of a school let loose. How many drivelling and doddering dotards have been emboldened—are now being emboldened—to hold on to positions of responsibility and difficulty by the great example of—but I need not mention names. Only, I would entreat all old men and women to listen to the words of one who is far younger than they are, who has all the experience of youth, and has seen a great deal more of them than they have of him.

But, speaking of old men, I trust it is not too late to take notice of the recent singular case of the Lodger of Hawarden. It seems the Nemesis of Lord Salisbury that he from time to time cannot restrain himself from uttering words which in themselves, or with a little twisting, appear offensive to many very worthy people. It seems the Nemesis of Mr. Gladstone that his own family and familiar friends are continually

placing him in a more or less ridiculous aspect. Think of that disposal—for charitable purposes—of the precious chips from his axe! Think of the photographs representing the statesman in his shirt-sleeves leaning on his tool! Think of the chorus of maladroitness flattery, the cloud of garlic-flavoured incense going up all the attic heights of journalism! No; if the Grand Old Man ever fails to be Premier in every other Parliament—and that is as much as any statesman can now hope for—it will be due to the ungainly efforts of his own supporters.

What Tory could have imagined a more piquant surprise than to find the apostle of "One man one vote," the denouncer of family interests and plural qualifications, apparently conniving at the creation of a most flagrant faggot vote in favour of his own son-in-law? Certainly, I do not suppose the Premier knew anything of the whole matter. But a Conservative friend of mine differs from me, and has broken forth into appropriate parody, as follows—

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
 "But—the question I hope you will pardon—  
 Do you charge all your family ten pounds a head  
 For furnished apartments at Hawarden?"  
 "From the days of my youth," Father William replied,  
 "I was known as the Artfullest Dodger;  
 I've taken in everyone else on my side,  
 So I'm taking in Drew as a lodger."

MARMITON.

## WHAT WOMAN IS WORTH.

A woman's life under the law in many States of America, we are told by the *Chicago Tribune*, is worth the same as a man's—£1000. But that seems an absurdly low figure when one considers the figure she has been appraised at when taken section by section. Her head, apparently, is not of much value. Of course, it cannot be considered separately, as this article deals entirely with the value of a live woman; but, considered as a part of the whole, damage to it is not assessed very high. An Illinois court has decided that £340 is too much for hitting a woman on the head with a hatchet without force enough to cause death, and from that decision the estimate will have to be made. A fair and impartial valuation under the circumstances would put the figure at about £200. A due consideration of this ought to make a man hesitate when he loses his temper and reaches for a poker. He would think twice before he would try to smash a £200 vase or piece of bric-à-brac. Shoulders have not been valued quite so high. The case of a Mrs. Dudley, of England, will have to be taken as a criterion. She tried to pass under an archway 9 ft. 9 in. high, while sitting on top of a coach 8 ft. 9 in. high, and the result was disastrous to her shoulders. Of course, she didn't lose them entirely, but she came as near it as possible, and the £100 awarded her by the jury may be taken as its estimate of their value.

A woman's hand is pretty valuable. Many a man has given up all he possessed to get one, but that was sentiment, not law. An Illinois woman recovered £940 for the loss of a hand. This is somewhat more than a woman's wrists are valued at. A Miss Jones, a nurse of Chicago, was paid for one fractured wrist at the rate of £400 a pair. The arm of the woman of to-day is worth more than a whole woman—and a beautiful one at that—was worth in days gone by. Miss Sweely, of Ottawa, Ill., was given £640 for one, but that was a small figure, and only goes to show that the Illinois arm has not the legal value of the Massachusetts arm. A Mrs. Shaw, of the latter State, was awarded £4500.

The heart, with the possibility of blighted affections, unrequited love, and "all that pertains thereto," as a lawyer would say—well, that is the most uncertain, variable thing that a court was ever asked to assess damages on. Quotations for hearts have varied all the way from a halfpenny to £30,000 in recent years. The latter figure may be an exceptional case where the heart was particularly valuable, but it is only fair to assume that an ordinary everyday heart that belongs to a prepossessing woman and is in fair standing in the community is worth £20,000. Courts have valued them at that figure in a number of instances.

This is bringing the value of a woman (quoted only at £1000 if killed in a railroad wreck) up pretty high, but it doesn't complete the valuation by any means. Her spine is worth quite a sum. Damages due from falls, &c., have been assessed at various sums. A Canadian court placed the value of one woman's spine at £200. A Miss Herz, of Illinois, recovered £1500 for damage to one, and a Miss Parks was given £1750. As the closest figuring seems to have been done in the last case, where it is brought down to odd dollars, that should probably stand as the current quotation. More has undoubtedly been paid for them, but the records at hand do not show it.

A foot has been held to be worth £860, or £1720 a pair, and an ankle that was fractured £300. Legs seem to be worth all kinds of sums. Massachusetts comes to the front with a valuation of £2000 a pair. For thighs there is a quotation of £200 each. From the figures given, it will be seen that an attractive woman is worth about £33,591.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



CARNAVAL.—J. A. GONZALÈS.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

## ART NOTES.

All who care anything for the work of that greatest of English sculptors, Alfred Stevens, should not delay before visiting St. Paul's, where his Wellington monument has now been removed in its entirety from the Consistory Chapel to the second arch of the north arcade in



A LADY AND DOG.—SIR PETER LELY.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

the nave. There is still, however, one more detail to add—the equestrian group which was destined by the artist to surmount the whole monument. When that is accomplished St. Paul's will at least possess a monument worthy of the great man in whose honour it was erected, and worthy also of itself.

Let Mr. Ruskin rejoice; the prices of his beloved Turners do not cease to hold their own. It is now announced that a Manchester collector has purchased the celebrated "Trout Stream" for no less a sum than 4800 guineas.

The October number of the *Century* publishes for its principal paper a very interesting article, illustrated by Warner Zehme, by Mr. Josiah Flynt, entitled "Life among German Tramps." The illustrations are all of them very picturesque and characteristic, and we have kind permission to produce one of the most interesting. "Hunting for his Pass" is the title of this illustration, and it forms a striking outdoor subject. The ground shines with that wet, cold appearance of the grey days of a dreary climate; the routine-worn official stands stolid before the weary man, who has forgotten where he has placed his papers, and a dull crowd looks unsympathetically on. The whole scene is well conceived and dramatically executed.

If the Chicago Exhibition had done nothing else, it would deserve some meed of gratitude for its authoritative introduction to America of an exhaustive and representative collection of modern Japanese art. The most various names, identified with various Japanese schools, were there represented, and, despite the obviously different standpoint from which all those schools regarded their art when compared to the art of the Western schools represented hard by, the great beauty of those Oriental rooms, unaccustomed though it might be, was appreciated beyond expectation.

It is odd, in the face of our well-known methods of the studio, to read in American

papers accounts of interviews with these Japanese artists, giving some recital of their method of work, of their pupilage, and their development. One such, by name Beisen Kubota, has communicated that recital to an artist of the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*. The account, for its interest, is worth some briefest notice.

This artist—we forbear from following the *Tribune* in prefixing the Mr. to his name—began his career in his sixteenth year by studying with a painter of Kyoto, who, celebrated in his day, died about three years ago. We learn that this painter belonged to the Shijo school, which of necessity implies a veneration for and devotion to the earlier masters of Japanese art. The master would set his pupil at first to the copying of very simple objects, such as egg-plants, trunks and leaves of trees, a process which he was compelled to undergo for so long a time that the pupil might finally be able to copy his subject almost without looking.

The point upon which the master insisted most, and which reminds us of the resolute technique inculcated by modern professors of the piano, was that the brush should be held at a distance from the point, and that the strokes should be made by using the muscles of the arm. As Beisen Kubota naïvely and naturally observed, "This was a most difficult thing to learn."

A suggestive illustration accompanies this stage of the interview. Spread out beneath him, horizontally upon a table, the canvas lies before a Japanese artist, who, with arm outstretched, holds the brush perpendicularly to his canvas, and by horizontal movements draws his lines, his curves, his trees, and his flowers. To proceed: the studies of which we have spoken were pursued for the space of a year, which was thus devoted exclusively to the acquisition of freedom and dexterity in the use of the brush in the delineation of outline.

Hitherto pointed brushes alone had been permitted. Now the use of flat brushes was allowed for washes, and after a discipleship of three years in this province the pupil began to paint from nature according to a carefully developed convention. It is in this convention which, though largely reduced to rule, leaves, nevertheless, very much for the talent of the individual and original artist, that the beauty of the art of Japan must so gratefully and so largely be sought. And it is, indeed, a wondrously beautiful convention, so beautiful, so rooted in the well-springs of art, that it is scarcely wonderful that Beisen Kubota should conclude his interview by a pleasing reference to his master's persistent warnings that in the old styles of artistic pursuit lies the perpetual youth of Japanese art.



HUNTING FOR HIS PASS.

From "Life among German Tramps," in the October *Century*.





SUR LES TERRASSES À BOU SAADA.—E. GIRARDET.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



CHEZ LE BARBIER.—E. PICARD.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



GARDE ALBANAIS.—S. IVANOVITCH.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



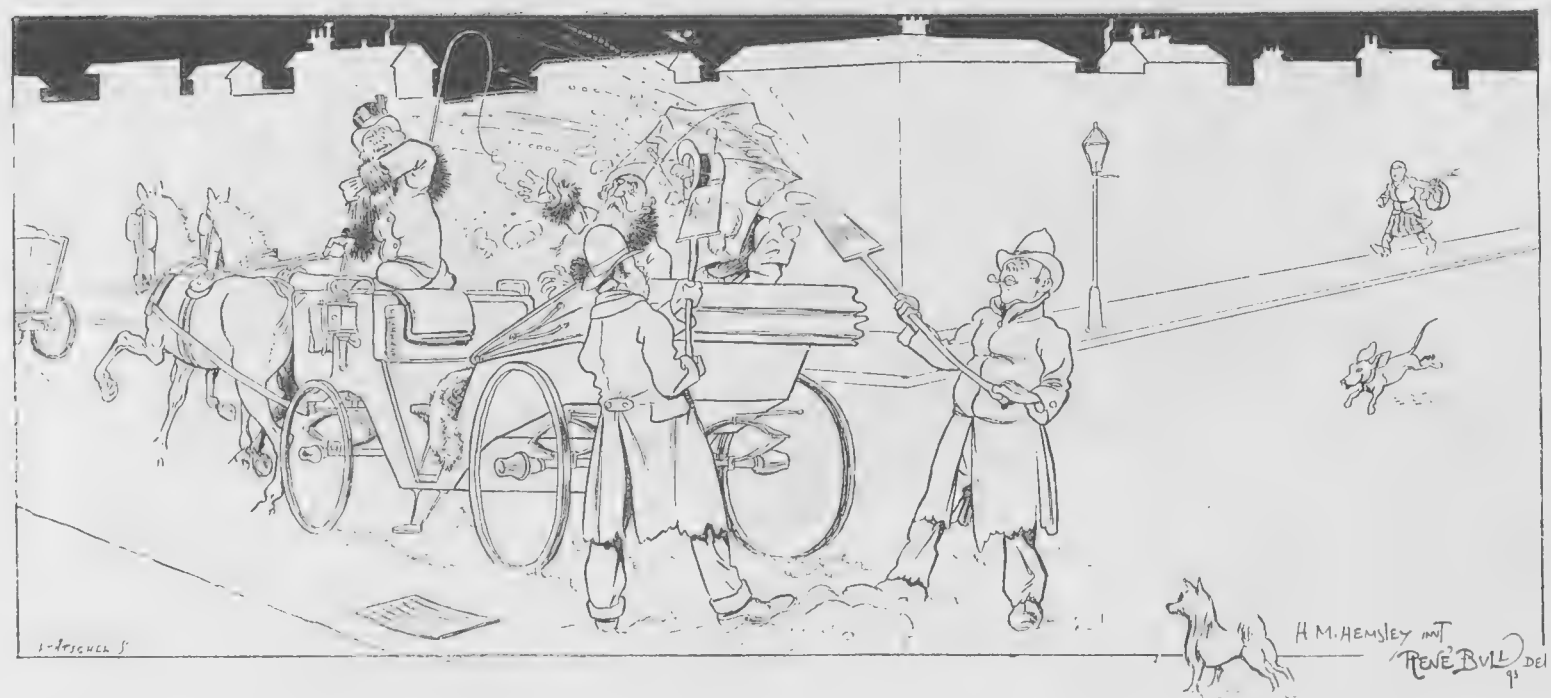
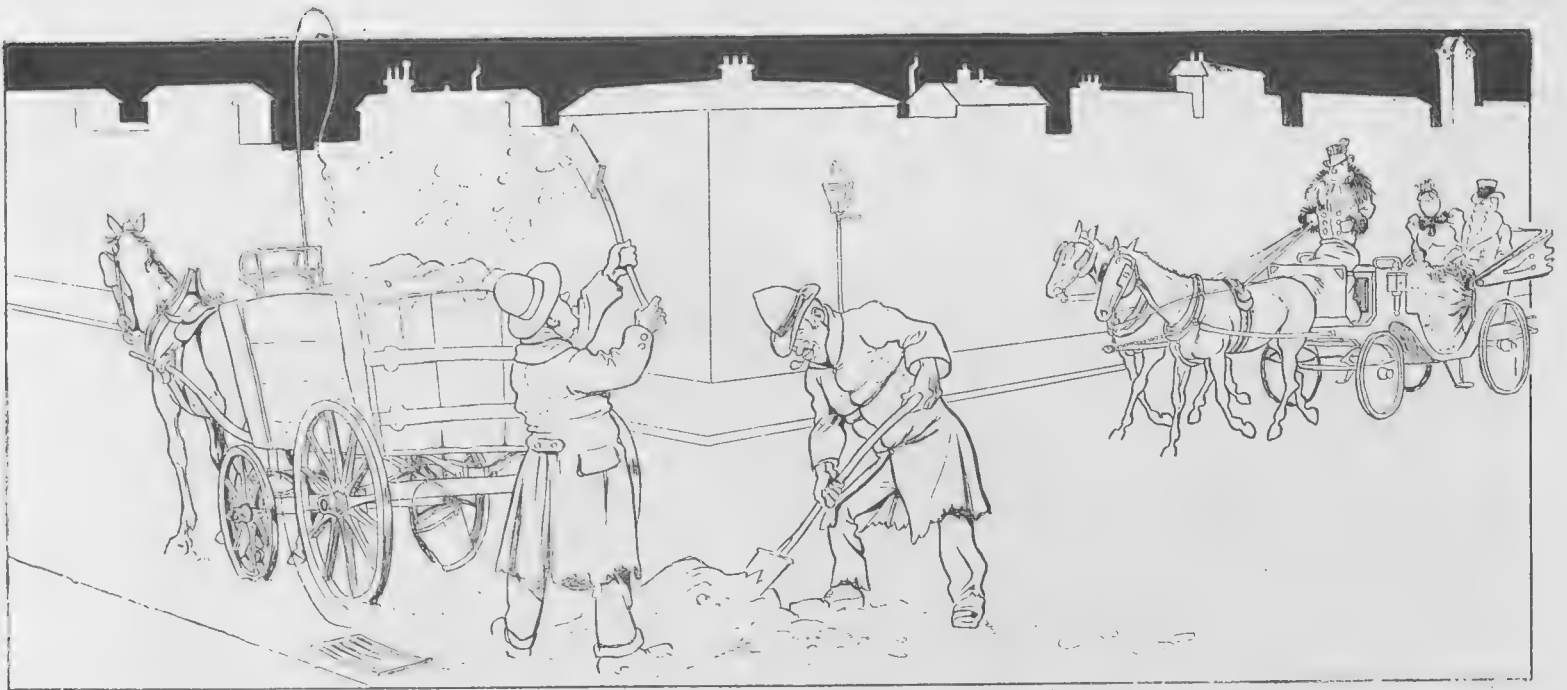
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HE : " I dream of you by night and day."

SHE : " Then that accounts for your sleepy look sometimes."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



H. M. HEMSLEY INT  
RENE BULL DEL





SHE : " At the next fancy dress ball, I shall go dressed as *The Sketch*."

HER SISTER : " Why *The Sketch*, dear ? "

SHE : " Because I shall represent ' Art and Actuality,' and a very well-read person as well ! "



1. Lion had a thought.



2. Which he promptly gave vent to in a most unmistakable manner. His thought said plainly, "I am hungry!"



3. And his immediate action lent colour to the reality of his intentions.



4. And there was Lion, and plenty of hunger, and the desert.



5. There was another side to the hill, and the desert, and plenty of hunger.



6. A wild feeling of happy despatch was coming over him so strongly that he began to try to level himself to the dust again by strangling himself with his tail.



7. When a Theosophist initiated him into the mysteries of the cult, and Lion felt that he was beginning to absorb the spirits of the surrounding atmosphere.



8. In time, Theosophist played upon Lion's good nature to let him dance the Spirit Dance with an effective receding movement.



10. This advice fostered the belief that he might include the whole theory of Theosophy among his other accomplishments if he made a good meal of Theosophist.

9. Until Lion began to commune with the spirits, who strongly impressed him with the advisability of absorbing a more known quantity than the desert air.

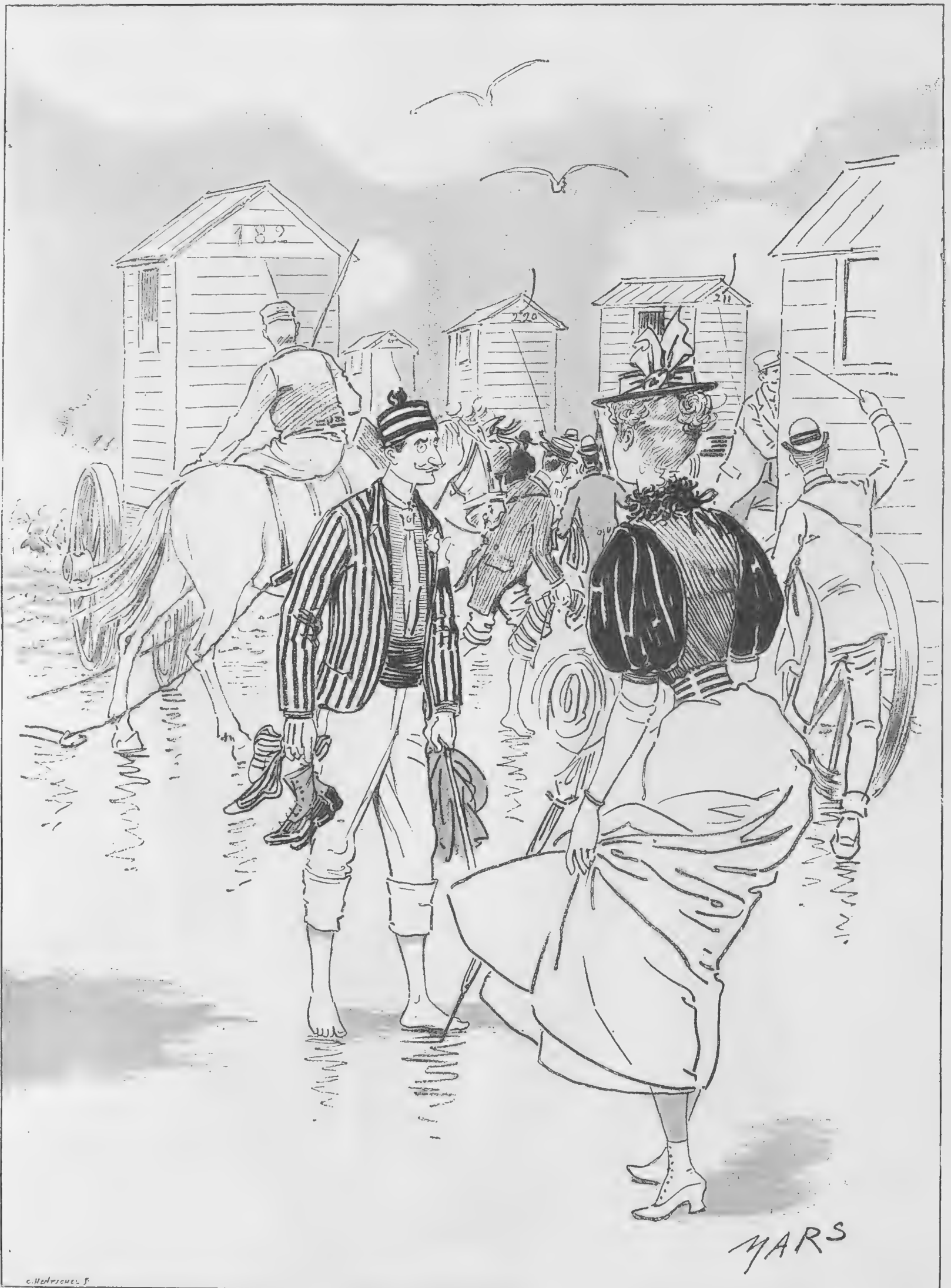


11. The realisation of his belief enabled him to dispose of the substance of Theosophist, while he watched his spirit make off with a week's washing.





"I say, Major, whenever I meet Jones, he always pulls my nose. What would you advise me to do?"  
"Pull his, of course!"



THE GREAT FORENOON FIGHT AT OSTEND.

"I say, Archer, do you think we shall ever get a machine?"

"Well, the best plan might be to take our bath always on the following day."



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MISS MINNIE CUNNINGHAM.



## ON A "WHITE STAR" LINER.

Over the broad waters of the Atlantic, on the noble *Majestic*, flagship of the favourite White Star Line. That is, indeed, a charming holiday trip, and of the multitude who have enjoyed the pleasure of the voyage



Photo by Medrington, Bold Street, Liverpool.

CAPTAIN HENRY PARSELL, OF THE MAJESTIC.

from Liverpool to New York on board of the floating palace commanded by Captain Parsell I am certainly one to whom the trip will ever remain a delightful souvenir.

Nowadays, it is just as easy, and in many respects far more healthful and agreeable, to steam across the ocean as it is to follow in the wake of the *moutons de Panurge* who go monotonously, year after year, to the malodorous resorts of "the Continent," not unfrequently returning home again physically deteriorated and with an aching void in the region of the pocket. A visit to the land of our Transatlantic cousins is no longer the serious undertaking it was considered a decade or two ago, and travelling Englishmen of the reputable class invariably receive a hearty and a hospitable welcome from Brother Jonathan, who naturally regards us as of his own kith and kin, speaking the same mother tongue, and imbued with nearly the same prepossessions, prejudices, and ethnological idiosyncrasies which are our common inheritance.

The passage I made in the *Majestic* was accomplished in less than seven days from the steamer's anchorage in the river Mersey to the great dock on the New York side of the Hudson, where the White Star liners are moored during their stay in the Empire City. Of the week consumed by the voyage, a day was spent in steaming down the Irish Channel and waiting at Queenstown,

for the Royal Mails, from 5 a.m. to 2 p.m. Then the colossal engines of the *Majestic* were again set in motion, and stopped no more until she reached her American destination, having completed the passage under six days from land to land, at a speed of more than 500 nautical miles per diem.

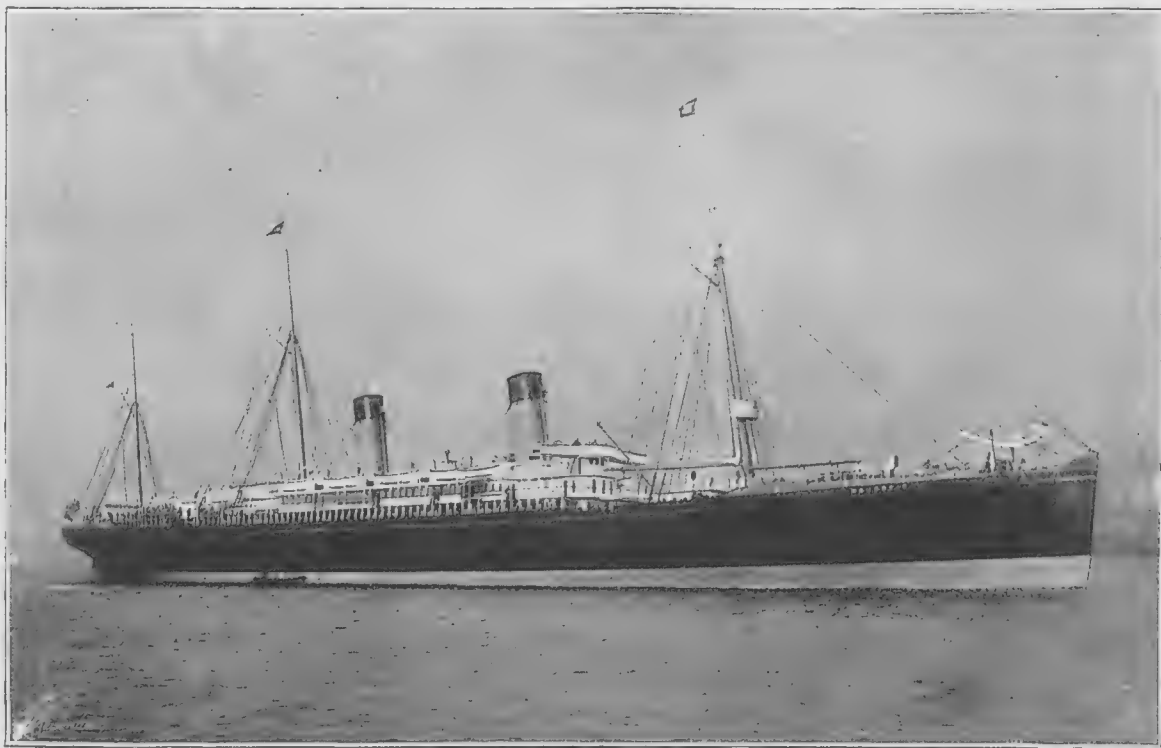
I confess I have only a qualified admiration for ocean steamships constructed almost exclusively with a view to securing the highest possible rate of speed and for the purpose of making "record" passages. In such vessels it is inevitable that machinery shall occupy the place of honour, filling the lion's share of area, and necessarily encroaching upon some portion of the space which ought to be appropriated to the use of the passengers.

No such criticism can, however, apply to the White Star fleet, and there are no ocean steamships afloat that offer more of comfort and luxury to the travelling public than the magnificent White Star twin ships *Majestic* and *Teutonic*. Of these two fine vessels, the *Teutonic* was the first to be constructed by Messrs. Ismay, Imrie, and Company, proprietors of the White Star Line. When the *Teutonic* appeared to public view, on July 27, 1889, anchored off Holyhead and about to start on her trial cruise, none who saw her beautiful and symmetrical lines could fail to discern that her advent marked a new era in British shipbuilding. So instantaneous was her success that the *Majestic*, precisely similar in every detail, was immediately put in construction, and during the entire year these two great passenger vessels now sail alternately from Liverpool and New York every fortnight, their voyages being performed with the regularity of clockwork, seven days usually sufficing for the passage between the two ports, the once dreaded Atlantic Ocean having been reduced by the strides of mechanical engineering to the dimensions of a ferry.

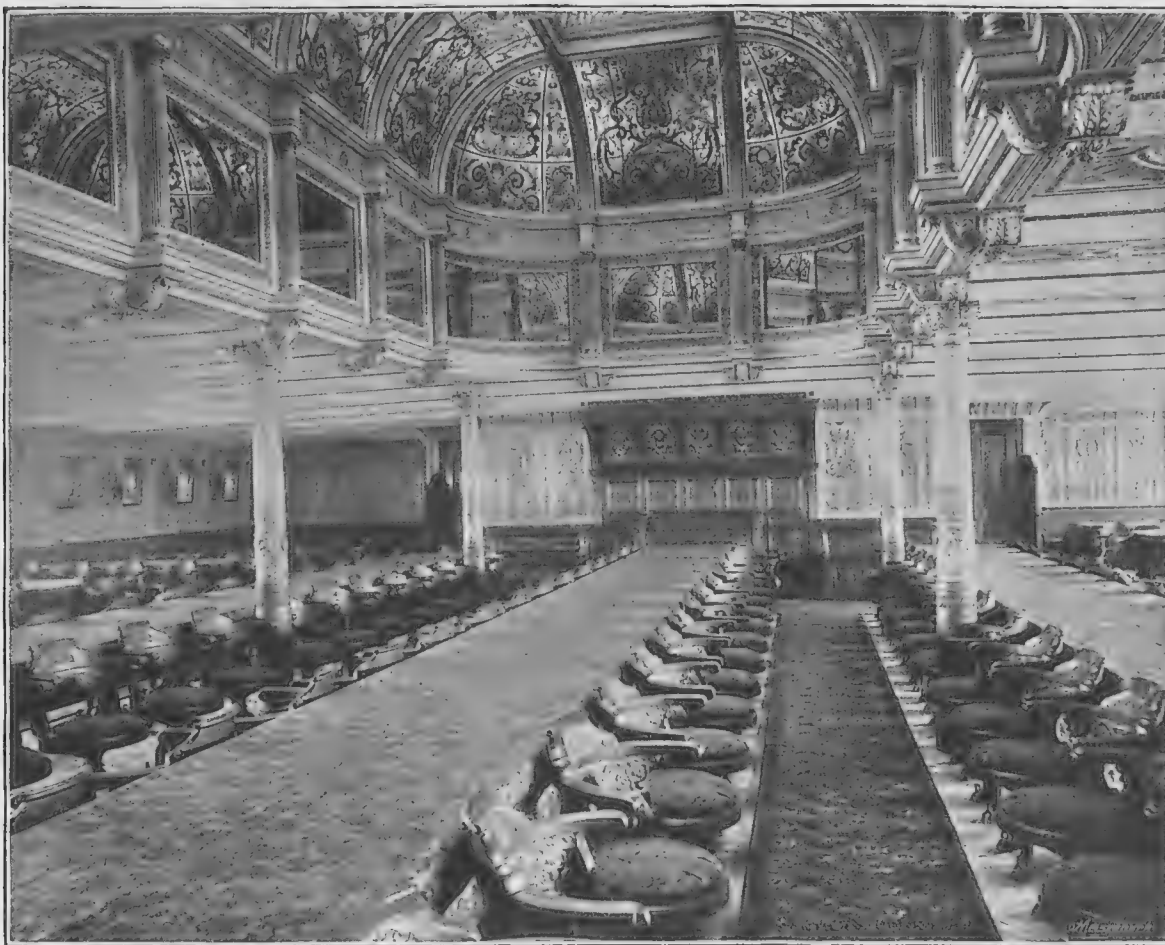
The length of the *Majestic* and *Teutonic* is 582 ft.; breadth, 57 ft. 8 in.; depth, 39 ft. 4 in.; gross tonnage, 10,000 tons. They are built of Siemens-Martin steel, propelled by two independent sets of triple expansion engines, driving twin propellers, with manganese bronze blades. In addition to being minutely subdivided by athwartship bulkheads, they are provided also with longitudinal bulkheads running fore and aft throughout the greater portion of their length, which lends additional rigidity to their structure, and has the immense advantage of greatly increasing their security in the event of collision.

It is not possible within the limits of an article written *au courant de la plume* to give a detailed description of a modern ocean steamship. I have often crossed the Atlantic, not very many years ago—certainly, I confess, before the present startling improvements were even dreamed of—when the accommodation afforded to first-class passengers was scarcely superior to the comfort now enjoyed by the humble folk in the steerage, while their sense of security was infinitely less.

In the good old days of paddle-wheel steamers, when an Atlantic passage of ten days or so was quite an event, and "nine days and twenty hours" long held the then undisputed record, what would the ocean traveller have thought of my recent trip to America and back, occupying seven days on the *Majestic* and seven days on the *Teutonic*? And what would have been said of ships lighted throughout by electricity? of large and airy cabins, supplied with broad, substantial bedsteads, and all the paraphernalia of an elegantly furnished bed-room in a well-appointed modern residence? of a grand saloon, as sumptuously adorned as a state apartment in a royal palace? of a commodious lounge and smoking-room? of a fine library and reading-room? of hot and cold water baths for all classes of passengers? and of the general air of health, cleanliness,



THE MAJESTIC (WHITE STAR LINE).



THE SALOON.

comfort, and security pervading every detail of the ship's management, on deck and below?

Nor is this all. In an emergency, the *Majestic* and *Teutonic*, which both belong to the Naval Reserve, could at very short notice be transformed into great troopships, or be even employed as armed cruisers. Either of these vessels could furnish accommodation for the transport of a thousand cavalry or two thousand infantry. She could carry reinforcements in five days to Halifax or Quebec, and to Cape Town in twelve and a-half days; via Suez, she could land a small army in Bombay in fourteen days, at Calcutta in seventeen and a-half days, at Hong Kong in twenty-one and a-half days, and at Sydney in twenty-two days. Her coal supply is sufficient for seventeen days, steaming at full speed, or for three months' cruising at half speed.

But I really must beg the indulgent reader's pardon. I set out to chat about my own pleasant experiences on a White Star liner, and I find myself wandering off into a far more serious region of description, so, as our lively neighbours say, *revenons à nos moutons*.

The room I occupied on the *Majestic* was on the upper deck, and a very bright, airy, cosy room it was, handsomely as well as usefully furnished, with every modern convenience designed to secure the comfort of the tenant for the time being and to enhance his pleasure and satisfaction. Above me was the spacious promenade deck, with its cluster of palatial suites of apartments for families and its fine library, containing many hundred books carefully classified and catalogued, under the charge of a steward librarian specially delegated for the duty of catering for the mental delectation of the two hundred and eighty saloon passengers entitled to the use of the writing-desks, the luxurious lounges, and the long list of neatly bound volumes on the shelves.

Far forward, on the promenade deck, is the bridge, from whose

elevation the Captain, at specific times, or in moments of emergency, controls, with a touch of the finger, every pulsation of the mighty engines, or directs, in the same prompt manner, the exact course of the great ship. Connected with this important coign of vantage is the Captain's cabin and his private saloon, to which access is had by doors opening from the deck.

Of course, I had not been many hours on the *Majestic* before I was seized with strong symptoms of *cacoëthes journalistique*, which speedily developed into an irresistible yearning to interview Captain Henry Parsell, to whom I had enjoyed the pleasure of a personal introduction through the friendly offices of the passenger manager of the White Star Line, Liverpool.

Now, if the reader will scan the features in the accompanying portrait, he will probably come to the conclusion that an agreeable physiognomy like Captain Parsell's indicates more than ordinary suavity of disposition, allied to a sufficient degree of firmness for general business purposes. But suppose that same reader, himself amenable to the Draconian code of the high seas, should contemplate attempting to interview the original of the picture—would he not prefer to make the dangerous experiment on dry land, with a back door opened conveniently wide on the street, rather than trust his venturesome carcase within the narrow limits of his intended victim's cabin, with the fathomless ocean temptingly close at

hand, and nothing to stay the sea-autocrat's playful fancy should he feel disposed to order his tormentor to be pitched overboard without flourish of trumpets or any time-consuming formalities whatever?

Perhaps, indeed, some such speculations as these flitted through my brain as I boldly knocked at the door of Captain Parsell's cabin, resolved that *The Sketch* should know something of a typical British sailor, or I would bravely perish in the attempt. I had been told in London that the Captain plays a strong game of chess when he meets among his



THE LIBRARY.

passengers a foeman worthy of his steel, and, oddly enough, it happens that I am myself fairly versed in the intricacies of the royal pastime.



*Photo by Robinson and Rae, Chicago.*

MR. RICHARD PARRY, THE SHIP'S PURSER.

To play chess, as every amateur well knows, is an immediate passport to the good graces of a fellow chess-player, and it was through this insidious means that I succeeded in throwing Captain Parsell off his guard, and between the marches and counter-marches of queen, castles, knights, bishops, and pawns I cunningly obtained from my unsuspecting adversary some interesting details of his professional career.

"In the first place," said the Captain, threatening to pin my queen with his king's bishop, "I am happy to say that my long experience as a sailor has been devoid of any thrilling or exciting episodes. I have never been shipwrecked, nor have I met with any terrible calamity during a sea life of nearly fifty years—in fact, it may seem incredible, but truth compels me to confess that I have never once been cast upon a desolate island nor been captured by pirates. If it will be any encouragement,

however, to ardent aspirants to 'a life on the ocean wave,' I may add that my career has been adventurous in the sense of having sailed large and valuable ships, with their passengers and cargoes, all over the world."

"Did you ever happen to find the North Pole?" I asked. "And will you kindly take notice that your king is in check?"

"No, Sir," replied the Captain, quickly moving out of check. "But I have been many times across the Pacific, through the China Sea, the Indian and North and South Atlantic Oceans. I went to sea in 1847, when I was fourteen years old, and rose rapidly from apprentice to second and chief officer, attaining command at the comparatively early age of twenty-four. My first command was a small brig of 233 tons, in the West India trade, and this was succeeded by a barque of 316 tons, trading to the west coast of South America. At thirty years of age I was fortunate enough to obtain the command of what was then considered a large vessel. This was the Oasis, an iron ship, of 1200 tons, belonging to Mr. G. H. Fletcher, of Liverpool, my constant friend. I remained several years in Mr. Fletcher's service, commanding his largest sailing ships, the last being the Centaur, of 1500 tons. This was my final command in sailing ships, and in 1870 I joined the White Star Line, in whose service, favoured with the confidence of Mr. Ismay, I have since remained, and thus I am to-day commander of the flagship of the line, the Majestic."

"A vessel fitly named, Captain. She is, indeed, a stately ship."

"I am proud to be her Captain," said the worthy sailor emphatically.

"And a good Captain, too," I responded heartily.

I might, of course, have added a feeble quip about a "mate," but restrained myself with a great effort, and proposed a drawn game instead, which the Captain graciously accepted.

Just then the trumpets, tootled by a couple of bright sailor boys, who looked like a pair of nautical cherubs, summoned the passengers to dinner, in the grand saloon, and Mr. Parry, the popular purser of the Majestic, came to see the Captain on business, which interruption terminated a pleasant game of chess and an agreeable hour's chat with Captain Parsell, Commodore of the White Star Line, every inch a sailor and a gentleman.



A CABIN OF THE MAJESTIC, AS EXHIBITED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



## "CABBY."

There came a knock at the door.

"Come in. Who's that? That you, Mowler?"

"Yes, Sir," said Mowler as he entered.

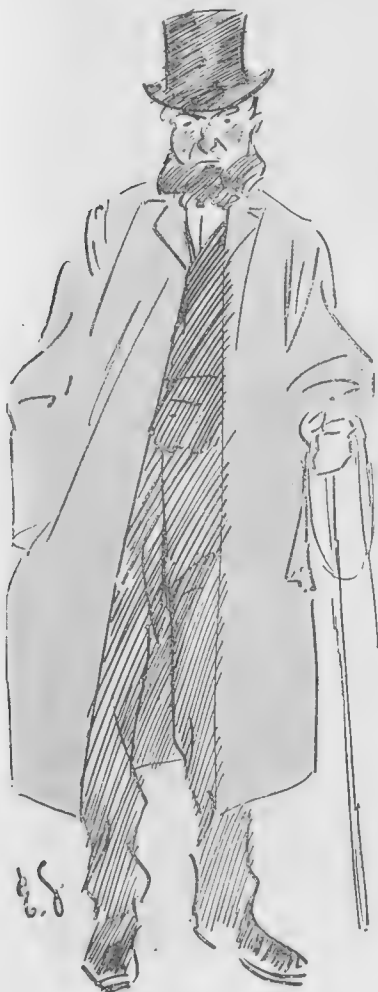
Mowler is a cabby, and an acquaintance of mine. I encountered him first nearly a year ago. I suppose everybody who has lived in London



MOWLER TELLS HIS TALE.

(I cannot speak for other cities; but it is to be supposed that a cabby's nature is much the same all the world over) has witnessed the dramatic little incidents connected with Cabby's reception of his exact fare. His

hirer, having alighted, stands on the pavement and feels for his purse. Cabby, meanwhile, leans over the railing of his seat with a benignant and ingratiating smile. That smile, it may be stated at once, is a fraud. It is not a genuine beam of good nature, but is one of Cabby's business "props." It is a smile of much meaning, and Cabby throws his whole soul into it. It is trusting and confident; it insinuates that Cabby feels that he has met in you a man in whom he recognises a peculiarly generous nature. It means that Cabby has no anxiety. He knows that you are going to give him something for himself. But, as a matter of fact, if you watch Cabby closely you will see the hollowness of its professions. Cabby's eyes are very wide open, and he is scanning a great deal more carefully than his fare the little pile of silver that gentleman is turning over in his hand. Then he stretches down his hand, broad and fat, but trustingly, assured that he is about to be treated as a man should be. The fat palm ascends again, but as his fare turns to depart the smile dies away. For a moment, as if dazed, he gazes blankly into his hand; then a look of mingled contempt and indignation passes over his expressive face. He turns fiercely on his prey. "'Ere, wot's this?" "Your fare," floats back to him. "My fare!" in a tone of seathing scorn, "my fare!"



OFF HIS BOX.

Then rapidly, and with a business-like manner, as if the time for emotion were passed now, "'Ere, 'old 'ard, I wants another tanner." By this time his fare, if he knows anything at all about cabmen, is well under way. Cabby, standing up, dashes the offending shilling on to the ground with a gesture of ineffable loathing, as at some unclean thing. No good; his fare is disappearing, unconcerned; and Cabby, convinced that the game is up, but loth to relinquish his indignation, slowly unswathes himself from the folds of his voluminous blanket, descends as slowly, picks up the innocent shilling still more slowly, mounts again, gathers up his reins with one final blighting look behind him, and drives away, his face that of a man who never till that moment had sounded the hideous depths of sordid human nature.

I first made Mowler's acquaintance after observing one of his little performances in this line. I happened one day to witness the look of holy horror that crossed his face as the fact slowly dawned on him that his fare had paid him only eighteenpence for driving him from Liverpool Street to Tottenham Court Road. I felt that a man who in a few moments could change his look from one of restful confidence to majestic and overwhelming indignation was one whose acquaintance was worth cultivating. I hired his cab, paid him liberally, stood him two drinks of "dog's nose" at the end of my journey, vied with him in his denunciation of the niggardliness of his late fare, joined in deploring the departure of Englishmen of the present day from the generous traditions of the past, and made him my firm friend for life, or until such time as I am unable to afford double fare for every journey I take with him.

I wanted Mowler's assistance now. It so happened that I had been thrown a good deal among cabmen, and had discovered that they numbered among them more interesting and original characters than any other body of men I know of. This is not to be wondered at, when you come to consider the *personnel* of the recruits to the ranks of the Jehus. Not a class in society but contributes its quota. Varsity men and



A "NOBLE" CABBY.



EX-JOCKEYS.

shop-boys, bankers' clerks and medicos, you will find some of each of them in the profession. I have not yet met with the "ex-officer of the Guards in reduced circumstances" one hears so much about. I know, however, that he is quite a reasonable possibility, and I am acquainted with one old soldier from the ranks who has turned cabby. I have wondered if fate will ever ordain that the said ex-private, driving a smart hansom, shall, in the race for a promising fare, cut out the

growler steered by his old captain. There are dramatic possibilities in such an event.

Here, then, was a chance for an interesting article, and there was, in addition, the advantage that, for the price of a pint, you can get more information out of the average cabby—about himself in particular, and



ANTICIPATION.

life in general—than out of any other citizen, excepting, perhaps, a washerwoman. I don't know whether this is the cause or the result of the fact that most cabmen's wives take in washing. But this is by-the-bye.

At my invitation, Mowler had installed himself in a chair and had lighted up. I had pressed upon him, as a matter of precaution, a particularly choice and mild cigar; he had promptly defeated my purpose by saying he would keep it for Sunday, and had produced, and lit up with unctuous satisfaction, that dirty little pipe of his, for immunity from which I had schemed.

"Mowler," said I, "I am going to write an article on cabmen, and I want you to tell me all about them."

"Kebmen? All about 'em? Yussir, cert'n'y," said Mowler, with that cheerful readiness that always distinguishes him. If I had asked him to forecast the next Queen's Speech, he would have said, "W'y, cert'n'y."

"Well, now," I said, "what's your opinion of driving a cab as a—"

"Perfession?" said Mowler.

"Precisely. Mowler, you have hit it—as a profession."

"My opinion," said Mowler, "is that cab-driving is the same as any other business; it's good enough, only there's too many in it."

"Like medicine or law, in fact?"

"'Zackly so," said Mowler.

"Now, when was the best time for the profession? What were its palmy days?"

"About thirty years ago, I should reckon; there wasn't so many people cabbed it, but there was a great many fewer cabs; competition, consekvently, was not so 'ot. Then, too, business generally was not so bad. Bare fares!—w'y, we never 'ad 'em, as you may say. We could always count on somethink for ourselves. Nowadays," he continued with an odorous sigh, "all that's changed."

"Is it so very bad, my poor Mowler?"

"Bad, Sir! It's 'orrible. Everybody's mingy nowadays. I tell yer, Sir," he continued, smiting his left hand with his right, in which he held his "nose-warmer," "I've 'ad so many legal fares this week that I'm tired—sick an' tired—of swearing at 'em; they come that thick."

I nodded sympathetically. "But everybody's not so bad as that. Come now. You get a decent tip occasionally?"

"Well, sometimes," he admitted, "but not often."

Legal fares (you have no idea of the compressed contempt a cabby can squeeze into those two words) were the order of the day, and what tips he did get barely balanced up for what he lost by "bilkers."

"But you don't get hold of a 'bilker' very often?"

"P'r'aps not, but when you do get 'bilked' it's always for something big. If a gent 'as you for a shillin' fare, 'e generally pays up; but these (adjectives) rogues like to 'ave you for 'arf a day's work. Last week as ever was, I took one of them all over the City and West End; drove 'im about for several hours, called at half-a-dozen places, stopped waiting altogether for nearly an hour, and at last 'I takes 'im to a place in Chancery Lane, waited half an hour for 'im, and, bless yer! me beauty 'ad 'ooked it out at the other entrance!"

Mowler was fairly launched now on his wrongs. "Look at the way we are treated now by the perlice! Fifty year ago, when I first took to the business, we was 'and in glove with one another, 'and in glove; it was 'Mornin', John,' and 'How do, Robert?' Now they treat us like dorgs, and we mustn't say a word. Then cab-driving was something respectable. My father drove a cab, and brought me up to it; and proud he was, and so was I, first day I went out. But now, it don't matter wot a man's been before, he always comes down to cab-driving. One day, in a pub, a chap started moaning to me 'ow he's been a pavement artist, and 'ow 'e'd come down. 'What are you doing now?' I says. 'I'm redoooced to drivin' a hansom,' says he." Mowler stopped, overcome with the memory of that indignity.

"What did you say?" said I.

"Say! What did I do, you mean?"

"Punched his head, eh?"

"Punched his head? No; but I drank 'is bloomin' beer."

I agreed with Mowler that this was a regrettable state of things. Small hope for the dignity of a profession when its own members hold it in contempt. There was much more that grieved Mowler's soul. Boys were admitted to the honours of license-holders—young smarties that had no knowledge of the business, ignorant of the tricks of the trade, that would drive you straight to your destination, instead of turning an honest extra shilling by driving you round the longest way; grinding masters, exacting the last penny; yardmen demanding illegal fees—on each and all Mowler poured the vials of his wrath.

Poor Cabby! Times are hard, and business is bad generally, but he feels it, perhaps, worst of all. He is one of the first luxuries that go by the board when a man starts economising. He works hard, too, living laborious days and nights; he must be at his post in all weathers and at all hours. He brings to his task many and varied accomplishments. He knows "London," which is a very large order; he can drive as few other men can, and he can swear with extraordinary fluency and ease. He bears the brunt of much misfortune, and we must not be hard on him even when he does asseverate that it is just over three miles from Liverpool Street to Charing Cross.

E. G.



DIS-SATISFACTION.

## REMINISCENCES OF OLD "SKETCH."

"The sole purpose of *Sketch* is to pleasantly occupy a few minutes otherwise tedious. Should it amuse, we shall rest content."—*Sketch*, No. 1, Jan. 25, 1879.

The writer of this—haply being somewhat in his anecdote age—loves to look back on the departed past. He is thinking of old *Sketch*—that *Sketch* which first saw the light in the days when the faint sweetness of the "Myosotis Waltz" was tinkled out on the suburban semi-grand. It was the time, too, when the crutched and toothpicked

Together with Justin McCarthy, jun., and a good many others, Arthur T. Pask helped to fill up the columns of the famous journal with light essays and reviews. Robert Williams and Arthur T. Pask had a curious sort of friendship. They met when one had left his work at the Bar and in his chambers, and when the other had finished his day as a civil servant. When they met they nearly always began by quarrelling, and in the end by always agreeing. "I want to start something light and pretty and all that sort of thing," said the now ex-editor. The ex-contributor suggested something that should be a mixture of *La Vie Parisienne* and an illustrated *World*—something sketchy both as to copy and black-and-white. The illustrations were to be splashed about, and no podgy pages to be seen at any time.

An odd sort of talk took place between the two beneath the Temple cloisters. "You've only got a mixed sort of education," said Williams (alas! poor Bobbos), "but you've got artistic and Frenchified ideas from hanging about studios and going abroad so much, and you've got time when you leave your office (it was in the old days of the Civil Service, when things were not routed about as they are now); you'll be fresh enough to think matters over; you know a lot of artists and that."

No journal was ever started under more curious auspices. George Pilotell was asked to draw the frontispiece because he did Gosnell's theatrical programmes. He was then dwelling somewhere overlooking the Foundling Hospital. Dower Wilson was engaged for the centre double page, because he was light and sketchy; James Temple for the sea, river, fishing, and horses. Some folks have remarked that the first numbers of *Sketch* showed up wonderfully well as to quality of illustration. Wiseacres said, "You must be able to get good process, after all." Remember, process was then in its infancy. As a mere matter of detail, the work was reproduced by lithography down Peckham Rye way, and the letterpress printed in afterwards. As an additional attraction, in Pilotell's frontispiece on the first was pasted an autotype of Miss Connie Gilchrist—beg pardon, the Countess of Orkney. It was from a photo taken at Van der Weyde's—in fur cape and short skirts.

As to the artistic contributors in old *Sketch*, they were by no means contemptible. Mr. Harry Furniss did his best in Brighton, &c., and seaside things. The legal "scratches" of "The learned Justice of that name," "My governor's bag," &c.—why, they were done in his leisure moments by Mr. Lockwood himself. The operative studies—caricatures of Madame Patti, Sir Arthur Sullivan, &c., and excellent of their kind they were—came from the pen of Mr. Lyall. Joseph Bell, too, Leith, Miss Adelaide Claxton, Mat Stretch—all used their pencils on old *Sketch*.

Of the literary staff? Alas! how in the years past has the roll thinned down. Poor C. C. R., do you still touch the lyre on the banks of the black Avernus? 'Twas of another river you wrote in *Sketch*—

Lazily still dreams the dreamer  
By that still stream, which knows  
Plash of oars nor plough of steamer,  
Not from day's break till its close.

Indeed, the verse which appeared during the short life of the journal was, as a rule, pre-eminently good. Even the quaint paraphrase of "The great brown bear looked in at the window; 'How are you off for soap?' said he," &c., was written by Gilbert Venables,

assistant editor of the *Standard*, and once editor of the *Pictorial World*. And he, too, sadly enough for many who liked, loved, and admired him, was one of those whom the gods love.

It seems but yesterday to the contributors who survive, but the number of those who worked on old *Sketch* beyond the reach of galley proofs and printer's ink is only another proof of how the old scythe-man too quickly wields his weapon. Somewhat gruesome is it to think that the names of the lost only first come to mind.—poor Evelyn Jerrold, who, with so much of the strange, to us, feminine aspects of the boulevardier, yet blest with a true English heart in his genial kindness and happy good-fellowship, wrote such wonderfully admirable verse in *Sketch*. Some of his verses—now quaintly crisp, now softly languorous—were of the best (save C. C. R.'s) that appeared in the paper. Mr. Clement Scott (who did a great deal of dramatic work), Mr. Bendall,



THE COVER OF THE ORIGINAL "SKETCH."

in the front row of the stalls of the Gaiety nightly split their Jouvins in applauding the agile capers of the most graceful of skipping-rope dancers. Oh! halcyon year, when artists really did flourish in their palatial red-brick studios, redolent of Wardour Street glories and rivalling the cubic measurement of the Wiertz. Personal journalism was almost in its infancy. Possibly "baby sodas" were never served at the few giant refreshment bars of the Great City. Then—well, when Lord Rosebery had definitely made up his mind to part with the proprietorship of the famous *Examiner*—then *Sketch*—old *Sketch*—first showed itself, and well displayed it was on the railway bookstalls.

The origin of old *Sketch* was somewhat curious. Robert Williams, the famous double-first and leader writer, was editor of the *Examiner*, having succeeded Professor Minto. Lord Rosebery sold the *Examiner*, so that at least a part of the occupation of its late editor was gone.



William McKay, Spencer ("Gab," of the *Pink 'Un*), also could be numbered among the contributors; but first and foremost was Reggy Brooks, son of *Punch's* famous editor, who passed away too soon to make that reputation which was certainly due to his ability.

They were merry days, too, those first days of *Sketch*—'twas in the time when the Duke of Connaught wedded his handsome bride. The odd mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, pedantry and smartness of Robert Williams—they are missed nowadays by those who had not the wit to see the genius that lay hidden behind his affectations and weaknesses. The *bonhomie* of Reggy Brooks, the everlasting cigarette of Evelyn Jerrold, the strident laugh of C. C. R.—Chat Rhys, where, oh! where are they now?

And old *Sketch* itself came to a somewhat untimely end—had but a short life, indeed. As to the cause for this, it may in all probability be put down to one thing—a falling off in the number of sketches. Certainly, when Mr. John Corlett took over the journal from Robert Williams it was edited ably enough by Reggy Brooks. The "Popular Idol," by William McKay, which ran through its pages, was smartly and well written. There was no falling off in the work of any of the literary contributors who remained from the old staff, but—pardon to everybody who may be offended by seeing it written—the dearth of pictures was certainly the death of old *Sketch*: to live, it must be made up of sketches. Yet, *Le roi est mort—vive le roi!* Did *Sketch* die, after all? Let us say that, like the Sleeping Beauty, it was only lost to the world for the time being, and was awakened by the Prince of Better Taste—its present great success being due to a better knowledge of all art work, whether of pen or pencil.

### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I understand that the newest idea in journalism is a twopenny weekly, to be edited by a very popular humourist. For this miscellany the last story which Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne are to write in collaboration has been purchased at a high price.

Mr. Hole has found capital subjects for his pencil in Thrums and its folk. His fine etchings for the *édition de luxe* of "A Window in Thrums," published last year by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, will be in many persons' remembrance, and in some happy persons' possession. He has followed them up with illustrations to the new edition of "The Little Minister" (Cassell). These are not etchings, and, apart from the difference of process, perhaps they are not all so successful as those in the earlier book. But criticism has not much to say against them. The scene in front of the town-house, the flaring light in the faces of the crowd, and the Little Minister striving to calm their passions is picturesque and spirited.



FROM "THE LITTLE MINISTER" (CASSELL AND CO.).

Mr. Hole is especially happy in his portraits of Scottish types. Readers of the book will have little difficulty in recognising the group given here—Waster Lunny, Elspeth, Silva Birse, and Gavin Ogilvy—on their way home from a "diet of worship," having received ample material both for theological discussion and semi-secular gossip, touching on kirk and minister, of course, as becomes the occasion.

Mr. G. W. Smalley has been enlightening the American public on the subject of large paper editions. He says, among other things, that the modern works are few indeed for which in this form of so-called luxury there are two hundred and fifty genuine buyers. There are sometimes, he graciously admits, speculative buyers to exhaust such an edition. Tricks are then resorted to in order to make the book scarce, the very man who recommends it to his confiding customer as scarce having all the while

a dozen or twenty copies or more in his back shop or in his control. Once the prices run up to a fancy figure, the market is no longer sustained, and the price falls.

I know a good deal more about *éditions de luxe* than Mr. G. W. Smalley, and I have no hesitation in saying that these practices are a very rare occurrence. There is hardly a single decent *édition de luxe* published within recent years which had not a genuine sale and was not a real success. The principal part of Mr. Smalley's article is a slander on publishers and booksellers, a vast majority of whom are quite as scrupulous as New York correspondents in London.

The imports and exports of books in America show a decided increase on all heads over 1892. The comparison has been taken, so far, for the seven months ending July 31.

Mr. Murray announces two biographies of great importance, the long delayed Life of Dean Stanley and the Life of Professor Owen. Professor Owen's Life is based on his correspondence, his diaries, and those of his wife. Messrs. Blackwood are to publish Sir Herbert Maxwell's biography of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, and Messrs. Longmans have already issued the first two volumes of the great biography of Dr. Pusey. There are many pungent passages, in Dr. Liddon's most vigorous style, to be found in the portion of the work now before the public.

Mr. Besant has served up afresh the matter he collected for his big book on London in a smaller "History of London" (Longmans), intended primarily for young people at school. Its use need not stop there, though the young people are constantly addressed and admonished in its pages; many a full-grown citizen and many a visitor to London will be glad to consult it, for there is really no other book on the subject within the reach of very moderate purses. It is distinctly popular in tone. If it does not put too fine a point on all its statements, it tells a stirring tale. Then, the pictures, from old prints and new photographs, are plentiful.

A new writer in the Pseudonym Library, "V. O. C. S.," is worth some attention. The chief features of the collection of stories, "The Passing of a Mood," is slowness, but it is intentional slowness. The writer's aim seems generally to hit one aspect of one mood or one scene. Brevity, therefore, and the elimination of everything irrelevant to the one aspect are essentials that have been pretty consistently kept in view; and, while there are many failures, there are some distinguished successes in what is almost a new *genre* of story-writing.

Poetical librettists are not very numerous in England, nor, perhaps, elsewhere. Mr. Anderton, inspired evidently by Wagner, has been guided also by Wagner to the north in search of his theme, which is "Baldur" (Unwin). This "lyrical drama" is a little boyish; there is a good deal of heavy material in it. It is not altogether becoming in gnomes, for instance, to sing of

Elemental forces,  
Primeval might,

and there are things that make us hope that when his drama is brought out the writer won't have much to do with stage-management. But "Baldur" is a really poetical rendering of an ever-beautiful myth, and it deserves that some composer should look in its direction.

A charming series of stories "for children of all ages" is entitled "The Dainty Books" (A. D. Innes and Co.) It quite fulfils the promise of its name, for the little volumes are particularly pretty outside as well as delightful inside. Anyone from seven to seventy would appreciate "A Mannerless Monkey," by Miss Mabel Wotton, an authoress who is well acquainted with the freemasonry of the nursery. "A Hit and a Miss," in the same series, is a very pleasant narrative, whose value is enhanced by the sketches illustrating it from the pencil of L. Leslie Brooke. These half-crown story books, with their excellent illustrations, by writers like the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen, Mrs. Comyns Carr, Miss Constance Milman, Mrs. L. B. Walford, and Miss Frances Crompton, are just suited for reading aloud "between the dark and the daylight" in countless

nurseries and school-rooms. Inquiries as to suitable books for children may safely be met by a recommendation of these volumes.

Mr. Mulliner has had an ingenious idea for his book, "Declined with Thanks" (Henry). He gives himself out to be a story writer, of whose efforts editors have never shown themselves appreciative. Looking out at the world of literature as it is to-day, he, or rather his wife, makes one shrewd observation—that to talk of one's self is not only the best of journalist and literary manners, but also invariably successful. He determines to write henceforth about himself. But those rejected tales? Another idea is forthcoming. The rejected tales he will put into a book, interspersing them with a great many first personal pronouns. The result is highly absurd, but not a bit more so than much of that which it is evidently meant to satirise.

O. O.

"A LIFE OF PLEASURE," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.*



THE SCENE AT THE EMPIRE.



CAMPING IN BURMAH.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## AQUATICS.

Perhaps the less said about the recent sculling championship the better. I don't say this merely because Bubeat, the English representative, was defeated with consummate ease. The fact is that English sculling has reached such a low ebb, chiefly, I believe, through the influence of the betting element, that the public, who once loved sculling as a sport, have ceased to take any interest in it.

In the October number of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. Richard Harding Davis gives us another instalment of his experiences of this country. This time it is "University Life at Oxford," which Mr. Davis humorously and accurately describes. He has had a good deal of admiration for the intense interest which men throw into their sports, and the picture which we borrow illustrates the excitement on the river banks when the "bumping races" are in progress. One of the most amusing accounts of "Commem." which have appeared in print also brightens a very

outlook, it seems a pity that the executive of the Union should be composed as at present. Lancashire and Yorkshire, the counties in which the trouble is likely to arise, are certainly insufficiently represented. The elected members of the committee amount to twenty. Of these, Yorkshire is to return four, while, if one takes into consideration the number of clubs in that county, they ought, at least, to have six representatives. Nor am I sure that in these democratic days a two-thirds majority is a wise provision for amending laws. It is the old question of people of the present day laying down laws and regulations for those that are to follow. We may all be very wise, but we have no guarantee that our children may not see things in a truer light even than ourselves.

Rugby football has now become pretty general all over the country. That powerful team, Newport, opened the ball with a match against Coventry, and, of course, beat their visitors and sent them back to Coventry. I am not sure that Newport will repeat its phenomenal successes of last season. Percy Phillips, one of their best half-backs—



RUNNING WITH THE BOATS.

From *Harper's Magazine* for October. Copyright, 1893, by Harper and Brothers.

readable article. There is no doubt as to the envy which Americans have for our ancient Universities. It recalls the question put by a Yankee visitor to a college gardener: "How is it that your grass is so soft and mossy?" said the visitor. The gardener's subtle reply was, "Because we planted the seed a thousand years ago, and let it grow."

## FOOTBALL.

People have not done talking yet about the historical meeting of the Rugby Union the other week. The defeated Yorkshire delegates have returned to their own county, and everyone is asking everyone else what the disaffected clubs intend to do. Will they come out and form a union of their own, or will they bide a wee, and try to permeate the Rugby Union with their views, so that the Rugby game may, like the Soccer ditto, become professionalised? Perhaps the Yorkshiremen and those who think with them do not yet know their own minds in the matter; at any rate, they have not yet put forth any plan of campaign. On the side of the pure amateurs there are no conflicting voices. With absolute unity of sentiment and heartiest enthusiasm of expression was the opposition of the Rugby clubs, who could not play their players if they would, and would not do so if they could.

The schism, when it comes, will most likely be brought about by some of the northern clubs being convicted of paying their players, for Mr. Millar has told us that professionalism in Yorkshire has already come. The convicted clubs will probably be expelled, others would resign in sympathy, and the end would soon come. With such an

a man who made most of the openings for the three-quarters which did so much damage all last season—has definitely retired from the game. It is purely business reasons that has made him give it up. Then Bert Gould, brother of the famous A. J., has gone abroad—gone, I believe, to join his elder brother in the West Indies. Purely business reasons, also, I believe. Fancy any sane man allowing his business to interfere in this way with his pleasure!

Some people are looking to Cardiff as the crack Welsh team of the year. It will be remembered that Cardiff was the only club that held their own against the famous Usksiders last season. At one time it was feared that Teddy Pearson, one of their famous wing three-quarters, would be unable to play for them. Indeed, he had already taken up his abode in London, and it only remained for some enthusiastic Blackheathen to find him a suitable situation. One day, however, a missive came from Cardiff, and the flying Welshman soon retraced his steps to his old club.

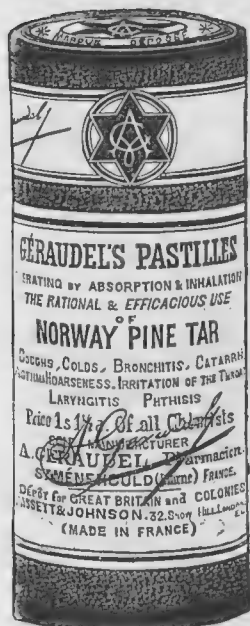
There is some word, too, of Blackheath adopting the four three-quarter system. If the club is to go in for it, let them give it a fair trial. It will not be of the slightest use to play it for two or three weeks and then throw it up, and it would be more futile still to play the old style and the new on alternate weeks. The only possible way it can succeed is to get hold of four good men—two of whom must know the passing game—and play this quartet regularly every week, accidents always excepted, throughout the season. I believe R. L. Aston is willing to become one of the centres, if only his leg will allow him. He would

[Continued on page 529.]



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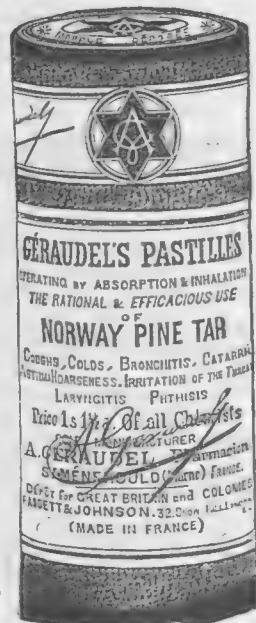
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certainly be the right man in the right place. Howard Marshall is a certainty for half-back, but I doubt whether De Winton will be seen often in the ranks of the red-and-black.

From what I can hear and see, London Scottish will be about the same strength as last season. R. C. McMillan will again captain the team, and he will have a worthy lieutenant in G. McGregor, the famous cricketer. The three-quarters will be the same formidable trio as last season, Campbell, McGregor, and Jardine—men who will always take a lot of stopping. What the Scottish want, and that badly, is a few good heavy forwards. The backs are clever enough, but they carry no weight.

W. E. Bromet will again take charge of Richmond, but the prospects of this once great club do not appear to be any rosier than last year, when they could hardly be called first class. I hear great reports of the form of Middlesex Wanderers, and it may be that they will come to the front this season.

In Yorkshire, Bradford continue to do as badly as ever. I believe Bradford will be of little use until they get Duckett and Briggs performing once more at half-back. Dewhurst, the captain, who made a first appearance this season against Batley, has certainly improved the pack to a considerable extent; but, in spite of it all, they are not the Bradford of old. So badly have the Yorkshire champions started that they have handicapped themselves to an extent that will almost certainly preclude them from retaining premier position.

Liversedge, on the other hand, who opened the season in such sensational form, continue to win all their matches. It is too early yet to attempt to place the clubs, but when the competition is finished Liversedge should be pretty near the top. Batley are going pretty well; but most of the other clubs are disappointing.

In the Lancashire competition, Salford, who headed the championship last year, opened the ball with a defeat. Wigan were their conquerors. Swinton have made a fair start, and Oldham piled up a tremendous score against Broughton. Broughton Rangers and Tyldesley also opened their season with victories.

Among the League Association clubs the most variable form is seen. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the competition, so far, has been the success of Sheffield United and Newton Heath. The United only gained admission to the First Division of the League this season, and up to date they have more than justified their selection. Last year the United played one of the prettiest passing games of any club in England, and I am indeed sorry to hear that this style of play is not calculated to win League matches. Instead of the short passing, scientific game of the United, they have adopted this year a fast, long passing, rushing game, which seems to pay well, especially if the opposing backs and goal-keepers are in any way weak. Sheffield Wednesday club are a perfect mystery. For some time they have had the honour of "heading" the bottom of the League list, and yet, strange to say, the only two points they gained out of the first five matches came from two drawn games against Sunderland.

Aston Villa and Blackburn Rovers are playing up uncommonly well. The Villans have now secured, at enormous expense and much friction, the services of Groves, who, along with Reynolds, another West Bromwich man, and Cowan, the Villa captain, should form one of the strongest half-back lines in the country. I am afraid Preston North End have seen their best days. To be defeated in two matches out of four is an event which never happened with the North-Enders since the institution of the League. Nick Ross, Holmes, and Trainer seem to be defending as well as ever, but the attack has been, so far, lamentably weak.

#### CYCLING.

Records fall like autumn leaves. At Herne Hill, last Wednesday night, F. Pope, a rider unknown to fame for the present season, rode a mile in 2 min. 5 sec. This is the fastest time that has ever been accomplished in England. I wonder when the mile will be reduced to two minutes; the man who first accomplishes this feat will render himself immortal. It may not be done this season, but I think we will see it next year, without doubt. Fancy riding at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and keeping it up for a mile! On the same evening Lewis Stroud had a cut at the world's tricycle hour record standing to the credit of M. Echalie. He did not succeed in beating the Frenchman's hour record, although he beat several of his intermediate records, besides sweeping away all British times from two to twenty-two miles inclusive. OLYMPIAN.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Naturally, we were all sorry to hear of the defeat of Isinglass, but the occurrence serves to teach some sporting writers a lesson. It was said after the St. Leger that the triple victory of the colt would land Mr. McAlmont into Parliament as the member for Newmarket in the place of Mr. George Newnes, M.P. Of course, now that the local voters have lost their Cambridgeshire money owing to the horse being scratched, they will vote Radical to an odd'un. But all this sort of rubbish is an insult to the intelligence of the ordinary Newmarket voter, who, I am very pleased to know, is sufficiently versed in political matters, at least, to vote for measures, not men, and it is only the benighted scribes of the sporting press who think that our Premiers should be chosen from the owners who have won the Derby.

Kempton Park just now looks at its very best, as visitors to the Duke of York Stakes Meeting will say. The directors of the Sunbury enclosure

have done everything that is possible to render the place popular, but I regret that the railway company have not kept abreast of the times. For instance, if it is not possible to build a siding whereby trains could be run to the back of the grand stand, it is certainly an easy matter to widen the present wooden bridge over the line. Whenever congestion of traffic takes place in and around racecourses the thieves reap a rich harvest, and this should be avoided at all cost. But a truce to grumbling. I hope to see a large crowd at Kempton for the Duke of York Stakes, and I am sure the interest in the race will be maintained. Avington is on paper a good thing, but it is possible that the race will go to a heavy-weight.

Mr. Bleackley, who owns Ancajano, a horse that has been well backed for the Cambridgeshire, is a well-known sportsman, originally



MR. E. O. BLEACKLEY.

hailing from the north of England. He has been successfully engaged in the cotton trade in Manchester, and is a partner in the Manchester *Sporting Chronicle*, and other equally successful papers published in Cottonopolis. Mr. Bleackley is easily recognised on the course, as, unfortunately, he cannot walk without the aid of sticks, being a martyr to rheumatism. He does not, however, allow his ailment to interfere with his pleasure, and he is seldom absent from the more important race meetings. Mr. Bleackley has not been over-fortunate in his buying of racehorses, and he has won very few prizes. In Ancajano he has the

best animal who ever carried his colours, and it says something for the popularity of the owner, at any rate, that the horse should have started first favourite for the Manchester September Handicap, won by Braemar. Mr. Bleackley resides the greater part of the year at Brighton, and he has taken the liveliest interest in sport in the south, as was evidenced by his assisting to promote the Portsmouth Park race meeting.

Handicappers are, as a rule, studious men so far as form is concerned, and they are supposed to know more about the capabilities of racehorses than their own trainers do. But they are only human beings, after all, and this is best proved by a little story that was told me not long since. It seems a certain handicapper once took to gambling in a small way, but, for professional reasons, he only dabbled in weight-for-age races. Well, he could never back a winner, and, perhaps for this reason, he received a hint from a friend in high quarters that it would be to his advantage to discontinue speculating what he did. I think a good idea arises from this little story. Why not guarantee the handicapper, say, ten to one against his fancy for one of his own handicaps, provided the horse ran and did not start favourite? Of course, the tip must be put in the ballot-box when the weights come out, and the seal broken after the race is decided.

It is a far cry to the Grand National, but certain owners have already selected candidates to represent them at Liverpool next March. Cloister will run once more in the colours of Mr. C. Duff, and it is difficult to see how Mr. Mainwaring is to handicap last year's winner out of the race. Cloister is trained on hydropathic lines, and he stands in a stream for some hours daily, as water is considered by Mr. Yates to be the thing for horses' legs. Different trainers have different methods. We know Mr. George Lambton allows Flare Up a certain quantity—about a quart—of nourishing stout each day, and the horse has paid for it up to now. My own trainer is a believer in cod-liver oil for horses under suspicion, and I must say he has made some remarkable cures during the last half-dozen years.

The police question is one that sooner or later will have to be faced by the Jockey Club. I suggested years ago that the Turf Senate should establish a body of constables sufficiently large for all race meetings, and it could easily have been made self-supporting. I believe a scheme was laid before Mr. J. Lowther, M.P., when he was senior steward, by a well-known metropolitan superintendent of police, who offered to put the scheme into practical shape, and the offer should have been accepted. It is intolerable that meetings like Lingfield should have to be abandoned for the want of proper police protection, and what is happening at Lingfield to-day may follow at Sandown next week or at Goodwood next year.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

According to promise, my first duty—and it is a very pleasant one—this week is to tell you about the lovely coats and cloaks which I saw the other day at Jay's, in Regent Street; and, by order of merit, I must begin by describing those which I have had sketched for you. The first one is a superb garment, which would suit a woman like Mrs. Bernard Beere to perfection, and which should most certainly be worn, in the fitness of things, by someone who, like her, is handsome and splendidly built. It is of black satin, with semi-fitting, double-breasted fronts bordered with sable, the fulness at the back being caught in by a band of open-work jet over violet velvet. The huge sleeves are finished off with wide, square cuffs of the velvet, edged with sable, and the shoulder capes, of violet velvet edged with fur, are fastened across from right to left over a vest of sable fur, the outstanding pleated collar and full yoke being of the same lovely fur. Even a sketch does not convey a proper idea of the magnificence of this regal-looking garment; you want to see the lovely tones of colour in the velvet and fur, set off by the sheeny blackness of the satin and the glitter of the jet, to appreciate its loveliness to the full, and I simply feasted my eyes upon it as I sat in the cosy and artistic sanctum which is set apart for coats and mantles, and which forms an eminently suitable setting for such things of beauty.

In its way the other coat is quite as beautiful, and it is, of course, suited for a rather more youthful wearer. It is of black satin and velvet woven together in very broad stripes, the bodice only showing the velvet portion, but both materials appearing in the full basques. The full sleeves, in which the stripes are arranged most effectively, are finished off with really lovely cuffs in the shape of pansies, turned back from the hand with a lining of pansy-hued velvet. The pleated collar shows here and there a touch of the same beautiful colour, and the coat opens over pelerine fronts of the violet velvet, entirely covered with jet fringes, through which the rich colour beneath shows fitfully with the prettiest possible effect. The revers of violet velvet are also ornamented with a deep bordering of beautiful jet passementerie, while the two side-seams at the back of the coat are outlined with graduated bands of closely clustered jet sequins.

By the time I had finished looking at this most lovely coat I felt that I should have no adjectives left with which to describe anything else, but I think I shall manage to find some for a cloak of plum-coloured satin, accordion-pleated from yoke to hem, and with full double shoulder capes, the under one, of black velvet, being continued into long pelerine ends, bordered with passementerie, and the other of Persian lamb, cut most effectively in points, the collar being lined with velvet. It was quite beautiful enough to inspire one to fresh efforts.

Then there was a magnificent carriage cloak of black velvet, enriched with an appliqué design of large palm-leaves in satin, embroidered with jet and the finest gold and silver cord, the double shoulder capes, which were cut in points, being, with the yoke and collar, richly embroidered to match, while there was a further trimming of curled black ostrich feathers, bordering the fronts, the under cape, and the collar. An evening cloak of white satin was exquisitely embroidered in silver and jet, the design being large single roses and leaves, the shoulder capes

and pointed yoke, which were of black velvet, embroidered in jet, silver, and crystal, the capes being edged with chenille fringe, intermixed with jet and crystal.

To turn from all this magnificence for a moment to something more fitted to ordinary human nature's daily wear, nothing could be smarter than a coat of stone-grey cloth, with the usual full, deep basques, and double shoulder capes, outlined with very narrow black braid, the revers being of black satin, embroidered with steel, jet, and crystal beads. The coat was cut in zouave form in front, to show pelerine fronts of black satin embroidered to match, and it was altogether one of the smartest which I have seen this season. There was plenty more to notice and

admire, but time and space are two inexorable deities who must be obeyed, so I went forth reluctantly from the pretty temple of jackets, only to find as I passed the millinery department that I could not resist the temptation of peeping in to see if anything new had arrived since my last visit.

I was rewarded by the sight of something distinctly novel and wonderfully pretty in the shape of a complete set, consisting of toque, cape, and muff, all made of velvet in a wonderful shade of reddish violet, and trimmed with sable. The hat was in the Tam-o'-Shanter style, the fulness caught in with a sable tail and head, and the trimming consisting of a cluster of ostrich tips and an osprey in a lovely warm shade of brown, which were placed artistically at the left side. The cape, which was in an entirely new shape, had a collar formed entirely of a complete sable skin, and the front consisted of double revers, graduated to the waist and edged with sable, the back being formed of velvet, cut in a point at each side, and finished off with a tiny simulated hood of fur. It was held in at the waist by a sash of brown glacé silk, tied at the left side in a large bow with long ends. To complete the effect there was a large muff of the velvet, caught in the centre by a sable tail, and lined with golden-brown silk shot with violet, the fulness at the sides being edged with sable. Could the heart of woman desire anything more lovely? I should doubt it, and, feeling certain that I could not see anything which would outvie this last production of the Maison Jay, I at last finally took my departure.

And now, having, I hope, assisted you in the choice of some outer garments wherewith to withstand the onslaughts of winter, I must not neglect an equally important item, without which you would fare very badly indeed—

I mean soft, warm-woollen undergarments. If you want to get these in perfection, I should advise you to send at once to Messrs. Fleming, Reid, and Co., the Worsted Mills, Greenock, for one of their price-lists. That you will be astonished at the moderate prices, I am certain; while as to the quality of the goods, I can give you my personal assurance as to its being all that you could possibly desire.

This firm make a great specialty of knitted goods, the wool used being of their own manufacture, so that you can get vests, petticoats, stockings, bodices, &c., which are so soft that even those who usually object to wearing woollen garments will make an exception in their favour. They also combine the maximum of warmth with the minimum of weight, and as to durability, their wear is practically endless. All the various garments are distinguished by the absence of seams, and consequently by exceptional comfort, and they are, in addition, so thoroughly elastic and close-fitting that their warmth is increased tenfold. If you provide

[Continued on page 533.]



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yourself with a good stock without delay, winter may come when it will, and you may feel pleasantly certain that you stand a good chance of getting through the cold weather in comfort, and enjoying freedom from coughs and colds and their attendant doctors' bills.

For the industriously inclined there are all varieties of the Greenock knitting wools, patterns of which will be sent post free on application, and they need not be returned. These wools are perfection in every respect, as anyone who understands knitting will see at once, even by



inspection of the samples; and as many women like to keep their fingers occupied during the long winter evenings by knitting all manner of dainty and useful little garments, they have a good opportunity of giving these particular wools a trial.

Messrs. Fleming, Reid, and Co. are the proprietors of the Scotch Wool and Hosiery Stores, which have branches in all the principal provincial towns throughout the kingdom. In London there are in all nine branches, among others one at 84, Oxford Street, W., and another in 115, Queen's Road, Bayswater, both of which, being convenient central positions, can be easily visited if you want to enjoy looking over a fascinating stock of every imaginable kind of wool. FLORENCE.

#### HOW "DAISY" SOUNDS TO SOUTH AFRICAN EARS.

The "Disy" boom has reached Johannesburg in an acute form. The *Critic* of that town declares that the days of citizens have become unbearable and their nights hideous through the persistent whistling, yelling, and shouting by brokers and boys, mining magnates and merchants, cabbies and conductors, *et hoc genus omne*, of the song, and this is how the chorus sounds to refined ears—

Disy, Disy, gimmy yer hawnser, du,  
Oim' arf kroisy, hall fer ther luv of yu,  
Hit won't be er stoilish merridge,  
We cawnt erford er kerridge,  
But you'll luk sweet herpon ther seat  
Ev a a boysicle built for tow.

#### NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 30, 1893.

We are glad to hear of your safe return and of the pleasant holiday you have had. When you, like everybody else, were driven from London by the tropical heat of August, very few of us had much doubt that in six weeks we should know the best and the worst of the silver position in America before your return, and no sooner had you gone than by an overwhelming majority the House of Representatives decided in favour of honest money, but, so far, the silver party in the Senate has managed to prevent any progress with the Repeal Bill, and it seems as if some compromise will be arrived at as the only means of solving the difficulty. The continued delay is causing great anxiety and depression in American Rails, and filling our cousins on the other side of the herring-pond with gloomy forebodings as to a renewal of the gold shipments which caused the late panic. Until the fate of the Sherman Repeal Bill is finally settled one way or the other, we do not look, nor can we lead our clients to look, for any great or lasting revival in Yankee stocks; but if the honest money party are successful there will, no doubt, be a considerable rise, especially in the better class of stocks.

When you went away, dear Sir, money was very dear; but in this respect matters have mended, and all appearances point to cheap money during the month upon which we are entering. The colony of Victoria has this week met with remarkable success with its new loan, which was covered in a day, partly because the amount corresponded so closely to the 5 per cent. debentures which mature at the end of the year, and partly because of the arrangement which the London and Westminster Bank made with a financial syndicate as to about half the total amount. We think the holders of the old loan have a just cause of complaint; but, as the colony has got the money, we fear their voices will be like those of men crying in the wilderness. The little loan of the City of Ottawa strikes us as being a steady and safe investment for those who desire something which will give them no cause for anxiety.

We are inclined to say a good word for the City of Mexico 5 per cent. loan, which can be bought at about 50, and which as a 10 per cent. investment is by no means to be despised. On the whole, and considering the special hypothecations of revenue to the service of the loan, we prefer this security to that of the Mexican Government.

The long prolongation of the coal strike, throwing out of gear most of the great manufacturing industries of the country, has had a terrible effect on the Home Railway traffics, and considering that the whole burden of the decreases in traffic will fall on the ordinary and deferred shares, the steadiness of the market has been most remarkable. The account has disclosed considerable bear selling of Brighton A stock, on which the "back" has been heavy; while as to other stocks, such as Great Western, Midland, London and North-Western, and the like, we can honestly say that small investors have stuck to their holdings in a way which has surprised the oldest brokers.

International stocks have been injuriously affected by the state of unrest in which the European Continent is plunged and the unfortunate revolutionary movements all over South America.

Had it not been for political troubles, we should have seen a considerable Argentine revival, but, when every reader of a morning paper is regaled with stories of fighting in the streets of the principal cities, how can any reasonable person expect public buying of either national or provincial stocks. In Brazil the state of affairs seems, if possible, more desperate, in spite of the support which the market has received, or is supposed to have received, from the house of Rothschild. Those Brazilians who care to reflect and look back to the days of the late Emperor must candidly confess how great a mistake the country made when it was led to adopt republican ideas.

During your absence, dear Sir, the brewery and industrial markets have presented few features of interest. A few American breweries have moved upward or downward a fraction, while the continuance of the coal strike has injuriously affected high-priced shares. How serious the position is, as far as manufacturing companies are concerned, very few people know; but we are told that at Burton-on-Trent firms like Bass and Co. are reducing their output, because of the impossibility of getting fuel; while the managing director of a large grain-drying company informed us to-day that he was obliged to pay twenty shillings a ton for coal, which only went half as far as the supply which he usually bought at one-half the price. There has been a considerable rise in Allsopp stock, of which the only justification we have heard is that it was once too low, a fact about which we are doubtful.

The long-expected announcement by the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Company in reference to the position of the corporation has not been made, with even more disastrous results on the shares than at the time of your departure. We are led to expect that the silence will soon be broken, and, if we can believe what we are told by those who ought to know, the announcement, when it comes, will be far more satisfactory than is generally expected.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the famine price of all horse fodder seems to have done more towards bringing about a working agreement between the London General Omnibus Company and its rival, the Road Car Company, than all the remonstrances of shareholders, from whose point of view the result should, in the long run, prove very advantageous.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

Lord Aberdeen has met with an enthusiastic reception in Canada. When he arrived at Québec he delivered a speech both in French and in English.

In view of the Behring Sea decision, the report of the Dominion Department of Fisheries just issued is interesting. Thirty Canadian vessels have obtained 50,462 seals, of which half were caught in Japanese and Russian waters and half off British Columbia. The total catch is estimated at 60,000, or an increase of 10,000 over the number caught last year.

The revenue of the Straits Settlements last year, amounting to 3,652,789 dollars, showed a decrease of 173,814 dollars on the previous year. For the first time in the history of the colony's trade there were imports of China-grown opium.

Sir Robert Hamilton has been appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner to inquire into the affairs of the island of Dominica, which is the largest of the Leeward Islands.

Mr. James Westland, C.S.I., has been appointed a member of the Council of the Viceroy of India, in the room of Sir David Barbour,

much as the average Australian, and by the exercise of economy and self-denial living upon less than one-half.

Speaking of the anti-Chinese feeling in Australia, he says the colonists must not altogether forget that there is such a thing as retribution, and that their own claim to superiority simply rests on the big guns of the mother country. But for these the Australians would be helpless in the hands of the Chinese.

The success of the left half-battery of the Victorian Horse Artillery at the recent military tournament at Islington has made the colony very proud indeed, and certainly not without cause. The left half-battery was raised and embodied on March 11, 1889, at Werribee, Victoria, by Lieutenant (now Captain) Percy Chirnside, in the name of his father, the late Andrew Chirnside, of Werribee Park, Victoria, between whom and the Victorian Government an agreement for five years was made concerning the manning and horsing of the half-battery. The Government undertook on its part to supply guns and accoutrements, Mr. Percy Chirnside, on the other side, supplying uniforms to men, a kharkee uniform and a full-dress uniform similar to that worn by the Royal Horse Artillery, also the horses (chestnuts), forty-five in number. The whole cost him from £1500 to £2000 a year.

The Government paid the men £12 a year. They were composed of workers on the estate, men from the township, and also men from



Sergt. Masters. Corpl. Dudfield. Corpl. Gray. Bomb. Cook. Sergt. Prior. Bomb. Storey. Corpl. Foulds.  
Sergt. Taylor. Capt. Chirnside. Bomb. Lamb. Sergt.-Major Tressider.

VICTORIAN HORSE ARTILLERY: LEFT HALF-BATTERY.

whose term of office will shortly expire. Mr. Westland, who has had a brilliant career in the Indian Civil Service, is a native of Aberdeen.

Sir Mortimer Durand, who is in charge of the mission to the Ameer, is one of three brothers, who have all been connected with India. Their father, General Sir Henry Durand, who made himself famous by blowing up the gates of Ghuznee, was accidentally killed. The elder brother, Sir Edward, recently retired from the Indian Staff Corps, and the youngest, Colonel Algernon Durand, has made his mark as an Indian officer.

Sir Robert Duff's speech at the opening of the New South Wales Parliament last week gave a cheerful view of the financial situation and the activity manifested by the producing interests of the colony.

Sir George Dibbs has raised quite a sensation in the colony with his declaration in favour of the abolition of payment of members of Parliament. The Opposition is making capital out of this.

The two means adopted by the Australian colonies for restricting Chinese immigration are the poll-tax and the tonnage limitation. In Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, and West Australia no vessel is allowed to bring more than one Chinese for every 500 tons of her tonnage, and there is no poll-tax; while in New South Wales there is a tax of £100 per head and a tonnage limit of 300 tons, and in New Zealand and Tasmania a tax of £10, with a tonnage limit of 100 tons.

According to Mr. Arthur Sinclair, in *Fraternity*, the Chinese are the true aristocrats of Australia, probably producing per head six times as

Melbourne, a distance of fifty miles. Mr. Percy Chirnside engaged at his own expense a sergeant-major from the Royal Horse Artillery. He also built a large orderly-room, with offices and storerooms complete, a sergeant-major's cottage, a riding school, and stabling for seventy horses. In 1891 another gun was applied for and procured, but unfortunately the guns were 12-pr. R.B.L. pattern 1864. This pattern was supplied by the Government on the raising of the battery, but with the understanding that a battery of 12-pr. B.L. guns of the R.H.A. pattern would be supplied as soon as possible. This, however, was not done, and, as there was not the slightest prospect of the promise being carried out, the left half-battery of the Victorian Horse Artillery was, in consequence, disbanded on March 6, 1893, at the request of Mr. Percy Chirnside.

Captain Chirnside visited England two years ago at his own expense, and after close study successfully passed several courses of military instruction. The disbandment of the half-battery, while being disappointing to such an enthusiastic officer as Captain Percy Chirnside, is regarded in Victoria as a great mistake. Had the ambition of this young officer met with the co-operation its zeal and its intentions merited, his would have been the honour, but the colonies would have reaped the benefit that must inevitably have resulted therefrom. The splendid physique, marked discipline, and substantial character of the equipment of the men elicited universal appreciation, not only for the corps itself, but for the patriotic action of the gentleman who maintained it. Signs were not wanting of other wealthy landowners emulating the example of Mr. Percy Chirnside. The name of Chirnside has always been associated with the Volunteer movement of Victoria, and the first encampment of the force was held on the Werribee Park Estate.

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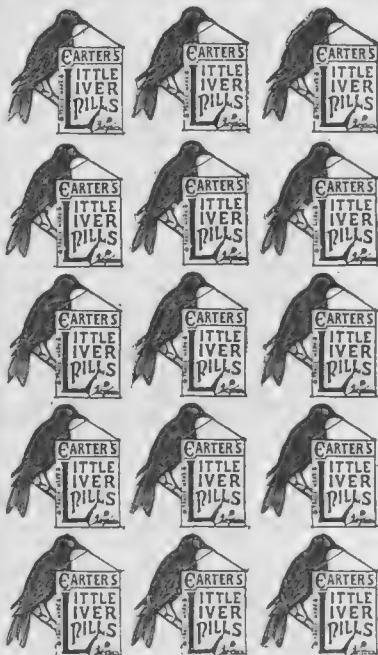
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T H H

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## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

## "UTOPIA (LIMITED); OR, THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS."

There really is no story to tell; if the new comic opera depended on plot for success it would fall as flat as a billiard-table. Of course, a humourist like Mr. W. S. Gilbert, with a musician of Sir Arthur Sullivan's force, aided by a strong company and limitless money for mounting, ought to be able to entertain an audience for three hours without assistance from tale or intrigue. In "Morocco Bound" and "In Town" the feat was accomplished. Yet in the new opera one feels the lack of plot during the second act. Probably this is due to the fact that at the end of the first there seemed all the materials for a pretty imbroglio.

Pray consider the materials a moment. There are the two wise men who have hitherto ruled the King, both of them desperately in love with Princess Zara, who is secretly engaged to a young soldier. The monarch sighs woefully after Lady Sophy, the duenna who would wed him but for the awful tales told by him, under compulsion, of himself in "The Palace Peeper." There is the artful Mr. Goldberry, who has succeeded in forming the whole country into a limited liability company, and thereby put out of joint the noses of the two wise men and their ally, the Public Exploder. Into the bargain is the tremendous effect of the sudden imposition on a semi-barbaric nation of English customs and laws. Surely these are factors enough, with the aid of Mr. Gilbert's topsy-turvy logic, to lead to some wonderful and diverting complications. It may have been a deliberate stroke of Gilbertian humour to avoid making use of his materials. Truly, as a rule, the arch-humourist does despise the obvious, and therefore stale fun of situations, and we are grateful to him; yet such a policy may be pushed too far.

What is the outcome of it all? The King tells Lady Sophy that he wrote the slanders, so she weds him. Immense prosperity comes to the country, therefore a plot is made by the discontented wise men, of whose love affairs nothing is heard after the first act, with the Public Exploder to persuade the people "that what they supposed to be happiness was really unspeakable misery" by swearing an affidavit to that effect. The idea was so far fetched that the audience did not laugh at it. However, it was carried out, the people were convinced, rebelled against the King, and ordered him to send away his new advisers. Then came the *dénouement*. The author had imagined a master-stroke of over-subtle humour. The people were discontented with their prosperity; they wanted something else. What was it? Then the heroine said, "Why, I had forgotten the most important, the most vital, the most essential element of all—Government by party!" One man in the house on the first night began to laugh, but the awful silence checked him. The old joke, "In the name of the Prophet—Fig," was a failure.

Nevertheless, although the great joke is a small one, although—and it seems cruel to say so—one is almost bound to look upon the new "original comic opera" as a very genteel specimen of the class to which "Morocco Bound" belongs, it cannot be denied that it contains a great deal that only its distinguished parents could have written. One can pick out dozens of purely Gilbertian turns. "His Majesty, in his despotic acquiescence with the emphatic wish of his people"; "When I love it will be with the accumulated fervour of sixty-six years": has not the author used that before? "As there is not a civilised king who is sufficiently single to realise my ideal of abstract respectability": is not "sufficiently single" a happy touch? "Why, the fact is that in the cartoons of a comic paper the size of your nose varies inversely as the square of your popularity." "Oh, yes!" is but another and a neater form of "no." There is the quaint speech of Zara in reference to bad singing: "Who thinks slightly of the cocoa-nut because it is husky?"

Nor is it only in witty phrases and brilliant comic songs, that the author has been successful. His treatment of the two younger sisters, who are trained as models of propriety and exhibited, is very funny, and every one of their scenes caused hearty laughter, to which the very clever work of Miss Emmie Owen and Miss Florence Perry greatly contributed. Moreover, the Life Guards were very ably handled, and most of the scenes between Scaphio and Phantis were exceedingly funny and very well played by Messrs. Denny and Le Hay. The "drawing-room" I cannot leave out of account, though if it had occurred anywhere save at the Savoy I should have imagined it to be merely an irrelevant catchpenny business. Certainly, it makes a wonderful scene.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is charming in every respect, and has the merit that we shall not have a surfeit of it in street and drawing-room, as happened with some of the earlier works. The orchestration and deft dealing with difficult rhythms is, perhaps, its most remarkable feature, but many of the melodies are very pleasing, the unaccompanied chorus is a fine piece of writing, and the humorous work realises the ideal of King Francis (Chevalier) in "The (Avenue) Cloth of Gold" of being funny "without being vulgar." Miss Brandram and Mr. Scott-Fishe were the most successful of the company, and their work was without reproach. Miss Nancy McIntosh must be judged on second hearing. She is pretty, her acting is clever, but from nervousness, perhaps, she hardly did justice to herself or Sir Arthur's music, the *tessitura* of which is terribly high.

## OUR OWN COUNTRY.

England, as represented by Lord Dunraven's yacht *Valkyrie*, has lost the first of the five races for the America Cup by seven minutes.

"Docker or Deacon"—which? The expressive bill-line of a morning newspaper thus alliteratively puts the case of Mr. Tom Mann, whom the *Times* announced to be preparing to receive deacon's orders in the Church of England. Mr. Mann says this statement is premature, but he does not deny that for some time he has been considering the possibility of doing something towards democratising the Church of England, which he has hitherto been compelled to regard as a hostile body.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mann has been working heart and soul on behalf of the miners. He began life as a pit-lad in Warwickshire. He is responsible for the startling statement that the Yorkshire miner gets only five shillings a day, while the working days for some time before the stoppage averaged only two days and three-quarters a week.

No less than £28,000,000 was spent on railway travelling in this country last year. The money invested in railway undertakings in the United Kingdom figures at something like £1,000,000,000. All this is very difficult to grasp.

Gravesend will remember General Gordon best by the memorial pleasure park named after the hero of Khartoum. A monument of Gordon in terra-cotta was unveiled by the Mayor of the town on Wednesday.

The death of Mr. Ford Madox Brown removes one of the few Pre-Raphaelites left us. Of Scotch parentage, and born at Calais, his life had been associated with the progress of English art for half a century. He did an enormous amount of work, the best of it, perhaps, being the frescoes he did for the Manchester Town Hall, which occupied him eleven years. One of his daughters is the wife of Mr. William Rossetti.

London to-day offers food for very serious reflection, as Mr. Sidney Webb vividly pointed out at the inaugural lecture of the London Reform Union—of which Mr. Mann, by-the-way, is secretary—on Thursday evening. No less than 150,000 families live in single-roomed houses. One in every eight of the population dies in the workhouse or the workhouse infirmary, over 300,000 live in a state of chronic want, and something like 1,300,000 have to subsist on £1 1s. per week per family.

A remarkable scene occurred at the Church Congress on Thursday. A paper had been read on the progressive character of the English Reformation, and the Rev. Charles Gore, of "Lux Mundi" fame, had just risen to speak on it, when Father Ignatius, in his monkish dress, advanced to the platform, and declared in vehement tone, "I protest in the name of Jesus Christ!" Thereupon there arose a general hubbub. Some demanded that Father Ignatius should be heard, while others thought he should be ejected. Mr. Gore, however, was allowed to proceed; but Father Ignatius still essayed to address the meeting, and the tumult continued until he left the building. It appeared that he wished to protest against Mr. Gore being heard, in consequence of his "Essay on Inspiration."

The Congress ended curiously enough with an attack on Zola. It occurred when Mr. Weldon, the Head Master of Harrow, began to express on behalf of the Church the sense of deep indebtedness it felt for the high tone characterising the best English newspapers; but he regretted that the Press had extended a welcome to M. Zola, "that distinguished but infamous writer." Sir H. G. Reid, the first President of the Institute of Journalists, said that Zola had been welcomed as a journalist, not as a novelist, whereupon the Bishop of Worcester expressed his regret at this line of distinction.

St. Sepulchre's, the cemetery in which Professor Jowett's remains are laid to rest, is in what is locally known as Jericho, the least interesting part of Oxford. Its very ordinary iron gateway, with small houses and shops on each side, is unpicturesque to a degree, but inside, on a sunny October afternoon, it is not without a certain beauty. Its ugly surroundings were forgotten at the funeral on Thursday, as the Bishop of London, reading the opening sentences of the concluding portion of the Burial Service, lead the procession to the grave. The prayers were read by Archdeacon Palmer, and in a clear and audible voice the Bishop gave the Benediction. Then, with a farewell glance at the plain oak coffin, with its simple plate recording the name and offices and the dates of the birth and death of the Master, the crowd of mourners slowly dispersed.

King's Cross is becoming rather notorious, for within the past few weeks a second "lovers' tragedy," as the evening paper reporters say, has occurred in the neighbourhood. Both of them had some points in common. In both cases the young woman's name was Daisy, both were returning from a music-hall, and both were shot in a square. Fortunately, Daisy Edwards was not killed, although her assailant, the man with whom she had been living, succumbed to his self-inflicted injuries.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Every Evening at 8.15, MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY in THE FORESTERS, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Miss ADA REHAN as MAID MARIAN. (Positively for a limited number of performances only.) Doors open 7.40. Last Matinee, Saturday next, Oct. 14, at 2 o'clock. SATURDAY NEXT, Oct. 11 (and for a few evenings), THE LAST WORD. In preparation for early production a new farcical comedy by F. C. Burnand, entitled THE ORIENT EXPRESS. Box office daily, 9 to 5. Seats at Libraries.



SCENE FROM "THE FORESTERS," AT DALY'S THEATRE.



## "THE FORESTERS."

*Succès d'estime, succès de décor, succès de musique, succès d'acteurs*, but not *succès de drame*—that is what one must say of "The Foresters," and some people have said harder things than that. In truth, the temptation is to speak of the work as if it were a comic opera, and to make, with justice, the usual complaint about the weakness of the book, adding to it the remark that the music is very pretty so far as it goes, but there is not half enough of it. Yet, the subject is a capital one for a comic opera, as Planché thought when, many years ago, he adapted for the stage Peacock's "Maid Marian," a work which is in every respect more successful than Lord Tennyson's.

It is not often that the prophets are so painfully true as in their predictions about this drama. Everyone said that the lyrics would be delightful, that the blank verse would be of excellent workmanship, and contain some beautiful passages, that the play would be undramatic, lifeless, and that the part would fail to give solidity and breadth to the bold archer and merry maid. Everyone was right. The play seemed to stand still most of the time, while episodes intended to be humorous occurred, and it simply came to an end at the same time as the patience of the audience. Lord Tennyson's idea of stage humour was always crude, but it reached depths in the woodland work that it only sounded before.

However, many people were pleased. The music of Sir Arthur Sullivan was graceful, pretty—warmer epithets truth forbids me to use—and Miss Catherine Lewis sang her share of it cleverly. The fairy scene, which really is quite irrelevant, showed that Mr. Daly's stage-manager can hold his own against his rival at Drury Lane, though it did not reach the beauty of the fairy scenes in Mr. Benson's Globe production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The scenery was charming, and Mr. Ryan has painted one of the most delightful forest scenes that I can remember, while Mr. Hann was almost as successful with his work.

Miss Ada Rehan took an encore—a thing that some of us can never forgive. There is no doubt about it; there was applause after the fairies' song, they repeated it, and she got up and uttered her lines a second time. From this you can see she did not take the work seriously. Had the part been really well written, we might have had the joy of a second Rosalind; as it was, Miss Rehan charmed us—as herself, not as the character she represented—whenever she was on the stage, and she looked glorious, and was lavish with the music of her incomparable voice. Mr. Bouchier played excellently as Robin Hood, Mr. Herbert Gresham was very pleasing as Little John, and the Kate of Miss Catherine Lewis, though tainted with farce, was a very clever performance. The rest were various degrees of naught, as a person with lax views about language might say, and some of the fourteenth century folk talked American!

## "THE TWO JOHNNIES."

Every one of the ugly sex knows, or is supposed to know, Sterne's idea of illustrating the course of "Tristram Shandy" by means of a diagram, and all of us before crossing the Channel look at the chart of barometric pressure and wonder what it signifies, and explain its meaning to our women folk. Now, I think some such system might be applied to plays to show their progress. In case of Mr. Fred Horner's adaptation of "Durand et Durand" I should represent the line as steadily rising during the first twenty minutes, till it reaches a rather high level of merriment, at which it remains "set fair" till a half of the second act is over, though it dips seriously during a rather ingenious scene between Maggs, the barrister, and Stella, because her part was ill-played. Suddenly it falls down to the minimum point at which a play is tolerable, and to the end fluctuates at about that point, sometimes dropping much lower, yet just rising up again.

After all, it rarely happens that the line does not sooner or later show that terrible declination, or even an abrupt descent—the later the ultimate point of climax the more successful the play. In "Pink Dominoes," *chef d'œuvre* of its school, there was no fall save that of the curtain. The subject of "The Two Johnnies" presents a most difficult task to the scientific play-constructor, who wishes to postpone as far as possible the *facilis decensus*. When we see Mr. John Maggs, grocer, owner of the Sardine Palace, and know that his doting wife and worshipping father-in-law believe that he is John Maggs, the celebrated barrister—really his cousin—we know by instinct or experience how the troubles will rise.

It is easy to get the grocer into terrible difficulties in his efforts to maintain the deception; nor is it hard to cause the barrister to be taken for the grocer, and by the *quid pro quo* to mix up all his family affairs and inflict infinite annoyance on him. The philosophical playgoer, however, sits grimly wondering how long the ball can be kept rolling by legitimate means, how long the confusion can be plausibly continued while the difficulties are piled on one another; for, naturally, when the dramatist has reached the top of trouble the fall must come, unless he achieve the almost impossible, and remain "set fair" for an hour.

The artful constructor makes the line rise slowly; in "The Two Johnnies" the law has not been observed, and so the last act is very weak. However, there are some laughable moments in the play, and a few ingenious incidents and smart lines. The public laughed heartily enough, and many seemed well contented with the entertainment. There is nothing remarkable in the acting, the best of which was the heavy low comedy of Mr. Lionel Rignold and a neat piece of work by Mr. Percy Marshall.

E. F.-S.

## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

M. Zola professes to be much gratified with his reception in London. He says that he is the more pleased, knowing that his works are not regarded with much favour by the English, but that, no doubt, they were told "A writer, famous throughout the world, is coming to visit you. He must be well received by you." He works hard, is an honest man, who leads a respectable life; his wife is quite correct, and he is a gentleman." Nothing like having a good opinion of one's self nowadays, and proclaiming it. M. Zola said he had received a pressing invitation to visit Berlin, which, of course, he refused. He also said he had been assured that people welcomed him more heartily to London than they did the Emperor William.

When asked about the attitude of the English towards France, he said, "We French are very unjust in attributing feelings of animosity against France to the English. My impression is that the English—I speak of the people, and not the politicians—if they believe themselves to be the first nation in the world, rank us immediately after themselves. Of the two nations, I think that England has more liking for France than France has for England." This is how it strikes a stranger.

An interesting discovery to archaeologists has just been made on the estate of M. Ancely, St. Michel du Touche, near Toulouse. A labourer, while ploughing, turned up a number of pieces of pottery of most beautiful design and of great value, and several bronze ornaments, amber beads, earrings, and bracelets.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has returned to her beloved Paris, and everybody is delighted at her return. She wouldn't be Sarah if she didn't bring some animal or other in her train, but this time, happily, it is no wild beast or reptile she has taken to her bosom, figuratively speaking, with the exception of three small pumas, but ten monkeys and an aviary of nearly three hundred different birds. Madame Bernhardt has taken possession of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and M. Jules Lemaitre's play, "Le Roi," is being rehearsed there daily.

A formerly noted *demi-mondaine*—of the first days of the Empire, that is—died last week in a garret in the Rue des Martyrs in an almost starving condition. After the funeral bonds to the amount of £30,000 were found hidden under the bed, and on the walls were several old pictures of the greatest value, one of which is stated to be "The Three Graces," by Raphael. Some very distant relatives profit by this unlooked-for find, and, naturally, they are overjoyed, being in circumstances of extreme poverty.

It seems that the Carmelites are very hard up for novices, while other popular convents are turning would-be nuns away daily. The reason given is that it is one of the first rules of the Carmelites that the hair is to be cut short, and, although all question of giving up the pomps and vanities is decided, daughters of Eve will not consent to this question of scissors.

In Brittany, near St. Nazaire, a huge wedding party assembled, at which no less than fifteen hundred guests were present to dinner. There were a hundred and fifty persons of both sexes to wait, and as everybody, friends and servants alike, wore the picturesque Breton costume, the effect was most pretty and striking. After dinner a dance was organised on the grass, and all the country dances gone through with much precision and order, with copious draughts of cider or *vin ordinaire* between whiles for the maidens, while the men partook of stronger liquor, the Bretons, compared to the rest of Frenchmen, being great drinkers.

The marriage of Lord Terence Blackwood and Miss Flora Davis, of New York, is fixed to take place on Oct. 17 at the American Church of the Holy Trinity. The bridesmaids will be Lady Hermione and Lady Victoria Blackwood and Miss Kip and Miss Cameron, of New York. The best man will be Mr. Black. After the ceremony a reception will be held by Lady Dufferin at the British Embassy. The presents are something very exceptional, I hear, and the trousseau quite magnificent and worthy of a daughter of Wall Street.

At the Comédie Française, the other evening, a huge basket of enormous grapes was received from a resident of Pézenas as a present. Needless to say, the gift was received with much satisfaction.

Madame Judic is singing at the Eldorado. She was recalled no less than twenty-four times the first night, and all Paris assembled to do her honour. She sings as clearly and flute-like as ever, her diction and phrase being still wonderful, in spite of being before the public now for nearly thirty years. She has not lost any of her good looks, seemingly, but is more than inclined to that enemy of women, and French ones in particular, *embonpoint*.

All the winter places of amusement are now opened. At the Nouveau Cirque, a new nautical pantomime, called "Le Yacht," is a great success. The Cirque d'Hiver is crowded nightly on account of Jumper Darby, and the Pôle Nord promises to be more popular than ever, if possible, this season.

MIMOSA.



*Sarah and her girls*



*Villedubois*

*à Brethany Walling*







## SMALL TALK.

Although the weather has been cold and stormy on Deeside, the Queen has made several excursions during the past week, including visits to the chalet in Glen Gelder and to the Glassalt Shiel, on the shore of Loch Muick. On another occasion the Queen drove through Braemar to the Linn of Corriemulzie, and stayed for some time at the cataract, which just now is a grand sight, as the river is in flood. The date of the departure of the Court from Scotland is not yet definitely settled, but, unless the weather improves, the Queen will return to Windsor Castle at an earlier date than was at first anticipated. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe leaves Balmoral next week, when she will have finished her third and last "wait" for the year. The Duchess then goes to Broxmouth Park, her place in Haddingtonshire, and will not have another "wait" until the end of January, when the Queen will be at Osborne.

The Queen has for the past twelve months almost entirely given up attending public worship at the parish kirk on Sunday, and Divine service is now held in the private chapel at Balmoral, commonly called the "Worship Room." The private chapel is plainly but tastefully appointed, the walls being panelled with Scotch fir from the royal forests, and the windows filled with some very fine stained glass.

No date has yet been fixed for the return of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Sandringham, but the Princess is not expected there until quite the end of October. The Duke of Cambridge, who has been staying at Newmarket for the Cesarewitch week, occupied rooms at the Jockey Club. The Duke is to shoot at Six-Mile Bottom at the end of the month, and will be accompanied by the Prince of Wales. Six-Mile Bottom is considered to afford the finest partridge shooting in England. Sir Francis and Lady Knollys have returned to their apartments in St. James's Palace from paying a round of visits. Sir Francis resumed his duties as private secretary to the Prince of Wales when his Royal Highness returned from Scotland.

The Marquis and Marquise d'Hautpoul have been staying at Mar Lodge on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife. They are to be among the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham during November. The Marquise d'Hautpoul is a special favourite of the Princess of Wales; she is the only daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. Francis Stonor, who was, with the exception, perhaps, of the late Colonel Oliver Montagu, the most trusted friend and confidant of the Princess.

M. Zola has returned home, to tell a host of interviewers the same eulogistic story of his visit to this country. Is it his reception at the Authors' Club that has inspired him with the desire to write a novel



M. ZOLA AT THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

about London, for which purpose he would make a second and quieter tour of inspection in the Metropolis? It is said he would make the Thames the pivot of the book, but the chief characters will be French.

The recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Darlington was a most interesting event, especially as it was held in the very heart of the iron and coal regions of the north. At the brilliant opening reception given by Mr. David Dale, the president of the reception committee, and his charming wife, at the Central Hall, I was greatly struck (says a correspondent) with the wonderful resemblance of the men—drawn from all parts of the country and abroad—to the industries which they represented. Even under the levelling and hideous garb of the black, claw-hammer coat, with aggressive shirt front, it could be seen that the guests were men of iron and steel, men who have helped to make the name

of England famous in the iron history of the world, and are still upholding its glorious traditions as the pioneer of steel invention of the century. Here was no Piccadilly or Bond Street picture-show crowd, with its admixture of dreamy and dilettanti artists and poets, smug barristers, affected actors, or bland doctors, but men of action and resource, capable of carrying out vast schemes and enterprises, which will make the Victorian era famous in the history of the world.

The Londoner has no conception of the vast industries of the north of England, where the bone and sinew of the country assuredly is to be found, and a visit to one of the steel works alone would give him food for reflection for many a day. At night the scene is truly impressive. Outside the works the white, lurid flames from the huge Bessemer converters illuminate the sky for miles round, causing trees and houses to assume a weird effect against the brilliantly lit horizon. Inside the works the scene is still more impressive. When mankind in general is asleep, all is life and bustle in a steel works. Men stand on a raised platform, resembling a signal-box, controlling the levers of the converters, which are suspended in mid-air, and which belch out white flame into the midnight sky, like some mythical dragon. A signal is given, the man in the box pulls the lever, and the great monster slowly heels over and vomits out a great stream of white, hot metal into a huge suspended cauldron. Another lever is pulled, and the cauldron is swung on to the casting pit, and there run into ingots. The latter are then withdrawn from the moulds and run on trolleys to the rolling-machine, and here is the greatest centre of interest to the spectator. The ingots—long cubes of cast steel—weighing several tons, still red-hot, and giving off a scorching heat eight feet off—are tipped on to the revolving or "live rollers," and guided by men with huge tongs to the grooved rolls driven by enormous engines. The ingot emerging from the first set of rolls is elongated by several feet, and as it passes to and fro between the rolls it gradually gets thinner and thinner and longer and longer, until it reaches the enormous length of 200 ft. At its last stage it resembles a great red snake as it rushes up the iron guideway to be cut into regulation lengths, either as angles or rails, as the case may be.

One of the most interesting visits paid by the members of the Institute during the congress was undoubtedly to the famous works at Consett, at the extreme north-west corner of Durham. As the special train sped through charming vistas of scenery in its mellow autumn tints, past old churches basking in the September sunshine, one never dreamed of being in the vicinity of vast iron and steel works and smoke clouds. Suddenly, however, the train stopped on the boundary of the works, when the transformation was complete. The Consett works are, perhaps, the finest equipped in the country, and everything is on an enormous scale. Each visitor was presented with a beautifully illustrated book describing the works, from which it appears that the company employ 6000 hands, paying £8000 a week in wages, or £416,000 a year, which fact alone will give some idea of the magnitude of the place. The company gave the members a sumptuous luncheon, and Mr. David Dale, the chairman—head of the Consett Company—gave a model speech, in which he welcomed and thanked the members for turning up in such large numbers, and paid a warm and graceful tribute to the general manager of the works, Mr. Jenkins. Altogether, the meeting in Darlington has been the most successful yet held by the Iron and Steel Institute.

The papers have been full of memoirs and recollections of the Master of Balliol, but little or nothing has been said of his parentage or his early days. The Jowett family are among my very earliest recollections, for the future Professor's parents were intimate friends of my grandfather. The biographies confine their information concerning Dr. Jowett's father to the fact that he was the author of a metrical version of the Psalms. Jowett père was, I believe, a fairly prosperous London bookseller, and married a charming wife, who presented him with a son and daughter. Differences, unfortunately, arose between the psalm-writing bookseller and his spouse, which ended in their separation—a separation that was a source of great grief to young Jowett, then fast making a name at Oxford. Mrs. Jowett and her daughter went to live at Teignmouth, in South Devon, where they resided in a pretty little house, whose garden overlooked the quaint old harbour and the lovely estuary of the Teign.

It was here that the brilliant young tutor came to spend his vacations, and many were the discussions on theology which he had with my father—a much older man than Jowett—whose opinions were much broader than his own. At that time the future Master of Balliol was about eight-and-twenty or thirty, and his views on Church matters were decidedly High, as were those of his mother and sister, who were regarded by the Evangelicals as somewhat dangerous persons and followers of Dr. Pusey. It was probably in those days that Benjamin Jowett had that leaning towards Roman Catholicism which has been mentioned in more than one of his recent memoirs. The great translator of the immortal Plato changed his views, and became a light of the Broad Church party; but Mrs. Jowett and her daughter, on leaving Teignmouth, went to Paris to live, and eventually went over to the Church of Rome. Both of them are, I believe, long since dead, and the late Professor, of whom, after the departure of his mother from England, we saw but little, was, I am inclined to believe, the last surviving member of his family.



THE LATE PROFESSOR JOWETT.

FROM THE PICTURE PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W., AND OXFORD,



By the death of Captain Gammell at Bath, on Sept. 23, one of the last links with the period of our great struggle with Napoleon has been broken, for there is every reason to believe that he was the last British survivor of the Peninsular campaign. James Gammell, of Ardifferry, Aberdeenshire, was the second son of General Andrew Gammell, and was born on Jan. 3, 1797. At the age of sixteen he received a commission in the 59th Regiment from the Duke of York, to whom his father had acted as aide-de-camp in the campaign of 1799. He proceeded at once to the Peninsula, and was present at the memorable sortie of the French



Photo by Friese Greene, Bath.

THE LATE CAPTAIN GAMMELL.

from Bayonne in 1814. He subsequently joined the Gordon Highlanders, and, after some years of service in the West Indies, retired in 1825 with the rank of captain. The deceased officer married, in 1825, Sydney, daughter of Mr. Frederick Holmes, by whom he had a numerous family, of whom four sons survive him. It was not until 1887 that Captain Gammell obtained the medal which he had earned seventy-five years previously. In that year, after some delay on the part of the War Office, Captain Gammell obtained the medal for the Peninsular campaign, and her Majesty the Queen at the same time sent her Jubilee medal to the veteran, with a letter expressing her hope that he might long be spared to enjoy his double honours. The remains of the deceased officer were interred at Bath, the coffin being covered by the Union Jack, and among the floral tributes were two wreaths from the regiments in whose ranks he had served just eighty years previously.

Not only as a capable Secretary to the Post Office, but as an evangelist and a staunch champion of the temperance party, the late Sir Arthur Blackwood is likely to live in the memory of his countrymen. Indeed, Sir Arthur was no mean expounder of the "word in season," and never neglected an opportunity of improving the occasion when the chance served. I have been told that he was one of those who think it well to have Bible texts much in evidence about them even in official life; but he never "canted," and never unduly pressed his views on persons who thought differently on religious subjects. As a very capable and just head and as a courteous gentleman he was equally esteemed at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Sir Arthur's social success was, doubtless, to some extent, due to his aristocratic connections—he was a cadet of the Dufferin family—to his handsome face and figure, and to his marriage with the widow of the sixth Duke of Manchester, a very charming woman. Sir Arthur was a grandson of that distinguished officer, Admiral Sir Henry Blackwood, who had the honour of bringing home the despatches that announced the glorious victory of Trafalgar and the irreparable loss of Nelson in 1805.

If you were bitten by a snake—not that the contingency is likely in this country, at least—what would you do? Miss Hopley told one of *The Sketch* interviewers that "permanganate of potash, the active principle of Cond's Fluid," is the best remedy. Well, Messrs. Cond and Mitchell, Limited, have written me about this statement. "For the

past thirty years," they say, "we have recommended the application of Cond's Fluid to snake bites in our book of directions. From the statement as printed it is scarcely to be gathered that Cond's Fluid would answer the purpose, and it does seem a little hard that our efforts, which cannot but have been of service, should be passed over. As a matter of accuracy, we may state that the permanganate which forms the basis of Cond's Fluid is not permanganate of potash, and that our preparation contains other antiseptic salts."

I must heartily congratulate the *Times* on an innovation, often recommended, and at last adopted. Alterations in the "Thunderer" are so rare that they deserve notice—"Tempora mutantur," &c. This change is one of great utility; it is the alphabeticising of the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," which formerly were arranged in their order of receipt. It is a great comfort, while you are lazily scanning the *Times* at breakfast, to be able in a few moments to see any items of personal interest to yourself, without labouring through a column and a half of closely printed matter. Mr. Labouchere has already calculated the vast saving of time which has been achieved on behalf of the readers of the *Times*, and which he figures out into centuries. What with the summary of news, the improvement in the Ecclesiastical Intelligence, the "timing" of the House of Commons debates, the introduction of Political Notes, and now this later development, the management of the *Times* is getting quite giddily up to date.

It seems the fashion nowadays to alter the spelling of one's name or title. Mr. Smith reverts now and again to the more ancient form used by some of his numerous clan, and becomes Mr. Smyth or Mr. Smythe, while Mr. Brown adds a final "e" to his name, which renders it in his eyes more aristocratic. Some years ago the family of the Duke of Somerset, who when I was a boy spelt their name Seymour, reverted to the more ancient St. Maur, and now the Scotch Duke who has been known to this generation as of Athole has decided that the earlier spelling of the title is a preferable one, and in future will be known as the Duke of Atholl. His Grace has no necessity to turn over many pages of history to find an authority for the change, for, although Burke spells the title with the final "e" in 1861, Debrett of 1834 gives the head of the ancient and powerful family of Murray as Duke of Atholl. I am unable to discover at what date the former change took place, or the authority on which it was made. Perhaps some of my Scotch readers can inform me.

"Why does a good sketch please us more than a good picture? It is because there is in it more life and less defined forms. As forms become more accurately defined, life departs. In dead animals, dreadful objects to our sight, the forms are there, but life is gone. In young animals, especially in kittens, the outlines are not strongly marked, yet they are full of life. Why is it that a pupil who is quite incapable of painting a tolerable picture can yet make a striking sketch? It is because a sketch is the work of enthusiasm and genius, and the picture is the result of industry and patience, and long studies, and a ripe experience of art. Who has found the secret, which Nature herself does not possess, of keeping the life of youth in the forms of advanced age? Perhaps one reason why we are strongly attracted by a sketch is that, being undefined, it leaves our imagination free to see what we like in it, just as children see shapes in the clouds; and we are all more or less children. It is the same difference as that between vocal and instrumental music. In the former we listen to what it says: in the latter we make it say what we choose."—DIDEROT.

American writers located in "Yewrope" make an excellent time of it. Now, take William Nye, Esq.—I mean Mr. Bill Nye, or Bill, the most bald-headed man in the States—why, he has just got £200 per week from an American syndicate; oddly enough, I believe about the same earnings as those of Mr. Albert Chevalier. American syndicators, though, are rather troublesome people to work for. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred an English correspondent has to support Home Rule, whether he likes it or not. The writer of this once lost an excellent American billet simply because he would not represent Sir Redvers Buller as a cold-blooded murderer. Apropos of Bill Nye and his friends, Luke Sharp (Mr. Robert Barr) is now in Switzerland, and is likely to winter there. Cold or not cold, it always agrees with him better than being in England. The popular humourist has certainly not looked over well of late. Alack! the grey hairs are beginning to show. Despite, though, a sprinkling of the hoar-frost of time, he is as good-looking as ever.

Time was when the white man used to evangelise the nigger. The tables have turned, for the nigger has come to convert the white man—or, at least, one of them has done so in the person of Charles Higgins. Charles has been holding forth in Hyde Park for some time, but his ministrations have scarcely been appreciated by his audiences. The climax was reached on the closing day of last month, when the crowd began to sing the ditty which details the pathetic history of "Daisy Bell" and her adventures on a bicycle—a "by-see-keel," with the accent on the *kel*, as Mr. Charles Bignell emphatically sings in his funny parody of the song. The melody must be undeniably aggravating to a missionary of the fervour of Charles Higgins, who, in desperation, declared that if it did not stop somebody would get "the answer true." The gentleman who received the answer was an analyst's assistant, and Mr. Higgins was asked by the magistrate at Marlborough Police Court to pay £3 or go to prison for a month.



MUSCULAR

CHRISTIANITY

COLOURED



(1) "Yas'erday, bred'ren, one of those unemplid would sing 'Daisy' for to int'rupt my meeting. Says I, 'Gen'lemen, zis is ze Gosple,  
(2) "'And zis is "Daisy."'"

(3) "'E would not 'ave ze Gosple,  
(4) "So I gave 'im 'Daisy.'"

"DAISY" IN HYDE PARK.

F.H. TOWNSEND 93.

If perseverance, as, indeed, hath been written in countless copy-books, deserves success, then our newest actress-manageress, Miss Janette Steer, undoubtedly deserves to succeed. It was more than seven years ago—in May 1886, in fact—that I made my first acquaintance with this young lady “on any stage.” By-the-way, it was hardly a stage, for it was in the ring at Hengler’s Cirque in Argyll Street, and the occasion was a rehearsal of Dr. Todhunter’s classical play, “*Helena in Troas*,” in which the principal parts were sustained by Miss Alma Murray, Mr. Hermann Vezin, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Miss Janette Steer, if my memory serves me aright, looked “divinely tall and most divinely fair” as a Greek girl in the chorus, and on the occasion I have mentioned was practising certain graceful gyrations beneath the paste-board walls of Troy before the serious business of rehearsal began. Since then I have watched with interest this young lady’s dramatic career. Miss Steer has worked hard in the provinces, and has played the lead in such plays as “*The Lady of Lyons*,” “*Marie Stuart*,” and “*Lady Clare*.” She has also given matinées in the Metropolis, and some years ago essayed to take the town by storm at the Opéra Comique with “*The Fool’s Revenge*,” an adaptation of Hugo’s play, “*Le Roi s’Amuse*,” which requires an artiste of great power and distinction to make it a success, and it was certainly no success on this occasion. Miss Steer is the daughter of an English officer who served in India, and, indeed, the lady herself is, I believe, in receipt of a modest pension from the Government.

The phenomenal success of “*Our Boys*” and the career of Mr. David Belasco, professionally known as David James, must for ever remain linked together in the annals of the English stage. When, in 1868,



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

MR. DAVID JAMES AS THE BUTTERMAN IN “OUR BOYS.”

David James quitted the regions of burlesque for the realms of comedy, I and many a better judge thought that great things dramatic were in store for the clever young actor. Then in a year or two came the extraordinary run of Byron’s play, and from that time David James and Perky Middlewick were inseparables. There can be little doubt that “*inferior Dosset*” made James’s fortune, but marred his fame.

Even with newcomers the stage shows signs of running into the hands of a few families. Note the débutantes at the Promenades. Miss Gertrude Aylward, for instance, who made such a hit with “*Carita*,” is the sister of Miss Netta Aylward, understudy to Miss Julia Neilson in “*The Dancing Girl*.” The pleasant soprano was Mr. William Shakespeare’s most favourite pupil, and her success was long ago predicted by Madame Sainton-Dolby. One of the Dolbys was architectural painter, another was agent to Dickens, and the wife

of one was the famous Mrs. Anastasia Dolby, to whom was mainly owing the revival of art needlework, though the talented gentlewoman was certainly backed up by the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Gage.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the inventor of *Answers* and I don’t know what else, is ill at home at Elmwood, Broadstairs. What an energetic being he is! I hear, too, that he is most likely to pay America a visit this winter. Very advanced—rather so—why, when at home he dictates to an Edison-Bell phonograph. Mr. Harmsworth has features of a curiously classic cut—somehow or other, he bears an odd kind of resemblance to Edison. He first began to be known as a smart writer when attached to the *Lady’s Pictorial*, when he was quite a boy, about eleven years or so ago.

The little telegraph office at Kissingen has been in a state of flutter and activity quite unparalleled since Prince Bismarck’s illness received the *cachet* of European sympathy given by the Kaiser’s historical letter. That Imperial missive aroused many dormant friendships, and I am told that since its despatch, *bien entendu*, condolence, inquiry, and messages of all sorts are on the wires all day, not only from every crowned head in Europe, but their “*appanages*” as well. What memories these courtiers have, to be sure! Secrecy has been well preserved in every detail concerning the Prince, but it is known that the principal cause of alarm lay in the extreme delicacy and inflamed condition of the left lung. As far back as 1859 Prince Bismarck was laid up in Pomerania for five months with serious inflammation of the lungs, and the doctors have been trying to ward off a recurrence. The Prince suffers greatly from sciatica, and violent neuralgia in the head and face has given the Iron Chancellor some exercises of patience for the last few weeks, while, to crown all, the bite of some insect in the neck has caused a painful swelling, most trying to this much-afflicted statesman. One of Prince Bismarck’s noted objections is to be shaved by anybody else, so during his illness the old man’s beard has grown considerably, which gives him a curious appearance. The illustrious statesman’s family have implored him to submit to a ministering angel in the shape of a barber. But Bismarck is not even now a man to be talked out of a conviction, much less a whim, so the great old German’s beard flourishes exceedingly. May he live long to shave it.

One more proof of a prominent and particular fascination in lovely woman—a singularity, too, on which I have always lavished abundant admiration—reaches me from New York. To me the most charming women are the most impractical. They begin and they leave off, but they never finish, whether it be fancy work, logic, or men; and even the last named they have enough of for someone else to practise on as a rule. But my illustration treats of a certain society organised by a dozen of dear, kind, tender-hearted ladies in the aforesaid city, called very prettily “*The Midnight Band of Mercy*,” and having for its object the chloroforming of homeless, vagabond, tile-walking cats. Funds were raised, pussy-killers officially engaged, and all went well for some weeks. But strange smells presently smote the noses of the authorities, and an inquiry was raised as to its unsavoury cause. “Of course,” said the dozen, dear, tender-hearted ladies, “we never thought about removing them afterwards, you know.” And so the authorities collected the corpses. Now, I think that an utterly lovable trait in the feminine constitution. The woman who could have considered a dead cat while it was yet alive would never be, under any circumstances, an adorable creature. Now, could she?

There is nothing so deceptive as the average duration of particular classes of lives—likewise of knives. Have you any idea how long the professional implement of the proprietor of the ham and beef, tongue, and saveloy emporium usually lasts? Not above a twelvemonth. This is owing to continuous grinding. The knife, about 20 in. long and 1½ in. wide, is first used for cutting bread; then, when blunted and ground several times, say at the end of three months, it is devoted to beef; lastly, when duly emaciated and flexible, to the succulent ham; at the end of twelve months it is a mere strip of steel. It is curious to note how a ham sandwich is almost regarded as current coin in England—not so much, though, as the sausage in Germany. Once upon a time, at a small station near Friedrichsruh, a little Prussian tendered his bronze for a railway fare. “Ten pfennig short,” said the booking clerk. The simple Pomeranian peasant had not the change about him. What was to be done? A happy thought struck him. Grasping firmly his dinner sausage in his right hand, he thrust it in the booking-clerk’s face, and called out stoutly, “There you are! Bite off ten pfennig worth.”

In the modern passion for the celebration of centenaries a difficulty may occasionally arise of an embarrassing nature where the date of the hero’s birth or death cannot be exactly identified. Such a difficulty has just presented itself in the proposed celebration at Bruges of the fourth centenary of Memling’s death. It is suggested that as many works of the painter as possible should be collected for the celebration, although a great many representative works, lying at present in public galleries, are not available for such an exhibition. The point is to know when precisely the painter paid the dues of mortality. However, as he is known to have been dead on Dec. 10, 1495, the date of his “private judgment”—as theologians might say—may be considered to be exact enough.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"WRECKAGE." BY HUBERT CRACKENTHORPE.

I suppose "Germinie Lacerteux" is an old-fashioned novel now, though it is not easy to see what the school of naturalism has gained in the thirty years since the De Goncourts wrote that book. Mr. Crackenthorpe, at all events, is not ashamed to acknowledge his debt to masters who preceded Zola, for he sets in the forefront of his audacious little tales (W. Heinemann) a passage from the preface to "Germinie Lacerteux" which declares that the religion of romance bears "*ce large et vaste nom: Humanité.*" The novel of the De Goncourts is the story of a domestic servant, unattractive and commonplace, who, with all the impulses of a passionate nature, has none of the qualities which subjugate man. Her history is intensely human and intensely pitiful. Mr. Crackenthorpe handles a kindred idea with extraordinary vividness in the few pages which he calls "The Struggle for Life." A sot boozing in a low tavern with an abandoned woman; a wife begging him vainly for money to buy food for his starving children; the sordid bargain with the casual stranger, which is her sacrifice for the callousness of a brutal husband—here is a tragedy from the "nether world" which should tug at the heart-strings of humanity. That it approaches the uncertain border-line which divides art from the absolutely repulsive is true enough. Mr. Crackenthorpe shows no little judgment in keeping on the hither side of that dangerous confine, though he pursues some paths in which he cannot expect to be followed by that timid being, the "general reader." The conventions of English fiction, those prim and elderly spinsters who are so ready to draw their skirts from a contamination which is often invisible to a robustly healthy eye, would shriek at "Profiles" and "A Dead Woman." And it must be confessed that Lilly Maguire is not exactly a suitable companion for maidenly meditation. She has inherited appetites which need a discipline not to be looked for in a drunken aunt and a simple-minded lieutenant, to whom she is engaged by virtue of a whim which cannot withstand the first fierce temptation. She leaves Maurice Radford for one of those conquering sons of Belial who find women of this type "so easy." He is incensed, however, when he learns that she and Maurice were to have been married in a day or two. "His feeling was one of pure disgust—not disgust at her treachery, but disgust at the blunder he had committed—blunder ahead of which he foresaw a whole series of unpleasant complications. And in that instant he tired of her—her passion, from being a thing to be toyed with complacently, suddenly filled him with active dislike. The very searching gaze which had amused him before now seemed merely stupid. With the exasperation of a trapped animal, he realised that she was one of the clinging sort, whose dismissal was generally difficult, always disagreeable. 'Damn!' he muttered, savagely biting the end of his cigar."

The further adventures of Lilly Maguire may be surmised. They are not edifying, because lives like this never edify; they simply suggest a tormenting doubt whether our schemes of salvation are not very unworkmanlike nets, through which too many fish slip into the hopeless void. In "A Dead Woman" Mr. Crackenthorpe offers a startling commentary on the commonplace that a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. The woman is the departed wife of Richard Rushout, publican, whose mourning is deranged by the discovery that she has had a lover in the person of Jonathan Hays, farmer. Neither husband nor gallant is in the least degree prepossessing, and the extraordinary quality of the story is that it transfigures them in the glow of a great passion. In the first fury of disillusion Rushout sets no limit to his wife's unfaithfulness. "On, on, the Satanic extravagance of his imagination whirled, till at the zenith of his agony he was conscious that he loathed her virulently. This discovery made him uneasy, and by some quick, unaccountable process his mind wandered off to the advisability of giving a trial to a new blend of whisky, a prospectus of which had reached him that morning. For the moment, all else, receding into the background, was forgotten; outside this fresh trail of thought his mind was blank.

The spirit was cheaper, certainly, but that would be balanced by heavier carriage, unless, indeed, he ordered a large quantity. But he was not certain concerning the flavour. As he debated the matter with himself the idea occurred to consult Jonathan. Immediately the full strength of his pain was upon him once more, and once more the whole round of self-torturing doubt recommenced each time with a fresh crop of detail, new pretexts for suffering. That night, in his longing for forgetfulness, he went to bed drunk. And he had been sober for years." The colloquy with Hays about the settlement of this account is brief and grim. The farmer laconically admits the impeachment. "Of a sudden Rushout looked up; from around his eyes all the blood had retreated, leaving broad white rings, and making a deep-toned patch of red on either cheek. He seemed to have come to some great resolution, for the whole expression of his face was different. 'Jonathan Hays,' he said solemnly, 'there'll not be room for both of us.' The farmer did not answer, and there was nothing in his face

to reveal whether he had heard. This time the silence was longer than ever. Then Rushout continued, 'I'll be at Helton cross-roads at ten.' Jonathan slowly uncrossed his legs and walked to the door, and as he crossed the threshold he blurted out, 'Ye'll find me there!'" But on the way to keep this tryst of revenge the publican falls senseless in the snow, and when he recovers from an attack of brain fever he has nothing but kindness for his rival, and consults him about the whisky. "'What's your opinion of the spirit?' asked Rushout. 'It's just to my taste. Ye'll be feelin' feeble like?' 'Ay, I do a bit.' 'It was a close touch of it ye had.' 'I reckon it was.' 'By God, it was a wild night.' Richard shot an inquisitive glance, but he did not speak. And simultaneously there appeared to both of them a vision of the dead woman—to Jonathan clear cut and living, to Richard half effaced by time. And each remembered that she had belonged to the other, and at that moment they felt instinctively drawn together: each was conscious of a craving to talk about her, to hear the other mention her name." Anyone who can read this and the daring dialogue that follows and remain insensible to the insight and the power with which this strange byway of life is explored must have a limited understanding of literary art.

"A Conflict of Egoisms" belongs to a totally different field of observation. It is the tragedy of a novelist to whom work is the one absorbing passion and of a woman he marries on an impulse due to the dim notion that she is useful when his ideas have got tangled, and

can be unravelled only by a monologue to a sympathetic auditor. The woman has had a hard and loveless life, and she clings to her strange mate with a passionate yearning which breeds madness, when his indifference changes to irritation, and he shuts himself up with his labour. This is the love-making: "'I don't see many people, but I think it would help me having you—with the work, I mean.' Would you really care to live with me?' 'Yes.' The word came back through her set teeth with a little, hissing sound. Her joy struggled with the disappointment she could not help feeling at the way he said it, and the struggle hurt her considerably. . . . There was a silence painful to each of them. At last, with an evident effort he broke it. 'Good night once more.' . . . 'Please,' she whispered. 'I—I don't understand.' The blood rushed to her face. 'Please,' she repeated, under her breath. He understood, and when he had kissed her he went slowly out. On the landing he stumbled heavily over the mat, for the gas on the stairs had been turned off." And the end is that she tears to fragments the work of weeks, the last effort of his disordered brain, and, leaving her on her knees, praying wildly that his love may come to her, he staggers out to drown himself in the river, and drops dead on the bridge.

There are seven stories in the volume, of which the four I have quoted are the most powerful. But all have the same admirably proportioned strength, restraint, and sombre distinction. As an example of that impersonal art, so striking in French fiction, so rare in English, Mr. Crackenthorpe's work will be gratefully remembered when cartloads from Mudie's have gone the way of all rubbish.

L. F. A.



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. CRACKENTHORPE.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## WILL TREVENNA'S FORTUNE.

BY E. NESBIT.

"Yes, indeed, Doctor; you wouldn't think it, to see me now, with my house and my own bit of land, and my sons and daughters growing up round me like young bay-trees, that this day twelve years I hadn't a penny



*"And I found myself sitting up in bed, just waked up."*

in the world, or a roof that I could go to and say that it ought to shelter me. And the girl I loved (we had been sweethearts ever since she was the size of my little Loveday here), she had been forbidden to speak to me, or even to look the same side of the road where I was. Well, well, wife, I don't say that she didn't look or didn't speak, but those were her instructions. It happened like this. My second cousin, old Jan Trevenna, had taken me in and brought me up like a child of his own, and always gave me to understand that it was me who would have his money and the bit of land. Then, when he dies, lo and behold! not a word of a will to be found; and it all goes to Simon Trevenna, his first cousin. For such is the law, taking no account of what a man may be well known to have wished, if the bit of paper in which he had put down his wishes can't be got at.

"Simon Trevenna was an honest chap, though hard, and he offered me a place on the farm to break my disappointment, as he said; but I could not bear to be man where I had looked to be master, and I took a place as shepherd twenty miles from Trewint; and as to my parting with my girl, and our tears and promises and kisses on a broad moonlight night behind the big barn, what is the use of talking such nonsense as that, now that we are both middle-aged, especially as I can't keep my voice steady when I do talk of it even now?"

"Well, I went to be shepherd at Polhuen, and the first night I slept there a mighty queer thing happened. Uncle Jan—I had always called him Uncle, though only my second cousin—he seemed to come to my bedside in the night, and he says, smiling at me very kind-like, like as he did in life when he was having his bit of a joke, 'Tha rule,' he says, 'if tha didst but go to London Bridge, tha 'st hear of a fortune as good as tha 'st lost.' But when I sat up in bed to ask him questions I woke up and found I had been but dreaming. All the same, I thought of it here, and I thought of it there, as I went about my day's work; and the next night the same thing happened again. And I says to myself, 'Why do you let your mind run on fortunes and the dead, when your own hands is the only fortune you have got?' And that day I would not let myself think of it. But the third night Uncle Jan came again, and he called me more than a plain fool, and he says, 'Beg, borrow,

or steal the money; but go to London Bridge to seek your fortune, as many a better man has done afore, Will.' And with that he laughed like as if he would split his jolly old sides, and I found myself sitting up in bed, just waked up. Now, maybe, I was a fool by nature, and maybe I wasn't, but I wasn't such a fool as to think the blessed angels would bring the same dream three nights running for nothing. I borrowed ten pounds, for I was well known about these parts, and could have borrowed twenty times the money, and I told my master he must do with the other shepherd and the lad, for to London I must go that very day, and, sure enough, I went.

"London is a mighty queer place to what Trewint is. I only went that one time, and I had no stomach for more than I got of it. It's like an ant-hill when you kick it up as you walk, live creatures running here, there, and everywhere, and no one of them with a friendly word for any man. But I found a decent lodging, and I went to London Bridge, and I walked up it and I walked down it for a good working day, and nobody spoke to me or I to them. Then I went to my lodging, and cursed myself for the silly fool Uncle Jan had said I was. But the next morning, seeing I had come so far, it seemed it would be worse folly to go home as I came: so I spent that day, too, on London Bridge, and that night I spent the same as the last. The third day I felt death-sick of the whole business, but I thought as Uncle Jan came to me three nights I would wait three days for what he told me of. So I went to London Bridge, and I waited there, and by this time I felt as if everyone that passed me must know me, and was laughing in his sleeve to think of me coming all the way from Trewint only to show London folks what a born idiot was like. Nothing happened all day, but when it come to get towards dusk a large policeman come up to me, and he says—

"Look here, my man, this makes three days you have been hanging about this here bridge, and I tell you straight I don't like the looks of it. No decent body has any business as can keep him hanging about on a bridge, and I'll thank you to tell me what your business is, or



*"A large policeman come up to me."*

perhaps you'd prefer to come with me to the police station and explain it to the inspector?"

"He spoke as disagreeable as he knew how; but I wasn't offended, because I had been feeling all day that my way of going on must be surprising to anyone who happened to notice it."

"'Lor' bless you, Sir,' I said, 'I'd rather tell it to you than to the inspector, for I feel as if you were an old friend already, my seeing you here these three days.'

"'None of your blarney,' he says, but not quite so disagreeable. 'What is it you are up to? Come, now.'

"Then I told him straight out just what I have been telling you, and he laughed as I have never seen a policeman laugh before or since."

"'Lord love your country hinnicence,' says he. 'You must be a Suffolk man. They say "Suffolk for softies." I didn't see why I should tell him where I came from; so I held my tongue, and after another laugh he went on again: 'If we all journeyed from Land's End to John o' Groat's every time we had a dream some of us would have enough to do. Go home, you poor hinnercent, and look after your own affairs,



"Under that apple-tree we found the strong box."

whatever they are. There's many men has many dreams, but sensible folk don't put any trust in such. Why, I tell you myself I dreamt three times running, only last week, that I went to a place called Trewint, in Cornwall, and found a strong box with gold and papers in it buried under a big apple-tree in the orchard."

"I thank them as be I can always keep my tongue between my teeth when need is. I thanked that policeman, and told him that he was right and I was wrong, and that he was a good fellow, and that I should always be glad to see him if ever he came my way. But he said Suffolk was a long way off, and it wasn't likely he'd be coming there. If I did stand him anything, nobody was the worse nor the wiser. Then I went home to Trewint and told the Parson, and he laughed at me, but he came with me, for all that, and we dug under that apple-tree, and you may believe me or not—being a stranger—but everyone about Trewint knows whether it's true or not—besides, here I am, in the very house. For under that apple-tree we found the strong box, and in it was the will, leaving me everything. And there was £600 besides in golden sovereigns that Simon Trevenna had never had the handling of. So he went out a sorrowful man, and I came to my own again, and married my girl and got my children."

"Well, Mary, my dear, if I did give Simon the handling of the £600 to make up to him for his disappointment, that was between ourselves, and it's no part of the story of my fortune."

## INDIAN DANCING WOMEN.

In Madras at this moment "the gossip tongue's astir with the nautch girl's life," and the *Indian Magazine and Review*, a very readable monthly, deals with the subject in its current issue. The nautch girl, we are led to believe from this article, is not the divine creature which Mr. George Dance—was not his name, by-the-way, very appropriate as the librettist of *Terpsichore*?—pictured at the Savoy Theatre a couple of years ago in the opera of that name. To Englishmen her performance is said to be dull, but nautch girls have been from time immemorial inseparable from native entertainments and many religious ceremonies. To realise how intimately the religious instinct of Oriental races has associated females with certain forms of worship it is necessary to revert to very early notions of ritual. The most remote mythological fables of the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Hindus, of the Greeks and the Romans have sprung from ideas of the male and female principles being combined in the production of the evident phenomena of nature. The great principle of fecundity was deified among these nations as the supreme God, the principle by which all things capable of being are produced, and the earth, rendered pregnant by the flood of some mighty river, or the falling of seasonable rains, was worshipped as His consort.

It is easy to comprehend that in the worship of these principles in concrete form, such as the vulgar and unimaginative could appreciate, the temples should require the service of both sexes, and that the myths invented by poets and priests should abound in illustrations of the potency of both the male and the female principle. Dancing before the gods, as a manifestation of rejoicing through faith, was considered meritorious by the Hindus, as also by the Greeks and the Romans. The ample earnings obtained by the dancing girl, and the comparative luxury in which she lives, unfortunately render the profession an attractive one. It is said, in reference to this class at Lucknow, that a first-class nautch woman may have jewels and lace of value from 1000 to 10,000 rupees, that her fee for singing is 15 rupees the evening, and that on the occasion of a birth or a marriage it may be as much as 200 rupees. At most evening parties among well-to-do natives there is a musical entertainment, vocal or instrumental, and sometimes a nautch, and for visitors to the larger temples, who are willing to pay for it, such a performance is arranged. Native females of respectability do not always relish nautch parties.

A very large number of different classes of singers and dancers exist at the present time throughout India. The numbers of the last census will have their significance. Actors, singers, and dancers are returned at 270,956, about half being female, and "disreputable" persons 167,633, of which two-thirds are probably women, reckoning upon the proportions shown in some of the provincial returns. Then a large number, no doubt, are unspecified. The large cities are responsible for most of the above.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES' GRAVE.

In ever loving Memory of John Richard Jefferies,  
Who died at Goring, Aug. 14, 1887.  
Aged 38 years.

An appropriate inscription this to con as you sit on a grassy mound below the plain, slender, white cross, and the air is filled with the scent of late-flowering roses and the pungent odours of the pine, and looking north across the village green one sees the downs, their extremest height crowned with a clump of dark trees, and the autumn wind sweeps lightly down and across the marshy land, where herds of cattle are contentedly feeding, that lies between the cemetery and the sea. Of what English writer could one think more lovingly than of him who sleeps beneath this slender cross, while gazing one's fill on such a scene, and what would one not give for his magic pen to describe it? It is a scene that he often must have looked upon—this peaceful cemetery of Broadwater—the little village, with its fine, old church that nestles below the slope of the breezy Sussex downs. In lane and meadow, in the glades and coverts of Goring Woods, and on that spur of the high down that hangs above there to the west, where more than a century ago the miller who loved his native downs so well elected to be buried (having, indeed, as his tombstone tells us, purchased the plot of ground where he lived some thirty years before he required to use it), this true lover of English scenery must have often wandered while living at Goring, a rustic hamlet but a mile or two from the spot where now he rests. How amidst the placid beauty of the English landscape which this great word-painter loved, and would so well have pictured, one feels a fresh regret for the thread of a life snapped so untimely!



## INTERVIEW WITH MADAME BASHKIRTSEFF.

During a recent visit to Paris (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) I had the pleasure of meeting the mother of Marie Bashkirtseff, and took advantage of the occasion to make some inquiries as to the famous journal.



MADAME BASHKIRTSEFF.

"Have you seen my daughter's grave yet?" were almost the first words that Madame Bashkirtseff addressed to me.

"No, Madame."

"I am going there now. It is always my earliest thought when I come to Paris, and if you like to drive down with me to Passy we can talk on the way. Do you mind waiting a few minutes?"

"Oh, thank you! I could ask nothing better, and I don't in the least mind waiting."

We were sitting in Marie Bashkirtseff's studio at 63, Rue de Prony, the studio fitted up for her immediately before her death, and maintained until now in the same condition as when last she saw it. Facing me was Madame Bashkirtseff, somewhat weary and travel-stained, for she had been journeying all night, having but just arrived at Paris from Nice to make preparations for removing the belongings of her beloved child, as the little hôtel has recently been let to Madame Richard, of the Grand Opéra. Madame Bashkirtseff is about the middle-height, and her figure has lost the slim lines of youth. Her grey hair is smoothly banded on her brow, and gathered into a small knot behind, her skin slightly reddened by much weeping; her eyes are an indefinite hazel. She still wears the deepest mourning, and gives one the impression of being a kindly, motherly soul, simple in her ways, active, impulsive, and energetic, but with none of the mental restlessness that distinguished her artist daughter.

While waiting till she was ready to start, I surveyed the room that has for the past eight years been a place of pilgrimage for English and American visitors—Russians but rarely paying homage at the shrine of their young countrywoman. With its soft Oriental divans, its carpets and wall-coverings alike of deep crimson plush, its little staircase leading to a gallery, a skeleton wrapped in an old studio blouse grimly guarding the ascent, its famous "Harlequin," by E. Marceau, in bronze, and the multitudinous works that testify to the feverish industry of Mdlle. Bashkirtseff, sketches, studies, oil paintings, finished and unfinished, wild carnival scenes, statuettes here, there, and everywhere, I had no lack of interest and occupation. Her portrait, by herself, hung near the little altar, whereon, according to Russian custom, the holy pictures were placed, saints and Madonnas, the faces only painted, the robes and aureoles wrought in gold and silver, still standing, somewhat blackened by time, behind the swinging lamp last lighted in their honour by her hand. The unfinished picture, "Dans la Rue," that was to have crowned her work, her portrait of her handsome brother, Paul, and his pretty wife, of Mdlle. de Canrobert, friend and fellow-student in Julien's atelier, "The Three Laughs," "The Umbrella," and others more or less familiar were to be seen, but many have been sent to Chicago for exhibition, and the famous "Pommier" was purchased not long since by the Grand Duke Constantine. Some weird caricatures were attractive. One represented Marie and her pretty cousin, the Dina of her Diary, now Comtesse de Toulouse, serenading the Devil with harp and mandoline. His Satanic Majesty, well pleased, is looking out of a small window, black against a lurid background, and

bears a distinct resemblance to M. Julien. A pale, frightened moon views the scene with horror. Another, a study of the nude, showed a girl hobnobbing with Death, she smoking a cigarette, he a pipe, but this was too suggestive to be mirthful.

Soon Madame Bashkirtseff rejoined me, and as we sped towards the cemetery I asked—

"Was it from your side of the house or from her father's that Mdlle. Bashkirtseff inherited her talent?"

"Oh, it was peculiar to herself; she was like neither of us. There were so many things she did well, though her taste for writing may have come from her father—he was a very intellectual man—and her passion for music from my grandfather, Alexander Cornélius, who was a wonderful musician, and studied at Kharkoff. Her love of work might, perhaps, be traced to her father's father, a general in the Russian Army, and a remarkable man, of great energy, with a singular talent for languages."

"It has been said in England that changes were made in the Diary of Mademoiselle Marie with a view to heightening the effect. Is that true?"

"Changes? No; there were none made. Omissions? Yes. M. André Theuriet, the editor, thought well to suppress certain portions, and even with that much has crept in that might have been better left out."

"But a statement was made that some three or four years were struck off her age, so that ideas and achievements which were not remarkable in a girl of sixteen were marvellous when ascribed to a child of twelve."

"*C'est une mensonge!*" cried Madame Bashkirtseff, with energy. "*Elle est bien venue au monde en 1860. Si même c'était comme ça, est-ce que ça ôte quelque chose?* No; there is no truth in it. Certainly, we speak of her being twenty-three when she was on the eve of being twenty-four; but, after all, one is twenty-three until one is twenty-four, is it not so?"

I agreed, adding that if this were not admitted women would have a genuine grievance.

"Ah! I know from whom that statement comes. It was made in an article in *Black and White*. They wrote me several letters, asking me to reply, but I would not. What does it matter to me what they say? *Je suis morte!* My life is over! It is only through my child that they can prick me, but her fame will grow as the years go on. Your Monsieur Gladstone, who came to see me at Nice in 1892, said that, great as was the sensation (*bruit*) about Marie, she was not yet understood. If it was lies we printed in her Diary, *ça n'aurait pas frappé!* Quand on touche à Marie, ça me révolte. For myself, I mind nothing now."

"You have the Diary, I suppose, in your possession."

"Oh, yes."

"Could you let me see it?"

"If it were at Paris, I could, but it is at my villa at Nice; I did not bring it with me. There are 106 *cahiers* in all, many of them as yet



M. BASHKIRTSEFF.

unpublished, and the journal will not appear in its entirety till I am dead."

"Was your daughter always delicate?"

"Oh, no. Only during the last two years. Charcot was her doctor; he was so quiet, so serious, and one day she cried to him, 'My dear doctor, you are too grave! *Je n'aime pas les personnes austères!*' Ah, she was so full of life and gaiety, so bright, and had so good a heart!"

She was always ready to smile, even at her worst. When her case was pronounced hopeless she turned to me and said, '*Mater Dolorosa, pourquoi prenez-vous une figure si triste?*' She loved all that was gay and lightsome—sunshine, flowers. I get letters about her from all parts of the world, but particularly from England and America. She liked London so much."

"I did not know she had ever been there."

"Oh, yes! once. She went with her aunt when she was quite a little girl."

"And what struck her most?"

"Everything struck her," said Madame Bashkirtseff, comprehensively; "its immensity, the public buildings, the Crystal Palace." (What do



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

foreigners see in the Crystal Palace?) "She was enchanted with her stay."

When we had visited the tomb, with its many sad relics of the dead girl, sad in their very homeliness, and Madame Bashkirtseff had given certain instructions with regard to it, we drove to No. 15, Rue Hégesippe Marceau, aux Batignolles. There a large, airy studio has been rented, whither Marie's paintings will in a few days be transferred.

"Do you ever go to England?" I asked, as I bade Madame Bashkirtseff farewell.

"I have never yet been, though I have so many kind friends there; but I must cross the Channel some day, and then my first visit will be paid to Mr. Gladstone. I shall hope to see you, too; so *au revoir*," and the warm-hearted woman embraced me.

## BEAUTY.

"Youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow," I murmured vaguely as we pushed off.

"That's not quite right, is it? But, correct or not, it would be a very apt quotation," she returned, untwisting the rudder lines, "if I were young, or you—"

"Or I were pleasant?"

"No—if I were young or you were in the bow, but you are in the seat of the 'stroke,' and I am— The day, at least, is young," she added, "and very pleasant."

She leaned back on the cushion as she spoke, and her eyes followed the line of grey-green willows that trailed their long tresses on the bosom of the stream. The cool breeze dimpled the face of the water, and blew the soft curls from that broad, low brow of hers.

"See," she said, "Nature in her morning-gown, so fresh, so sweet. It is the dress she wears when only her lovers are there to note it. When the world wakes up and comes to look at her through its pince-nez and its single eye-glass, she shrugs her shoulders and says, 'Does it matter what I wear? Anything will do for them, because they notice nothing.'"

"Do you not wrong her?" I said. "Surely she has none but dainty garments in all her wardrobe, though, indeed, the daintiest may be that she wears now. Indeed, it seems to me this is a magic dress she wears to do you honour, and that, were you not here, her dress would have no beauty."

The boat was swinging round with the stream, and presently I looked up, to see her brown hair flecked with the sunlight that came through the alder boughs, and the leaves of the alder and its strange, rounded fruit forming a dark background to her bright beauty. I looked up, for I was sitting at her feet, because when you are in a boat you may do without remark that which in a drawing-room you may only hopelessly long to be allowed to say that you long for. In a boat a slave may know his place and take it.

"Beauty, someone says," she resumed, letting her hand hang over the side of the boat, so that it might touch the cool waters, "beauty is in the eye of the gazer."

"Yes," I said, for a glint of sunshine fell on her hazel eyes as she spoke.

She picked a little alder-fruit from the tree and held it out to me.

"See," she said, "how pretty it is! It is like a baby fir-cone. Do you know that of the thousands of people who go down to our river in boats, not one in a hundred will ever look at an alder, or know that it is an alder and that it makes baby fir-cones for itself and wears them for ornament. You and I are very clever people. We can hear so many notes in the orchestra that most people do not even dream of, and it is all a mere matter of musical education. As one grows older one sees more and more how much there is to see and how beautiful it all is."

"As one grows older," I assented, "one realises more and more strongly that there is only a certain amount of pudding, and one feels the necessity of appreciating to the full the flavour of each mouthful."

"Aren't you sorry for the poor blind people who can't see anything?"

"I can afford to be sorry for most people this morning," I answered from my place.

"They let life slip by them," she went on, "as if there were to be no end to it, or as if it were merely a road they had to travel on their way to something better."

"The Christian faith—" I began, but she interrupted me.

"Oh, I don't mean the pious people," she said. "There is method in their madness, and their blindness, when they are blind, may be voluntary. I mean the great crowd of folk who do things because other people do them, and not because they wish to do them themselves, and say things, not because they think them, but because other people have said them, probably without thinking, either—people who never see, and never hear, and never taste, people who go through all their lives looking for something—they don't know what—and never see the beauty of the green things growing, or of Fleet Street on a winter's afternoon, or of the August sunshine when it strikes across their rooms and draws out the heart of the colour from their red portière. Such people owe the little green growing things a grudge, because they hold the dew, and dew makes your boots wet. Do you suppose they ever look down Fleet Street, across the heads of the crowd, to where the little lead spire on Ludgate Hill shows black against the front of St. Paul's, or look up from the dusk and the hurrying figures and the lamps below to the pink flush of the sky and the great dome rising into it? Not they. They say it's beastly late, and call a hansom; and when the sun shines in and makes a heavenly glory of their curtain they remember that the sunshine 'fades' things, and they pull the blinds down."

"And what," I asked, "must one do, to be saved from the fate of such?"

She pondered a moment. The little alder-fruit lay dark and green on her pink palm.

"All these things," she said at last, "are old, old, old—as old as the hills and the heart of man. It is only when one is drunk with the happiness they bring one that one says, 'How clever I am to have found this out!' The secret of sight was set out hundreds of years ago, and in the plainest words."

"And that secret is?"

"To find 'nothing common or unclean,' to notice the green leaves, and the way the moss grows, and the way the stone lies, and the way your charwoman wears her bonnet, and the way her face lights up when she tells you about her daughter's baby, and not to think that you are better and cleverer than other people, and—"

"But we are better than other people—at least, some of us are, and you and I are certainly cleverer. I have it on the best authority. If there be nothing common or unclean, how shall we regard the folk who go through life hearing nothing, seeing nothing, tasting nothing, and who pall down their blinds when the sun shines?"

"Oh, you are so tiresomely literal," she answered, the colour deepening in her cheek till it looked like a smooth, ripe fruit. "If you pin me to it, I confess that one ought not to despise them, and I don't know that I do—at least, I shouldn't. Oh, there is nothing common or unclean, but there are some things that are unbearable. I don't mind earwigs, and spiders I like, even the snail may be pardoned his conservatism—for is he not a householder?—but slugs are not to be borne with."

"Are they not beautiful, too?" I asked, being in a mutinous mood that morning.

Elvira's eyes sparkled, for she saw her way out.

"Of course they are beautiful to the highest intelligence," she said. "That is not ours."

"Some day, then, we shall see the beauty of the slug?"

She shuddered.

"I hope not," she said. "But pull, we are late already, and there is one thing that has no beauty."

"And that?"

"Is a pretty woman's face when her guests are late for breakfast."

## MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

## CHIEFLY CONCERNING HIS AMERICAN TOUR.

*From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

Chatting with my friend Mr. Cotes in the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth, conversation turned as to what I had done with myself the previous evening. I explained that I had spent it at the theatre, where George Grossmith had given his latest programme, which includes some of his American experiences.

"He is staying here," said Cotes, "and if you want to see him I think you will find him in the Beaconsfield suite."

I knew my friend's pardonable weakness. A Conservative of the Conservatives, his greatest pride is the fact that Lord Beaconsfield held several Cabinet Councils in the splendid suite of rooms now dignified by the dead Earl's name. I explained that I hardly knew Mr. Grossmith sufficiently well to call upon him without an appointment, but I would drop him a line. The line was dropped, properly baited, reminding him that I had been introduced to him twenty-two years ago, when we were both "showing" at the same Institute, and that I must



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

have spoken to him on that occasion for at least two minutes, therefore I must be thoroughly well known to him. Luckily for me, I did not omit to mention the name of the paper in which I proposed to publish the interview, for the answer came back—

"For *The Sketch*? Certainly. Eleven o'clock sharp."

After the customary courtesies had been exchanged, I was able to conscientiously compliment Mr. Grossmith on the strength of his present programme, which I assured him was one of the very best I had heard him go through.

"I am glad of that," he said—"very glad. I will tell you why. When I started this single-handed entertainment, five years since, there were many 'kind friends' in front who, unable to gainsay my success, contented themselves by averring that it couldn't last."

"And it has lasted?"

"After five years of continuous performances, I have during the last fortnight broken my own record."

"Good. And now, Mr. Grossmith, as to America. Did you have favourable audiences from the very first?"

"No; I cannot say I did, as far as numbers are concerned. During my first appearances at Chickering Hall, New York, the audiences were small—only a quarter full; but the success of the entertainment, from



the applause and laughter point of view, was an assured fact within a few minutes of my stepping on the platform."

"Have they any entertainers of their own at all resembling you in style?"

"None. Their men are mimics to a man, but they mainly depend upon funny anecdotes."

"Then your business was a revelation to them?"

"Quite; and, naturally, it took some little time to get properly





appreciated from the treasury point of view. It did not take long, though, for at Boston, the second town I visited, where I opened to an audience of 2000 people, I gave twenty recitals, and on the last day the money turned away was painful to contemplate."

"I suppose you were constantly interviewed over there?"

"My dear Sir, I was waylaid at every step I took. Apropos of interviewing, there was one incident I must tell you, though I had meant to reserve it for my book. It occurred on a Sunday in one of the big cities, and my interviewer was decidedly of youthful appearance, though representing a big paper. I asked him if he was familiar with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. No, he was not; couldn't say he had ever heard of them. Did he know 'Pinafore'? No. Was he aware that it had been played at three theatres at one time in New York? No. When I came to think of it afterwards, this was not surprising, for, as he was but seventeen, and as the event in question occurred fifteen years previously, he would have been but *two* years of age at that time!"

"Very funny."

"The funniest is to come. He then asked me what I thought of Jim Corbett, the prize-fighter, as an actor. I said I did not see how he could be a great actor, seeing that he had had no experience. Did I think Corbett would whip Mitchell? I thought he might. Did I like cock-fighting? I replied I did not."

"And did he publish any interview?"

"Oh, yes. It ran thus: 'George Grossmith has arrived. He is a dapper little man. Produces *James* Gilbert's pieces. Thinks Corbett will lick Mitchell. Does not like cock-fighting.'"

"Did you have a *very* large house after that?"

"No; not a respectable person present."

"I suppose, after making a hit in New York, your success would be assured in the other towns?"

"Oh, dear, no; they are all too independent for that, and pride themselves on forming their own judgment."

"And now, as to your opinion of the American people generally?"

"I like them very much. Their hospitality is unbounded. I took out no letters of introduction. Everybody called."

"And you have no doubt of the success of your return visit?"

"Not the slightest. When I go back in January I play a week in New York straight off."

"Have you any idea of going to Australia?"

"None whatever. After my second visit to America, I shall make one more tour of England, and then practically retire."

"I am glad you have made your fortune so quickly."

"Ah, there you make the common mistake. I have not made a tremendous fortune, nor do I want to make one. I shouldn't know what to do with it. I've never been accustomed to it. Do you know the highest salary I ever received at the Savoy?"

"Something very big, I suppose?"

"Thirty-eight guineas a week."

"But with your great reputation you would get much more now?"

"Of course; three times that sum would not secure me, although the



stage is child's play compared with giving my entertainment every night—the strain is so great."

As he rose to conclude the interview I said, "One moment, I thought you looked very pale last night. Do you never put anything on your cheeks?"

"You mean colour—what minor theatrical people call 'slap.' No, never."

"Then, do you know what I should like to do before you go on to-night?"

"Nothing dreadful, I hope."

"No; I should simply like to 'slap' your face!"

#### ON READING "THE REBEL QUEEN."

I'm haunted by that thought of yours—

If rightly, Besant, I've divined it—

"There are no dead—the word obscures

A truth that lurks behind it.

"The good we do, the ill we weave,

Make up the Self surviving;

Thro' centuries we joy or grieve

For one poor day's contriving.

"The foolish things we speak or write

With endless iteration

Come home again to roost at night;

And man's his own creation.

"A race unborn shall reap the wind,

Although 'tis we that brew it;

We're bad because our fathers sinn'd,

And in their graves they rue it."

Perhaps! Of course, I ought to say . . .

At least, if we're immortal.

If not, then who will have to pay

When Death has closed his portal?

I've boys and girls: it grieves me sore

To think my sins will scourge 'em;

Smith has no children, but a score

Of vices—who's to purge 'em?

Nay, if we had our guerdon due

Not one would 'scape a whipping;

Stern Justice brings us sharply to

Whene'er he finds us tripping.

For me, I claim the common lot,

One sin one stroke suffices;

Heav'n rest the dead, and plague 'em not

For other people's vices.

L. S.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Some readers of *The Sketch*, I believe, have taken exception to some of the remarks under this heading, and are inclined to visit my transgressions on the paper. Now, this is a misconception. I will not say that all the sentiments expressed in this column are mine, for it is the privilege of a journalist to argue on any side with entire irresponsibility. But, at any rate, the opinions I put into words are not those of anyone besides myself—least of all are they those of the editor, personally or officially. Personally, he disagrees with me, and officially he agrees with everybody. Therefore, if anyone feels that I have trampled on his most sacred convictions, and mocked at his most deepest emotions—personally I am of the mildest and most serious disposition, but one never knows how one may be misunderstood—let him curse me by his gods, if he keeps any, but continue to look kindly at the pictures in *The Sketch*. I do not draw any of those pictures. I think they would be better if I did: but that is beside the question.

I issue this prefatory warning because I wish to speak concerning the Drama—with a big, big D. Now, it is a singular fact that men who will dispute for hours over politics or religion without turning a hair, and with power to relish points made at their own expense, go wild at the mere mention of some hated name or phrase, such as “the Master,” or “a well-made play,” or “the New Criticism.” It is an inexplicable peculiarity, but men have their congenital weaknesses. As Shylock remarks—

Some men there are love not a gaping pig,  
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,  
And others when the bagpipe sings i' the nose

Similarly, some there are who shriek and shudder at the sight of a loy comedian in a melodrama; others are in a passion when a burlesque dancer takes the stage; yet others cry out and cut themselves with knives because a modern playwright dares to attempt blank verse. Such heat is unwise. This is a partially free country, and any man may write blank verse as long as it will scan, and may call it blank verse whether it will scan or not.

It is not of blank verse, though, that I would speak, but of morality. Mr. H. A. Jones, greatly daring, has brought the Devil on the stage, showing him as labouring to embroil two countries again in war, and break the hope of peace by a sin—all which is eminently proper for a devil. But in the execution of the diabolical plot realism is carried in some direction to a considerable height. The incident of the door-key, in particular, is of a kind that is accounted “steep” in common talk. Nothing could be more proper and acceptable than the moral of the play; but, still, that detail of the door-key. Make the Prince a modern young nobleman, the Tempter a modern villain, the Chaucerian hostel or abbey—I forget which it is—a London hotel; then reproduce the scene, and see what happens, or rather what is not allowed to happen. It is curious how blank verse and doublets and hose make the difference between the permissible and the proscribed.

But if the dramatist had dared—or, rather, if he had been allowed to dare—to be frankly mediæval! Well, probably he would have been too obscure, as well as too rude. Still, it might be an attempt worth making to try to think ourselves back into the Middle Ages. To be sure, the central incident of “*The Tempter*” would hardly then have assumed such overpowering importance. Morality was not the strong point of the fourteenth century. The scruples of the lovers at the Haymarket would then have occurred to few save mystics. Mediæval men and women were like West Indian negroes of to-day: they used religion as a substitute for morality. A villain of that time was likely—save, perhaps, some desperate Ghibelline in Italy—to be sincerely devout. Also, suicide was not much in the way of people of that day. They were very particular about dying with full and proper rites.

Of course, it may be said that human nature is the same in all ages—which is, to a certain extent, true—and that temptation and the tempter do not vary greatly. But, at least, when one takes the trouble to go back several centuries, one wants to catch more than the mere outside of mediæval life. A few touches such as one finds in Chaucer or any contemporary author, something to make one feel with a sort of instinctive shiver that here is the real thing, the very soul of the Old England that has developed into our own country—that is what we want.

But one must not ask for too much. And one must reflect that a real mediæval devil would probably be unfit for publication. Dante's demons

are not pleasant company, and the appropriate fiend of the fourteenth century would be a very dirty devil indeed, one that we could not possibly ask Mr. Beerbohm Tree to personate. Mephistopheles is a Renaissance fiend. It was the study of Greek, we may say, that made the Prince of Darkness a gentleman.

By-the-way, as to the wreck scene in “*The Tempter*,” were we not promised some new and improved billows? Was not the sea to be of green silk—fancy that!—tossed into wild confusion by gigantic bellows beneath the stage, and did the effect come off? Apparently, nothing in the storm specially excelled the impressiveness of other stage storms. Had the bellows of the billows broken down, or had they exhausted themselves in the preliminary puff?

MARMITON.

## A SKYE COURT-HOUSE.

At least five different places of worship, two very large and other smaller hotels, one thousand inhabitants—of such is the capital of Skye. There is also another object of interest in the town of Portree. A small, unpretentious, not to say plain, edifice, standing on one side of the square of the place, is the House of Malefactors. Hither on certain days a languid interest draws the more energetic of the natives. They come slowly—for a man of Skye never hurries—and find a bare room, containing several benches, and one exalted seat, surrounded by a bewildering maze of dock, witness-box, seats for counsel and clerk, &c. Presently a raucous bell—the bells are very bad in the Western Highlands—clangs, and the Sub-Sheriff enters. In this man's hands rest all the affairs of the island, for the Sheriff of Inverness—the county of which Skye forms part—is always on the mainland. After him follow sundry individuals, who look as if they had nothing to do, but are really officials of the Court. Soon it is perceived that several of those who were chatting in pleasant ease with the constables before proceedings began are to figure as prisoners. One or two cases of drunken disorderliness are disposed of, and the culprits, sentenced, perhaps, to ten days' hard labour, retire, and continue their cheerful conversation with their future—perhaps past, also—jailers. During each trial anyone appears to be allowed to put in a word when he thinks fit; while now and then the Sub-Sheriff remarks that it is his turn to speak. Then an old, hard-featured woman is had up on the charge of throwing her neighbour's peat into the burn. Both the ladies' names begin with Mac—indeed, practically everyone in the house is Mac something. The accused is very voluble, and her flow of Gaelic has frequently to be stopped by the interpreter, a big, burly man, by far the most commanding figure present, in order that counsel may get in a question. Instead of addressing the Court, she turns her attention to the owner of the peat, who stands quietly by, and occasionally returns a sharp retort. Luckily, they are separated by the large person of the interpreter. A witness is then called, and the Sub-Sheriff, after administering the oath to him in Gaelic with uplifted hand, asks in the same tongue whether he knows any English. He answers, “No.” “What are you speaking now, then?” “Gaelic.” Nothing can be got out of him, for at one moment he states eagerly that he was only a hundred yards away, and distinctly saw the woman throwing something into the stream, and the next he declines to say that the objects thrown were peats. The plaintiff, when asked why the other woman should have done this thing, enters into complicated details about crofter life and tenure of land. The latter retorts by calling her a murderer, and, in answer to the question what she means by that, looks very black, and blurts out that the plaintiff's bull had attacked her cow, causing its death. Somewhat suddenly the Sub-Sheriff ejaculates, “Not proven,” and adds that the two women will, no doubt, settle the matter outside. The Court dissolves into laughter, business is over for the day, and the disputants retire with determination written upon their countenances.

J. P.

## A NOVELTY IN NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

One is sometimes tempted to think that the journalist of the future will be a man of titles. By this it is not meant that he will figure in the peerage, although the last batch of creations showed that he may do that, too, successfully; but he must have first and foremost a genius for serving up his matter under a good heading. It may be questioned whether it would be a necessity that the matter be good, so long as its label is catchy. The enterprising *New York Recorder* has gone in for something new in headings. It was a three-column collection of paragraphs “from the news of all over,” and it titles each with some familiar quotation, citing the source thereof. For instance, it tells the story of a burglar who broke into a store and shot the owner, who had been awakened by the noise of the intruder's entrance. “Queen Mab”—save the mark!—supplies the heading, “Death and his Brother Sleep.” Again, an account of a balloon ascent is labelled with the phrase from “*Peter Bell*,” “There's something in a huge balloon.” In one issue alone the Bible is quoted six times, Horace once, Shakspeare seven times, while Dryden, Burke, Gray, Scott, Shelley, Coleridge, and Bret Harte supply one heading each. The innovation is introduced by this ingenious set-off—“‘The world is a comedy to those that think,’ said the gifted Horace Walpole in a letter to Sir Horace Mann. Fortunately, there are two sides always to the shield; one side reflects the ‘Comedy of Errors,’ however dismal the tragic shadows cast by the other.” This method of labelling news might be claimed to be one way of familiarising the newspaper-reading public with good literature.



MISS EDITH TULLOCH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAVENDER, BROMLEY, KENT.



## A QUINTETTE OF TALENT.

## THE MISSES TULLOCH AT HOME.

It is not only with respect to their number that the Misses Tulloch may be said to stand betwixt the Graces and the Muses, for they may be regarded also, as respects their personal attractions and their intellectual

the jewels of rhetoric get polished, the fingers are trained to touch the strings of music, and the voice is modulated to sweet sounds. For this reason I hied me down to Brith to invade the Tulloch family at home, and at once I felt that I had stepped into an atmosphere of refinement, artistic taste, literary associations, and family affection.

It was a pretty prospect from the lawn, where the tame sea-gulls disputed possession with me, as I gazed on the far-off reach of the Thames, carrying the heavily laden sailing barges and the mighty monarchs of the P. and O. service. But there was apparently more life and animation around me, for two of the young ladies were hard at work at tennis, another was giving an obese pug an airing in a wheelbarrow, a fourth was skipping, while the recumbent form of a reader, scarce concealed by the leaves of a weeping beech, was swinging in a hammock.

Presently a summons to the tea-table brought us all indoors into the old-fashioned drawing-room, where quaint chintzes, lovely miniatures, antique china, and redolent pot-pourris reminded one of a time earlier in the century, when to be "up to date" was not estimated as the *summum bonum* of existence.

I came not quite as a stranger on this particular visit. I had for some time known the family, and with what care they had been educated under the best instructors, while the avenues only to the purest in literature and music had been opened up to them, I was well aware.

"Now, my dear girls," for I felt quite paternal seeing that the eldest young lady, Miss Edith, the singer *par excellence* of the family, is not yet of age, "I want each of you to tell me all about herself, but I know quite well that you won't like to do that, so I shall ask Miss Dora to talk about Miss Edith's musical career so far, and I shall depend on Miss Edith to inform me about Miss Dora's reciting successes and so on, for the benefit of the readers of *The Sketch*."

"I think that's an excellent idea," remarked Mrs. Tulloch, who was presiding at the little Japanese tea-table.

"Well, Edith has been a singer since she was fourteen," said Dora, "singing, however, as an amateur at local charities till she made her public debut at Princes' Hall two years ago, repeating her appearance there last year, when we had our Tennyson recital."



MISSES EDITH AND DORA TULLOCH.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.

endowments, from that intermediate position—a remark which their portraits and this interview will bear out, I trust.

The show-case at an exhibition is, doubtless, not wanting in attraction, but the manufactory of the articles shown is infinitely more interesting to study, just as the brilliant performance on the recital platform must yield, as regards real interest, to the exercises of the home circle, where



MISSES BERYL, EDITH, OLIVE, DORA, AND ADA TULLOCH.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.



MISS OLIVE TULLOCH AS PRINCE ARTHUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAVENDER, BROMLEY, KENT.

"Yes, I was there. I remember your spirited recital of 'The Revenge' and some of the 'Idylls of the King' with marvellous declamatory power and feeling, and I recall Miss Edith's sweetly sympathetic rendering of some of Tennyson's songs, set by Cellier and Mackenzie, and how everyone said what a lovely voice hers was, and what a credit she was to her master, Mr. William Shakespeare."

"But you did not come to 'The Children's Hour' at Steinway Hall, on which Dora particularly prided herself," remarked Miss Edith to me; for it was the first public appearance of her sisters and pupils, Olive and Beryl, when their dialogues and triologues, specially arranged by Dora



MISS DORA TULLOCH.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.

from "The Walrus and the Carpenter," "The Cow and the Ass," and "One in the Middle," were given, and were an immense success, while Olive's recitation of "Prince Arthur" was tremendously applauded.

"And have you not just returned from touring the provinces?"

"Yes," replied Dora, "and we have enjoyed it immensely. We visited Birmingham, Manchester, several towns in Lincolnshire, and the principal cities in Scotland. It was so nice, you see, because we make our own company, and so no disagreeables of any sort can arise. Besides, we get invited to quite the nicest houses, and we make such delightful friends. Beryl was our accompanist, and Ada, who is a pupil of the celebrated Madame Sydney Pratten, played solos on the guitar and mandoline."

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Tulloch, "the children took immensely, and I think the care with which the programme was drawn out, in which we adhered to the best authors, the great interest entertained by the provinces in Tennyson, and the general love for good music may chiefly account for their enthusiastic reception."

"Of course, the recitations were not all serious," added Miss Edith. "Dora finds a difficulty in finding selections which are humorous without being vulgar. Besides, she always tries to avoid the usual stock pieces. Then, all public recitations, you must remember, should have marked features. The delicate and dainty things Austin Dobson writes, such as 'Good Night, Babette,' and 'The Cap that Fits,' and Elsa D'Esterre Keeling's 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland' are really only suitable for recitation in the home circle."

"And what sort of lines do you find the most difficult to learn, Dora?"

"Well, I think blank verse the easiest—at any rate, it is easier than prose. The most difficult for me are decidedly humorous recitations, such as 'The Lady and the Tiger.' However, I don't find much trouble in learning anything."

"And don't you ever break down?" I asked, with some curiosity.

"No; sometimes, perhaps, a movement among the audience will make me unconsciously leave out a whole line. I don't often forget, and if I did I should make up something to run on with"—and she smiled as mischievously as though she had occasionally done this.

"And who taught Dora?" I inquired.

"She owes very much as to her earlier excellent teaching to Mr. S. L. Hasluck. Now she teaches herself principally; indeed, she does more than that, for she has a class of little pupils. Mother took her to Clifford Harrison, but he said he had nothing to teach her, as practice and observation were now her best instructors. Dora is always giving new finishing touches to her work. Lately she has been introducing the use of spectacles in reciting 'The Bishop and the Caterpillar,' and it has gone splendidly," said Miss Edith.

"I hope you will sing to me those favourites of mine, 'On the Banks of Allan Water' and the 'Jewel Song' from 'Faust,' which so admirably suit your voice, before I go. And you must tell me what you have been doing lately, Miss Edith."

"Edith has been singing Henschel's 'Spring' a good deal of late. She's been taking lessons from him for a while, and she has had no end of encores with it; and the 'Shadow Song' from 'Dinorah' has been very much applauded," spoke up Dora.

"And I have also been giving a good deal of attention to Grieg's music. Besides, I am very fond of operatic music, and love, best of all, singing to an orchestra," Miss Edith added, as she moved towards the piano.

Presently the room was filled with her pure soprano voice, and Beryl showed what really can be done with guitar and mandoline. This had scarcely concluded before dear little Olive climbed up into a chair, and was evidently eager to bring her 12 years' intelligence to bear on the subject of Prince Arthur.

T. H. L.

### "C'EST UNE VILLE POUR TOI."

(As Madame Zola remarked to Monsieur.—*Vide* the Newspapers.)

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,  
Who came from 'cross the sea,  
Tho' we seldom take to sipping  
Absinthe or eau-de-vie,  
But prefer our noses dipping  
In Scotch or S.-and-B.*

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,  
Where the slums are rich and rare,  
And from basement up to attic  
Are filled with fetid air.*

*Whip out that pen dramatic,  
For there's local colour there.*

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,  
Where the sun must rise at morn  
From Bow to Chelsea Gardens  
On canaille and beggar born,  
"For them as ain't the fardens,  
And ne'er a rag to pawn."*

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,  
Where the wives to Bow Street go,  
To charge their lords and masters—  
Oh! I've seen 'em in a row,  
With their blackened eyes all plasters.  
Oh! they make a goodly show.*

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,  
With the pubs aglow with light;  
Oh! "L'Assommoir" isn't in it  
On a "smoking concert" night,  
When with drink the boys begin it,  
And wind up with a fight.*

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,  
Where Miss Nana (belle Anglaise!)  
Rides like her Paris sister  
In tandem-harnessed chaise  
(Her mother never missed her),  
With diamonds all ablaze.*

*C'est une ville pour toi, mon ami,  
Is this town by Tamise tide,  
It's gold in mud embedded,  
For the Fates the poor deride,  
And Poverty is wedded  
With Vice, a willing bride.*

A. T. P.

### GRAVE AND GAY.

My lad, if you would please the town,  
Remember life's a chequered quilt  
Of grave and gay, of smile and frown—  
And that's the way the world is built.

The world is built of grave and gay;  
Remember, lad, this golden rule—  
A laugh to chase its gloom away,  
A spur to prick the empty fool.

A mingled yarn of shine and shade,  
A quilt of patches loosely knit—  
Remember, thus the world is made,  
And sing for them that fashion it.

L. S.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



AU PIANO.—H. CAIN.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

## ART NOTES.

Mr. Albert Moore, R.W.S., whose death occurred on Sept. 25, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two years, was the youngest of the three sons of the late Mr. William Moore of York, an artist of considerable



SWEETHEARTS.—WILLIAM STRUTT.  
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

local repute, and a teacher of drawing many of whose pupils have attained celebrity. Mr. Albert Moore, who had been educated under his father's eye, had for more than thirty years been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, of which body, however, he was not even an Associate. If his brother-artists in this country were somewhat tardy in their recognition of his grace and skill, on the other hand, Albert Moore was highly esteemed on the Continent and by art connoisseurs of both hemispheres. His special charm lay in his delicacy and refinement, both of line and colour; and although it was said—and with a certain degree of truth—that his work was purely decorative, it was of that style of decoration which could only be inspired by a poetical temperament. He was not a rapid worker, although there was nothing in his art which

betrayed the least idea of labour or tedious elaboration. His style of painting was singularly free and instinct with a sense of feminine beauty, far more idealised than displayed in the work of any contemporary painter, not excluding the President of the Royal Academy himself.

Both of Mr. Albert Moore's brothers were painters, who succeeded in very different lines of art. Mr. Henry Moore, R.A.-elect—the only one who has secured formal recognition from the Royal Academy—is too well known by his sketches of blue sea and expanses of purple clouds to refer to otherwise than by name. The eldest of the three brothers, Mr. John Moore, who died some fifteen years ago, just as his talents were beginning to be known, like his youngest brother, Albert, in early life painted chiefly in water colours. He excelled in portrait-painting, especially of children, but, instead of giving a mere facial resemblance, his aim was to seize the child-side of his sitter's ways or habits. The fortunate possessors of pictures by the late John Moore are now realising the artistic merit and the delicate introspection which distinguish his work when compared with the prosaic photographs which are too often the portrait-painter in ordinary. Old William Moore of York must have had in his composition the germs of very remarkable talent, which he was able to divert into three channels running in different directions, but all three, thanks to his judicious training, converging towards the same object of perfect excellence.

It may be said, with that perfect sincerity which is often lacking to such occasions, that the death of Mr. Albert Moore is a genuine loss to the prestige of English art. Yet, in spite of his great and singular talents, to us who watched his career with desire to see its natural fulfilment there was something disappointing. He never attained to the height of that ambition which his great merits certainly should have won for him.

We have not the smallest desire to join in any expression of discourtesy or scorn in regard to that Academy which always kept this distinguished painter somewhat without its consecrated pale. The chances of an Academy election are very various indeed, and it often happens that a painter will approach the boundary of the desired land, and then, by some freak of fashion and popularity, be swept back as with a receding tide. And it is particularly noticeable that the nearer an artist approaches to the point of election, if, mayhap, that election for the moment goes against him, his chances become far more remote than before. One recalls the case, years ago, for example, of Lady Butler, who was within a single vote of election; but the vote was adverse, the time passed away, and that distinguished artist's name has since scarcely ever been mentioned in connection with the choice of the Academy.



ON THE SCHELDT.—W. RUPERT STEVENS.  
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



THE SUGAR-CANE SELLER.—A. N. ROUSSOFF.  
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 148, New Bond Street, W.

It may similarly be allowed that many Academicians and Associates of the present time would, entirely owing to the changes in popularity and fashion, stand little chance of election, where some years ago that election was a foregone conclusion. Thus the honour of Associateship is so much an affair of temporary chance that its refusal in any conspicuous instance may scarcely be regarded with vehemence or with indignation. We regret, indeed, that such a nice opportunity did not present itself to the career of the distinguished artist who is just dead, but we think we have made it sufficiently clear that, for no reasons connected with anger against the Academy, we do not consider the rejection as a slur upon Mr. Albert Moore's work or reputation.

That work well deserves all and more than the reputation which he enjoyed. And yet it is in quite his earliest work that we like him best. In his later canvases he sometimes erred in colour. Nevertheless,

Mr. Burne-Jones is not quite so successful in his cartoon, "Christ Blessing Little Children." The design is certainly full of gracefulness and that careful fluency which distinguishes all Mr. Burne-Jones's work: nevertheless, there is an emptiness about the general effect which, perhaps, may be somewhat discounted when the work has been completely carried out. The collection of other works in the gallery is certainly too numerous for detailed specification here; one may mention in passing that Mr. Richmond wins a somewhat unexpected success in his sketches for the colour decoration of St. Paul's, which are quite interesting and artistic. The art expended upon the decoration of books is one, moreover, which is well represented at the New Gallery, some of the bindings showing a combination of simplicity and artfulness which is extremely effective. Zehnendorf, however, in the binding of "Herriek," designed by Lewis Day and "tooled" by Maullen, is prominently superior, as that celebrated house well deserves to be.



M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY CHEZ SA FILLE, MADAME A. BRISSON.—M. BASCHET.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

as a decorative painter—for that was, frankly, the province which he chose—he had admirable taste and admirable accomplishment. It was emphatically sincere and serious work—less self-conscious than that of the President's in the same way of art, and, at the same time, far less stiff. If it lacked anything, it was dignity, and, by way of compensation, it gained in softness. In a word, it had a quiet distinction, a tender fulness, and an achieved decorative quality which rank it among the really distinguished work of the time.

The opening of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery will be chiefly memorable for the splendid realisation by Mr. William Morris of Mr. Burne-Jones's uncoloured design of Sir Galahad's Adoration of the Holy Grail. No previous accomplishment of Mr. Morris has appeared so singular, not only for the beauty which the final state of the tapestry shows, but also for the inimitable patience and labour which have achieved that final result. The colours, for which Mr. Morris is entirely responsible, blend into each other, from the strong reds of the angels' wings into the most delicate shades of those portions of the subject, such as the cell of the Grail, which recede furthest from the light, in beautiful and indestructible harmonies. The design of the tapestry is also well worthy of the distinguished artist who conceived it.

For the rest, we may note that among the multitudinous objects collected here there is scarcely any which is unworthy of exhibition. One would certainly say that a very wise severity and judiciousness have directed the choice of the committee in their selections from the work submitted to their examination. Although, perhaps, with a few exceptions, such as we have pointed out, there may not be very much to approve with enthusiastic praise, it is certainly to be said that there is scarcely anything which falls below a meritorious average, and that, in a motley exhibition, is of itself high praise.

The *Athenæum* announces, on what is described as "the best authority," the exceedingly regrettable fact that, owing to an amazing mischance, one of Mr. Burne-Jones's most brilliant pictures, "Love among the Ruins"—a work which, painted in 1873, was recently on exhibition at the New Gallery—has been irretrievably and hopelessly damaged. Lent to a firm of London art publishers, so runs the story, the picture was, a few weeks ago, entrusted to the tender mercies of an operator, who did not seem to be aware that, like most of this artist's pictures, it was painted in water-colours. Under an impression, therefore, that it was painted in oils, he covered it with a preparation of white of egg, a form of experiment which proved quite fatal. The faces of the figures—two lovers seated among flowers and briars—have been destroyed.





"ARRÊTEZ!"—L. BARRAU.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



AVANT L'ORAGE.—J. DUPRÉ.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



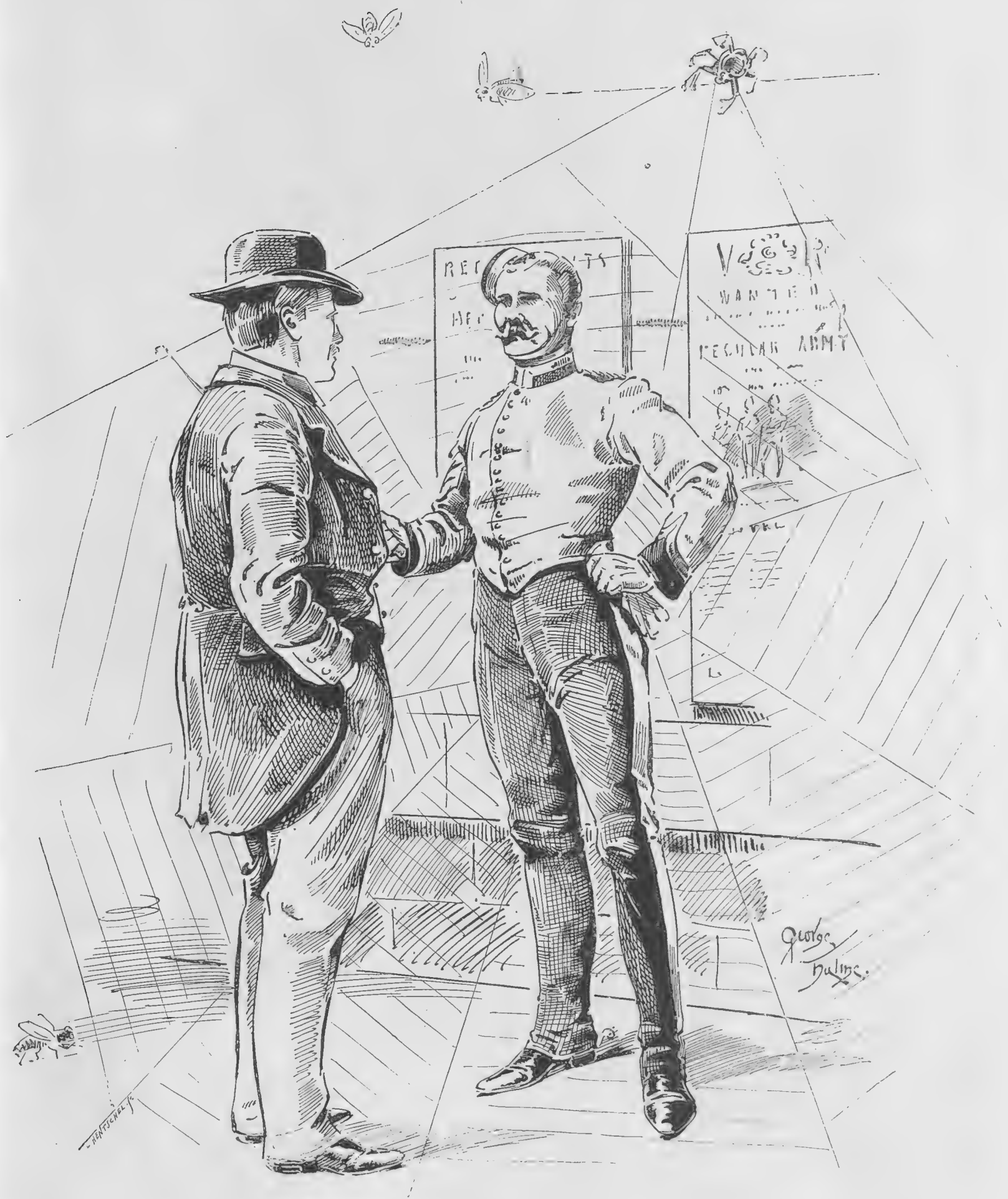
AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

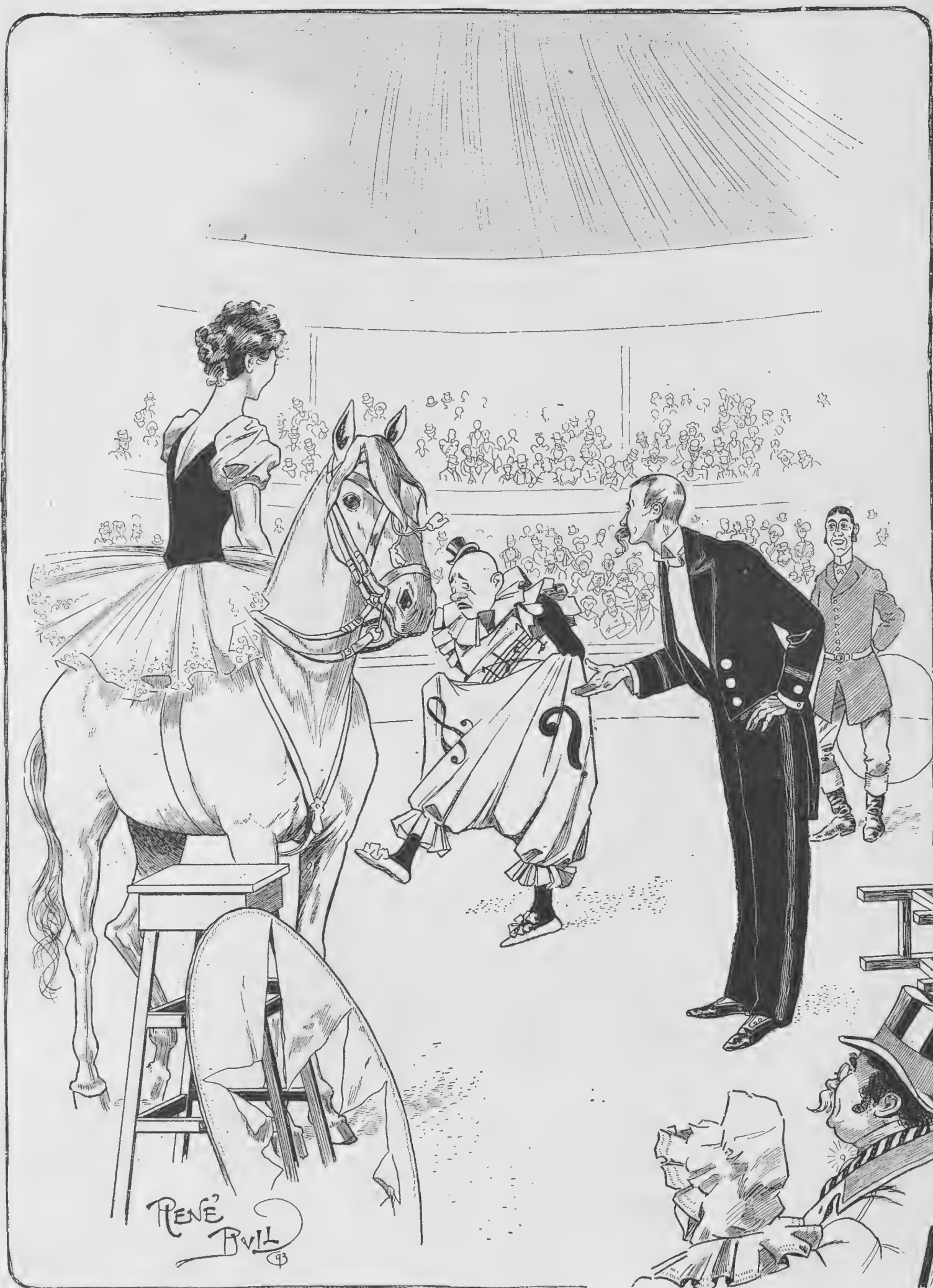


STOP THIEF!





AN OLD RHYME UP TO DATE: "WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOUR," ETC.



RINGMASTER (to Clown): "Can you tell me, Sam, why your jokes are like unsharpened pencils? Give it up? Because there are no points to them."

SAM: "Garn!"



MY SWEETHEARTS





when his progeny were introduced severally to him, he declared that he had had enough of family cares, for each and every one of them bore a strange likeness to his 'hete hoins' the frogs."

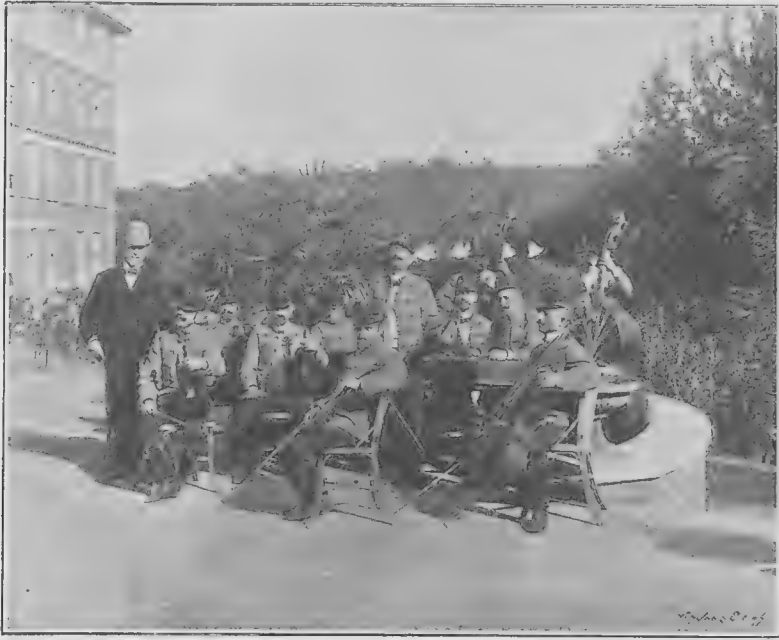
## ABOUT BOURNEMOUTH.

"There was a time, a time for ever gone," as one of Mr. Gilbert's quaint ditties has it, when Bournemouth was generally looked upon as a kind of big hospital for weak-chested and suffering folk, and consequently robust mankind did not make its way thither to any great extent.

But Bournemouth soon manifested that it possessed just as good claims on the attention of the holiday-maker as Brighton, Dover,

Bournemouth it quite ceased to be a hospital. Nigger minstrelsy has a peculiar way of labelling a place "seaside resort," and so, when the strains of "Daisy"—stay, it must have been "They're all very fine and large" at that time—began to make melodious the air of this south coast town its inhabitants knew that they had been discovered at last; while its hotel and lodging-house proprietors shed tears of gratitude, and devoutly blessed those Ethiopians with their bones and banjos.

Just about this time of the year the advantages of such places as Bournemouth and Torquay are in special request. In spite of its

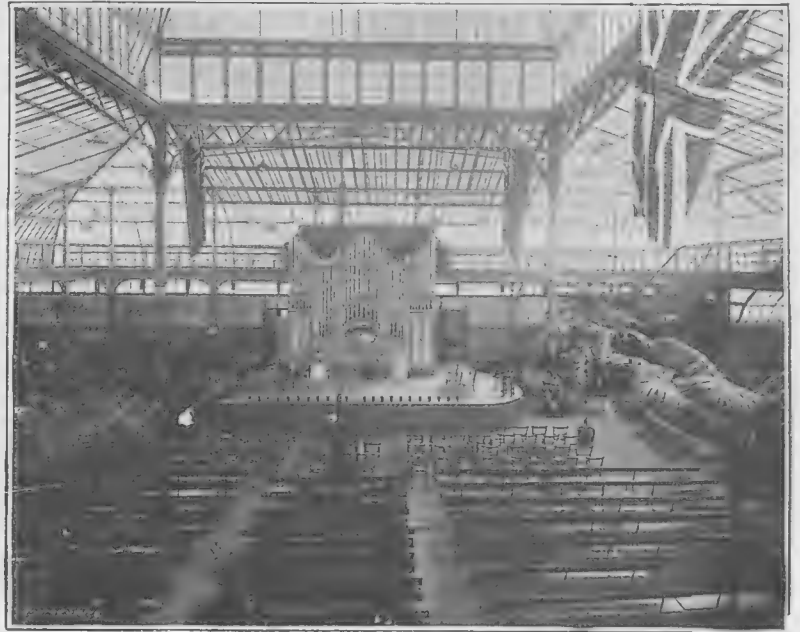


*Photo by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.*

THE BAND ON THE SEA TERRACE, HÔTEL BURLINGTON.

Eastbourne, or any others of that ilk. Its inhabitants began to bestir themselves and pile up attractions of all sorts and conditions. Hotels, theatres, piers, pleasure gardens, band-stands, and steamboat trips did not long appeal in vain to the susceptible Londoner, and, lungs or no lungs, off he went by the London and South-Western Railway to take his fill of breezy Bournemouth delights.

When the gentleman of darksome hue, clad in a rainbow-like "blazer," and armed with the melodious banjo, made his descent on



*Photo by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.*

THE PAVILION.

popularity as a holiday resort, invalids continue to flock to Bournemouth in considerable numbers, as the little strings of bath-chairs you may meet with on the Esplanade and elsewhere will readily testify. Scores of ailing folk go to Bournemouth with white cheeks and return home with brown ones. The medicinal qualities of its climate are known to every member of the healing profession, and lucky is the hotel proprietor who manages to get into the good books of a London doctor that can send him "good" patients. Owing to its sheltered position, Bournemouth is



THE HÔTEL BURLINGTON, BOSCOMBE.

*Photo by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.*

admirably adapted for buffeting with the icy blasts which come from the north and harry the weakly constituted, and many a life has been lengthened through a timely visit to this charming watering-place.

As a matter of fact, Bournemouth abounds in pleasure gardens and carefully laid-out "walks" and "retreats." This orderly arrangement of Nature's handiwork may, perhaps, be carried a little too far, for, as the author of that dainty brochure, "Sunny Boscombe," rightly remarks, "Why a couple of miles or so of cliff, skirting the sea, east to west, may not, in the opinion of a reasonable man, be held to provide a more

to look dull. And although the steamboat traffic is pretty brisk, the railway trains are kept busy too. There are two railway stations, and the train service as a whole is, I believe, highly accommodating.

Bathing at Bournemouth is particularly good, as the sands are remarkably smooth, and the beach, like most beaches, is a thing of beauty and joy for ever. There in the summer time sit countless Mammas, aunts, and governesses, keeping watchful eyes on numberless sons and daughters, nephews, nieces, and pupils, and there, under parasols of every shade, recline damsels of all types of beauty, some attended by



Photo by A. Parker, London.

THE INVALIDS' WALK.

attractive, natural sea-walk than the grandest ornamental structure ever raised on piles, is one of those questions which we respectfully leave to the consideration of the local mind."

"Sunny Boscombe," by-the-way, which is Bournemouth's eastern-most suburb, is fast coming to the front. It abounds in good boarding-houses and hotels, chief of which is the recently erected Hôtel Burlington—the latest example of what Mr. Thomas Collett, architect of the Imperial Institute, can do. This great place contains 200 rooms, built on three floors. The architect has skilfully utilised the principal angle-towers as staircases, and thus the upper floors are not reached, as is usually the case, through the hall, but by the east and west principal towers. Mr. Collett has successfully imitated the Riviera fashion of hotel-building. The famous house of Maple and Co., London, is responsible for the luxurious furniture and fittings of the hotel.

The well-known Boscombe Chine, a steep, evergreen valley, separating the upper part of the town from the East Cliff, is laid out as a pleasure-ground, well sheltered from the winds seaward and landward. No longer



Photo by A. Parker, London.

BOSCOMBE CHINE.

swains and some in solitary grandeur. Bournemouth likewise possesses a well-stocked library and reading-rooms, wherein many literary folk disport themselves when the weather is inclement. Summer and Winter Gardens also add to the attractions of the place.

The pier, 800 ft. in length, makes a breezy promenade, and at its head, at different times of the day, one may find steamboats snorting and straining, like fresh horses anxious to let off their superfluous energy.

And do not, ye visitors, omit to patronise with your presence that commodious erection, the Pavilion, which, together with the other three "P's"—the pier, the promenades, and pleasure gardens—has been put up solely for your joy and delight.

Lastly, I would mention that not a few famous folk have breathed their last at Bournemouth, and an interesting afternoon might be spent in visiting their resting-places. Earl Cairns lived and died there; John Keble died at Brookside, an Italian villa near the Baths; and the poet Shelley's widow, who died in 1853, is buried in St. Peter's Churchyard.

But Bournemouth is, perhaps, at its best by moonlight. With the



Photo by A. Parker, London.

ON THE BEACH.

do doughty smugglers land contraband goods at the foot of the Sea Road which joins the Chine. Respectability's trade-mark is stamped on Bournemouth and Boscombe's marine trade nowadays, although, with all due respect to Her Majesty's Customs, smuggling must have been a delightfully romantic and hazardous occupation in the good old days, when smugglers, as well as knights, were bold.

I believe that Bournemouth contains something under—or possibly over—19,000 souls. This number, of course, does not include visitors. As the season there begins in September and ends in May, we may presume that this sheltered nook is filling up fast, and that things there are beginning to look lively just as things in other places are beginning



Photo by A. Parker, London.

THE PIER.

rays of the Queen of the Night softly glimmering across the still water, and the subdued melody of the band coming faintly to one's ears, the charm of the place and its surroundings can be truly appreciated. The slender forms of the women, with the more substantial ones of their cavaliers, can be discerned on cliffs, pier, and walks, and the whole makes a pretty picture, which is remembered by the business-worn City man long after he has returned to London and the warfare of the commercial world. So take practical advice, and when particularly jaded and overwrought go to Waterloo, book to Bournemouth, and in two and a-half hours' time you will be pacing the sands of this most popular resort.

R. S. W.-B.



## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Cesarewitch has produced the usual amount of speculation, and the race should be well worth seeing. It is a fact in many long-distance races some of the tiny jockeys engaged are tired out before their horses, and this will often account for upsets of form in the Cesarewitch. Lord Cadogan, has, therefore, acted wisely in engaging Seth Chandley for Prisoner, as the north-country light-weight is a marvel. Bradford has been very successful over this course, but some of the youngsters who could go to scale at six stone may do better at some future date. I think Waugh will lead back the winner in Prisoner, and I should not be at all surprised were Mr. Tom Wilson to land his big "double event" bet about Prisoner for the Cesarewitch and Racburn for the Cambridgeshire.

Few of those spectators present at Epsom on Derby day last year could have failed to notice the right royal reception accorded Sir Hugo, although the race had been a disastrous one for the public. Regret must have been felt at the defeat of the peerless La Flèche, but no one begrudged Lord Bradford his great triumph. His Lordship has for years been regarded as one of the pillars of the Turf, but until Sir Hugo accomplished the trick the familiar white, scarlet sleeves, and black cap had never caught the judge's eyes first in the famous classic race on Epsom Downs. Despite his seventy-four years, Lord Bradford is still an enthusiastic race-goer. At the present moment he is interesting himself in the establishment of a new track in the vicinity of Birmingham. Owing to Sir Hugo failing to stand a preparation, his Lordship's winnings this season will not equal last year's total—£8052. In the days of Chippendale, his Lordship was no mild speculator, but now, I believe, he is content to support his horses for a place. In Cuttlestone he owns one of the most notorious horses in training, but he has not yet despaired of winning a good prize with the son of Retreat.

Why do not the Jockey Club institute a Handicap for Rogues? I refer to horses like Punster, Cuttlestone, Fatherless, Milford, and many others, who at times cannot be induced to do their best. Such a race, framed on handicap lines, would prove of the highest interest, as we should see how the uncertain ones behaved when contending against one another. I am afraid there would be very little betting over the event, as the names of all the horses likely to run would have been barred by backers from long ago.

A well-known Clerk of the Course once told me that it was necessary to take £300 per day at a jumping meeting before a fixture could be made to pay. Of course, this amount is easily forthcoming at meetings like Sandown, Kempton, and Manchester, but I doubt if the receipts amount to anything like this sum at, say, Lingfield, Portsmouth Park, or Leicester, and it is just on the cards that the winter game has been carried on at a loss at the three places last named. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that it is necessary, in the interests of the club members, to provide sport during the winter months, even though this be done at a loss. Gentlemen called upon to pay an annual subscription of five or ten guineas expect something in addition to a few days' flat-racing for their money.

Apparently, the Middle Park Plate is plain sailing for Ladas, and I see no reason why Lord Rosebery's colt should not become a warm winter favourite for the Derby. I know the Kingsclere people have a great belief in the ability of Bullingdon to do well over the Epsom course. I looked the colt over when he was last out, and I thought him a perfect picture, rather long in the back, perhaps, and not compact enough to suit the old-fashioned critic, still, built to stay. However, I fancy Bullingdon has a will of his own, and it will be necessary to deal tenderly with him in the early spring of next year, or he may turn rogue if galloped too much. His breeding is good enough, as both his sire and dam, Melton and Shotover, were successful over the course. Galloping Dick is, I am afraid, a rogue, but Government is an honest colt, that might worthily represent Baron Hirsch at Epsom. Schoolbook is hardly good enough to do duty for the Duke of Portland, but his Grace owns a dark colt in Cessnock, who is reported to be smart. The Prince of Wales's colours are to be carried in the Derby by Florizel II., a St. Simon colt that may improve with age. However, I can see nothing at present likely to beat Ladas.

Mr. Charles Thompson, the well-known gentleman rider, has had a successful time on the Continent with his horses, and he is about to return to England for the winter campaign. Mr. Thompson is a resolute rider, and it is no exaggeration to say that he has broken nearly every bone in his body in the pursuit of his favourite pastime, and many will be surprised to hear that Mr. Thompson would at any time rather ride a raw horse over the Grand National course than a trained hunter in a two-mile flat race. I fancy the worst tempered horse Mr. Thompson ever rode was Wild Meadow. When the brute was owned by Captain Bewicke and trained by the late John Jones, none of the stable riders would ride him; but by the aid of a strong ash stick Captain Bewicke once got him round the Sandown course, and thereby won a bet of £50. The Captain soon after this got rid of the animal to Mr. Thompson, who could do nothing with him in England, and, I believe, the horse was afterwards taken to Germany, where he met with a fatal accident. Mr. Thompson is a good all-round athlete, and is particularly fond of boxing.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

One of the prettiest books for children to be published during the season is "The Little Mermaid, and other Stories," of Hans Christian Andersen. The translator is Mr. R. Nisbit Bain, who is rapidly making way as a competent authority in regions of literature where there are very few experts in this country. The illustrator is Mr. J. R. Weguelin, and, judging of the specimens I have seen, his work promises to be satisfactory. The name of the publishers, Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, is a guarantee of all that is tasteful and sufficient in the way of get-up.

Mr. Marion Crawford—beautifully described by an American as indefatigable as Anthony Trollope, and inexhaustible as Cornucopia—is going to spend the winter in America, partly in giving readings and lectures, partly in writing.

I hear that Mr. Henry James is also likely to pay a visit to America soon, when he will spend some time with his brother, Professor James, of Harvard College.

That admirable young poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose history is picturesquely treated by Miss Katharine Tynan in the new *Bookman*, is beginning to obtain a recommendation in America, where his last volume is to be issued by the poet's publishers, Messrs. Roberts, of Boston.

Sir George Douglas's "Modern Scottish Verse" (W. Scott) is, rightly read, a delightful collection. And it will probably be rightly read if the editor's introduction be digested. It is not an anthology of supremely perfect poetry, nor is it representative of Scottish temperament, style, or anything else in particular. The writers are not all great men, and there is little link between them save their Scottish birth or parentage. They are the verse writers of a much Anglicised period, of a transition period some would fondly hope, and therefore for Scotsmen keenly interesting. The Scottish Renaissance, if it has begun, is as yet showing itself more powerfully in prose than in verse.

Some of the names of the verse writers are, however, very eminent. They include Bell Scott, James Thomson of "The City of Dreadful Night," Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. Lang, and Mr. Stevenson, besides names of narrower reputation. The editor has given a good many selections, so that the powers and temperament of each can be fairly gauged.

If the artistic value of the whole be not uncommonly high, yet there is hardly one extract in this very unconventional selection which has not a real interest, personal or literary, and if the book do little more than reveal to Southerners the songs of Alexander Anderson it will have done enough. There is an excellent portrait of Mr. Stevenson as frontispiece.

The first volume of the New Irish Library has appeared, and, very appropriately, it is Thomas Davis's "Patriot Parliament" (Unwin), to which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has written an introduction. Very appropriately, because the society under whose auspices the library is published, in its Irish branch, at all events, aims at the same kind of work which was inaugurated fifty years ago by the Young Ireland movement, of which Thomas Davis and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy were the leading spirits. The two movements, both Nationalist, though not in a narrow political sense, both seek to soften or ignore religious differences, and both heartily believe in the power of a popular literature.

Davis's "Patriot Parliament of 1689" is not offered in a partisan spirit. Long ago Mr. Lecky regretted that the papers of which it is made up had never been reprinted from the *Dublin Magazine* of 1843. It is a serious contribution to the Irish history of a period which has been treated, according to Davis, with more brilliancy than accuracy by Macaulay and Froude. It is but a short chapter, sober and unsensational, but, supplemented by Sir Charles's popular introduction, it is very readable and complete from this point of view. Doubtless, the library will contain before long some more fragments of Davis's prose and verse. The flavour of his writing has not all gone off since '45.

The third edition of Mr. Frederick Litchfield's illustrated "History of Furniture" is about to be published by Messrs. Truslove and Hanson. This book has become quite the classic authority on an interesting subject.

Mr. Phil Robinson has always surprises in store for his readers. His innocent titles wrap up unguessed satires, and he has a quite particular enjoyment in laughing at people. The other day it was the poets who posed before nature, and did not know the difference between a frog and a toad; now it is at everybody in general.

"Some Country Sights and Sounds" (Unwin) is just the title to attract a good aunt bent on the edification of her nephew; and the nephew, to whom the title will conjure up idyllic descriptions of seed-time and harvest, and beautiful sentiments too good for every-day wear, will be delighted when he finds that the book dilates, and in a somewhat frivolous fashion, too, on such country sights as wolves, oysters, and the man in the moon. For all his frivolity, Mr. Phil Robinson is possessed of much nature lore, and it is all the more palatable that it is well mixed with humour and other human qualities.



A MUSICAL FÊTE.

from the city took the form of a handsome silver-gilt cup, a reproduction of a loving cup presented to the Corporation two centuries ago. The Mayor of Sheffield, on behalf of the city, presented them with a collection of steel and silver cutlery. The tour ended with the Metropolis itself, where their Royal Highnesses made their last great public appearance on the memorable 6th of July, when all London cheered them on their wedding day. The visit was to receive the gifts which the citizens of London were to present to that collection which must make the House of York pretty well crowded by this time. A small deputation waited on them at York House, St. James's Palace, to make the presentation, which consisted of some lovely pieces of tapestry, two specimens of which are reproduced here from photographs by Messrs. Bedford, Lemere, and Co., 147, Strand. The gift took the form it did at the desire of the Duke and Duchess, who wished it for their town residence. The Corporation instructed Messrs. Duveen, of Old Bond Street, to look out something suitable, and the firm, fortunately, had in stock four panels and two smaller ones representing the village merry-making, harvest making, a musical fête, and a dancing fête. They were manufactured after the design of David Teniers by Edward Leyniers of Lille about the year 1680. The colouring is very beautiful, and the panels are surrounded by a charming border. Altogether, the offering of the citizens of London will form one of the most notable additions to the many gorgeous gifts that the royal pair have yet received.

## THE HOUSE OF YORK.

The Duke and Duchess of York have had their quiet stay on Deeside followed by a series of great functions, beginning in Edinburgh, where they arrived on Monday evening from Balmoral. The Scotch capital went wild with joy over the appearance of the Duke and Duchess, who took up their abode, not at the ancient Palace of Holyrood, but in the Royal Hotel, which is conducted by the father of the well-known cricketer, Macgregor, who is more familiar on this side of the Border than he is at home. The town was most magnificently decorated and illuminated, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. On the following day their Royal Highnesses were presented with a series of gifts, ranging from a Bible and a hymn-book—the gift of the Scottish Bible Society—to a silver tea-service from the royal tradesmen, and a solid gold rosewater dish, the gift of the Corporation. Wednesday found the royal pair at Stockton-on-Tees, where the Duke opened a public park presented to the town at a cost of £10,000 by a shipowner, Mr. Ropner. The city from which they take their title received them royally on Thursday. A public holiday had been proclaimed, and the people turned out in their thousands to welcome the Duke and Duchess. The Duke received the freedom of the city, which had been conferred on two former Dukes of York before him. The wedding-gift



THE VILLAGE MERRYMAKING.



## "A GAIETY GIRL" AT REHEARSAL.

In these days, when a general diffusion of intimacy is part of the policy of the periodical press, the delicious mystery that was wont to lurk in the very phrase "Behind the scenes" has lost much of its glamour; yet a glimpse of "A Gaiety Girl" at rehearsal is not an every-day experience. Come with me, then, to the Prince of Wales's Theatre this morning at eleven o'clock, share with me the privilege of passing the sacred precincts of the stage-door, and you shall see something of the labour of preparation that goes to the making of a modern musical farcical comedy. They are just going to begin a rehearsal; let us go quietly down the stage, round by the proscenium wing, and on to this temporary platform placed over the orchestra, where a young lady sits at a piano, ready to accompany the songs and choruses. Sit down here by the table.

That group there, in the front of the platform? The tall, fair, burly man is George Edwardes, the manager of this theatre, the Gaiety, and the Empire. The dapper little man who is bustling about so enthusiastically is Owen Hall—at least, that is his *nom de guerre*; he is writing the play, for a piece of this kind is always being written till it is actually produced. Willie Edouin, you know him, of course. What is he doing here? Producing the piece, and very clever he is at this kind of work. The others are Sydney Jones, who is writing the music—new numbers and alterations being constantly required—and Malone, the stage-manager, who has enough to do to keep everyone on the spot. But I don't see Harry Greenbank, who has written the lyrics.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, the opening chorus, please," says Mr. Edouin, with the end of a cigar between his teeth, and the stage is immediately filled by a number of girls and young men, who on Saturday night will be recognised as nursemaids and Lifeguardsmen in undress uniform. They all know their "business," and the chorus is sung without a stoppage. Then a troop of stalwart young men march in; these are supposed to be in full uniform, and the fickle nursemaids at once transfer their affections.

"Are all the principals here?" cries Mr. Edouin.

"Principals!" echoes Mr. Malone.

"Not all," is the answer of the call-boy, and absentees are individualised.

There are one or two unparliamentary mutters heard upon the platform, and then the belated ones arrive, and the rehearsal proceeds. Detached portions of the scene of the first act are set, and those not immediately engaged in the current scene scatter themselves about, and converse often in such loud tones that remonstrances from the stage-manager are called for. But this is only during the earlier period of the rehearsal. Soon everybody is regularly at work.

Mr. Eric Lewis, who has been hovering about in the wings, now makes an imposing entry, and comes down the stage to sing a capital satirical song, beginning "I'm a judge of a modern society sort," and having a spirited refrain, which is taken up by the chorus. After this Mr. Hayden Coffin, who is to represent an amorous Captain of Life Guards, comes down to the footlights to try over a sentimental ballad, upon the subject of which he has some discussion with the author and manager, and let us hope that they will all have their way.

"How do you like doing this kind of thing?" I ask Mr. Owen Hall, as he comes to ascertain an outsider's opinion of the song under discussion.

"Never enjoyed anything so much in my life. Nobody is satisfied with his or her part, consequently I am everybody's worst enemy; and now George Edwardes, in his anxiety to make everybody happy, has promised to interpolate about twenty-eight fresh solos in the second act, which will necessitate the entire reconstruction of my story and the rewriting of my dialogue. He is so good-natured."

And as the genial manager sits, smoking his cigarette, and listening with satisfaction to Miss Lottie Venne singing with delightful humour "I am favourably known as a high-class chaperon," one can almost believe the author's little fiction.

"All our visitors must be somebodies," says Miss Venne.

"Must be somebodies—that's a cue," shouts Mr. Edouin. "Why doesn't somebody come on?"

"Must be somebodies!" echoes Mr. Malone. "Now, Gaiety girls, Miss Massey, Miss Selwick, Miss Robinson, where are you?"

Some artificial female laughter is heard up the stage.

"Well, why don't you come on?" shouts Mr. Edouin again.

And then it occurs to the three handsome ladies to make an appearance. They have not taken the cue properly, and they are sent back to repeat the entrance and the laughter until these come in their right places. Miss Maud Hobson, the Gaiety Girl, is, however, up to time, and immediately enters heart and soul into the business of the rehearsal; but, then, she is the heroine and has a capital part.

It is remarkable how little enthusiasm is generally forthcoming at rehearsal. Miss Decima Moore and Harry Monkhouse sing a duet of delightful humour—she arch and piquant, he admirably droll—and when it is finished, in place of the vociferous applause which it is sure to evoke from an audience, there is a little quiet consultation. "That's all right." "Think it'll go?" "Yes, I think so." And then on to the next piece of business.

"Count four and then kick; kick on the four," suggests Mr. Edouin. And they dance, all counting "One, two, three, four—one, two, three, kick," and so on.

"That's the third four you've counted," says Mr. Monkhouse.

Miss Venne, Eric Lewis, and Harry Monkhouse—that is, the titled widow, the judge, and an army chaplain—have just sung another spirited

trio, and they are in difficulties about the ensuing comic dance, a somewhat elaborate measure.

And now a lilting tune is played, and Mr. Hayden Coffin sings almost *sotto voce*, but with much picturesque gesture, a song about the virtues of the British soldier, Tommy Atkins's chorus being taken up by everybody on the stage. George Edwardes is enthusiastic. "Did you ever hear a better song than that?" he asks with a conviction that defies an answer.

Miss Selwick next rehearses her skirt dance, the accompanying piano being kept in time by the stamping of Mr. Edwardes's foot and an occasional cry of "Quicker, quicker!" from the dark-eyed dancer.

And now for the dramatic finale of the first act. Miss Juliette Nesville comes down to where Miss Hobson is sitting, and surreptitiously places an incriminating diamond comb in her pocket. Then, after Miss Hobson has stood proudly on the dignity of a Gaiety girl, she prepares to go and find the comb. "What's this?" she exclaims. "A diamond comb in my pocket. I wonder how it came there?" Miss Nesville is by her side in an instant, suggesting that, as the jewel was in her pocket, and doesn't belong to her, presumably she stole it, a remark which throws the entire company into a state of consternation, and brings on Mr. Hayden Coffin and the sentimental interest. But something is wrong. The incident doesn't quite "go," somehow or another. So they go back, and do it over again, and yet again. Mr. Edouin orders a little alteration in the "business," Mr. Owen Hall suggests that one of Miss Nesville's lines might be made more dramatic by the elimination of a preposition or two, and so gradually the scene arranges itself, and they work up to the climax and the final tableau, showing the Gaiety girl tearing herself away from her lover's arms, and striking an agonised attitude on some raised wooden planks, which on Saturday night will represent a grassy lawn.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, half an hour for lunch," says Mr. Edouin; "but," he adds, with the foresight of managerial experience, "don't make it three-quarters."

And very soon the stage is almost cleared, one actress—oh, such a pretty one!—remaining behind to ask Mr. Edwardes for a better dressing-room than the one allotted her; another, with a rose-bud of a face, stays to request that her part may be written up and a song given her, though apropos of what would be difficult to imagine. But who could refuse that coaxing look?

Mr. George Edwardes is talking in his most persuasive mood to a clever young actor. "Why, my dear fellow, yours is a splendid part; you are the most popular officer in the regiment; you are the best shot, the best rider, the best polo-player, the best—"

"Yes, that's all right," interrupts the young actor; "but I don't get any shooting, or riding, or polo-playing to do—at least, in the first act."

"Wait till you see the second, my boy," says the clever manager.

And we all go out to lunch, leaving the theatre, with the long, white, ghostly dust-cloths covering the auditorium, empty and silent, till, after the half-hour's interval, the strident voice of the call-boy shall summon "Chorus and principals for the second act, please." M. C. S.

## A MINER WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE.

It was a terrible imprisonment that Richard Davis suffered for forty-seven hours in the Dolcoath mine, 412 fathoms beneath the earth



Photo by J. Burrow, Camborne.

RICHARD H. DAVIS.

surface. About a hundred men were engaged in the rescue work, and after a great deal of weary waiting they managed to reach Davis, who alone of the imprisoned men was alive, and strange to say he was apparently little the worse for his long incarceration. His safety depended on the fact that a portion of a stall, a framework of board, in which he was found, remained intact. As the exploring party neared the place, one of them crawled underneath the fallen timbers and grasped Davis by the hand, saying, "How are you, old fellow?" to which the former cheerfully replied, "Getting on all right, but feeling a bit grubbish." He was carefully drawn out, and, after receiving some light refresh-

ments, was quickly removed to the surface, where further refreshments were administered. Unhappily, he could give no information respecting his comrades.



## SISTER VICTOR.

"Sister! A visitor."

Sister Victor, who was busily engaged carving at a table in the centre of the ward, looked round with a scrutinising glance as the rosy-checked probationer drew her attention to my figure in the doorway, and came forward courteously to learn my business. When I explained



SISTER VICTOR.

that I had no excuse for interrupting her, but insatiable curiosity to learn something about her work, her bright face lit up with a pleasant smile.

"I am glad to see you. Visitors are always welcome, and I only wish we had more. Fortunately, you have arrived in time to see a ward dinner served. If you will take this low chair while I finish carving, I shall soon be at liberty to answer all your questions."

As she spoke she pointed to a chair by her table, of which I availed myself, and returned to her work; while I noted how eminently the blue plain dress and snow-white cap suited her slight figure and thoughtful, refined face.

"Roast lamb, chops, and two vegetables for all on full diet," she explains during an interval in the carving. "Soup or fish for our greatest invalids. They have their choice as far as we can allow them. We cook all our chops up here, so that they may be served as hot as possible. A half-cold chop is an abomination."

While chatting, the Sister glances ever and anon comprehensively round the ward, and notes how each patient is progressing with dinner, and her sympathetic directions and remarks to her assistants leave no doubt in my mind that she is as capable and kind as she looks. Dinner is served with scrupulous care and rapidity, and when the last portion of the rice pudding has been allotted, and with a few words of encouragement to those who are failing to do justice to their fare, we pass into an adjoining ward, and I wait while the diet table is written out. Then she turns and says in her brisk, energetic manner—

"Now I am at your service. This ward is also under my charge, and the little operating theatre," and we stroll in the direction of a room which looks a trifle gruesome.

"I have everything to superintend in here, prepare for operations, keep all the instruments in order, and clean them myself; and you shall see there are not a few," and, opening drawers and cupboards, she discloses rows of instruments, kept with exquisite care.

"Hard work, is it not?" I query.

"Yes, certainly," she replies quickly. "Hospital nursing is very hard work sometimes; but, then, we are not allowed to enter till we are twenty-five, and we have ample opportunity during our probation of judging if we like the life or not. If we do not, we are not bound to stay. I have never been so happy in my life as here, though before entering as a probationer I had a very good time, and was abroad every year. I never found anything to complain of during my training, and each year the nurses have their comfort

more studied. We have regular work, regular meals, and regular rest, and I consider we are fifty per cent better off than many women who marry on small incomes, and whose daily drudgery is never done."

Sister delivers her opinion so forcibly that I am constrained to remark, "You apparently think your life a happy one?"

"Yes, distinctly so. I am devoted to it. I will not say the hospital is perfect, but we do our very best. Every large public institution is open to suggestions for improvement, but when you consider the in-patients alone last year numbered over 9000, and our expenditure, despite every care, far exceeds our income, you will have some idea how difficult it is to make improvements. The first thing we need is improved funds, and the rest will follow. Matron's one care and thought is the comfort of her nurses, and she has already done much for them and will do more still when the public realises that it is not criticism but cash we need."

"Have you not more privileges than the nurses?"

"Yes, a few; but, if we have less actual work, we have more responsibility and anxiety, and each probationer has the same chance of becoming 'Sister.' Now, will you come over to the Home? We shall just be in time to see the nurses at dinner. Such a pretty sight!"

We hurry down numberless corridors and wards, all spotlessly clean and comfortable, and find ourselves in a stream of nurses, all bound for the dining-hall. As we mingle with the throng and overhear their remarks and chatter, I realise that the late comments on the London Hospital have not only served as a dish for the dull season, but afford a vast amount of amusement to the nurses themselves, who treat the whole matter with contempt.

"You can judge for yourself if the nurses look happy," Sister remarks. "At any rate, they are not low-spirited, despite their wrongs. In a large body of women it would be a wonder if we had no grumblers."

"How do you do, Sister?" It is a pretty, fair-haired nurse who encounters us by the doorway. "You are quite a stranger here."

"Yes; we have come round to see you dine."

"See the fiends feed, you mean. I look starved, don't I?" she remarks to me, with a rippling laugh, holding out a decidedly well-covered arm. "Do you know what the Sisters are called?"

"No."

"Peripatetic inkstands. Good-bye. I am quite ready for dinner."

With a bright smile, she registers her name, and makes one of the number who surround the carefully laid tables, on which are lemonade, milk, stout, and ale, and each nurse takes which she prefers, while the "Home Sisters" are carving and looking after their comfort. After lunching, we wander back to the hall door, for Sister has to return to her duty, and I remark that it reminds me of schooldays.

"Yes," promptly replies Sister, "that is exactly what it is; a huge school, which one must enter with an ideal, and with a sympathetic nature, for it is a life of self-denial; but then we do so much good, and our patients are so grateful, that we have our reward. Good-bye! Come again as often as you like. Visitors are as much welcomed by my patients as myself."

A hearty handshake and a pleasant smile, and Sister's slight figure disappears from view, and I am left wondering why all the sensible women bury themselves in hospitals when they would be such a boon in every-day life.

## BETWEEN NORTON BRIDGE AND STAFFORD.

Is it rude for two people to sit and look at each other in a railway carriage?

There were green grass fields outside and yellow cornfields. There was Izaak Walton's old house with a blazing sun in each window. There was a shiny river edged with strandy water weeds. There were gardens dressed in hollyhocks and sunflowers, and inside there was only us two.

If a very white-headed old man and a very bent old woman had sat where we did they would have seen the fields and the river and the gardens. The old man would have taken off his spectacles and the old woman put down her bag of soft biscuits to look at them. The old man would admire the view, and never even see what coloured eyes the old woman had—whether they were hazel or really brown, and he would not speculate as to the length of her eyelashes, or wonder if she had two dimples or only one, and the old woman would keep her eyes on the landscape and be quite indifferent as to the sit of her bonnet.

Then, perhaps, they would talk a little, and they would say what a slow train it was, and how tired they were, and they would get out when the train stopped, and he would potter off one way and she another, and straightway they would forget each other. These two people would be old and wise, and they would know that the colour of a woman's eyes or the length of her eyelashes, or the number of her dimples, or even the sit of her hat, are matters of no importance. They would shrug their shoulders and say it would be all the same in a hundred years.

But youth is different. A young man thinks the brown of a woman's eye and the red of a woman's cheek and the black sweep of a woman's eyelashes are very vital and most beautiful things, and a young woman thinks—oh! well, a young woman thinks of her hat. When I am a bent old woman and he is a white-haired old man, I hope we may never meet in a railway carriage. I do not want us to see the flowers and gardens; I want us to see each other. I would rather look inside and be young and happy than look outside and be old and wise.

S. E. S. E.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Some little stir was caused in Rugby circles by the transference of Fred Cooper from Newport to Bradford. Naturally, Welshmen suspected that this was a little bit of Yorkshire professionalism, but, according to Mr. Cooper, he first approached the Bradford club, simply because he was giving up his employment in Wales for a better situation in Bradford. Cooper is a flying wing three-quarter, but I fear he is on the light side for the heavy programme of the Yorkshire club. Judging from the form of Bradford this season, they will require more new and good blood if they are to make a respectable appearance in the Yorkshire Senior Competition. Up till last Saturday Bradford had not won a single match, and some of their defeats have been of the most crushing order.

Among the more promising of the Yorkshire clubs this season, Liversedge takes a strong lead, while Halifax is also playing a good, consistent game. Huddersfield appears to be on the down grade, notwithstanding that they have recently imported from other counties Boak and Forsyth.

I am pleased to see that Blackheath have made a successful start, and that they intend to give the four three-quarter system a thoroughly good trial. Howard Marshall has promoted himself from half-back to centre three-quarter, where he looks like turning out an immense success. Quite a number of the London clubs are going in for the Welsh formation. Middlesex Wanderers intend to play four three-quarters regularly, and Kensington have also given the system a trial with encouraging results. Last year, in this column, I made a prophecy that in a couple of years' time the four three-quarter system would be general throughout Britain, and, judging from the rapid strides it is making in all parts, I am more confirmed in my belief than ever. Welsh clubs have done great things with it with indifferent resources, and I am perfectly certain that with the material which English clubs have to draw upon their efforts, if persevered in, will meet with even greater success than that of the Welshmen.

The clubs in the Lancashire competition are showing rather in-and-out form. Salford, who won the championship last year, are by no means playing so well as their friends could desire, and Swinton have not started with that dash which carried them to such a high place last season. Oldham, however, have shown a distinct improvement on their last year's play, and, with a little luck, will take a lot of beating. Warrington are going strongly, while Broughton Rangers and Wigan are surprising their friends by their brave show. Gates, in Lancashire, appear to be on the big side, for at the recent Oldham and Swinton match £263 was drawn. This is not bad for a mining district at the present time.

## ASSOCIATION.

The overthrow of a popular Government is as nothing in certain sections of the community when compared with the downfall of a popular League club. It is then that the real foundations of the Empire, whatever and wherever these may be, are shaken to the roots. Good old foundations! Good old Empire! In the awful calamity that befell Sunderland, the champion League team, at Everton, the other day, politics and other popular questions were all forgotten. It has been said that Home Rule holds the field, but that is all nonsense. On this occasion Everton held the field, and that, too, in such a manner that Sunderland, the pride of the north, the "team of all the talents," were beaten by seven goals to one. With one exception, this is the biggest thrashing that Sunderland has ever received in a League match. It is difficult to account for such a serious fall of the champions. It is true they have not been going very gaily since the start of the season, but up till the Everton affair they had not been defeated in a League match, and their friends were sanguine that the club was as strong as ever.

The club of the season, so far, has been Sheffield United. Admitted to the League for the first time this year, their career has been a perfect marvel. They won five and lost one out of their first six matches, and, judging from the way they have played, both at home and away, the Sheffielders look like having a fair look-in for premier position. What a contrast is the position of the United when compared with Wednesday, the other Sheffield League club! The Wednesdayites won only one out of their first seven matches, and are still at the bottom of the League table, although I think they are too good a club to remain there long.

Is the popularity of the Association game on the wane? We are constantly being told that it is, but figures do not bear out this view.

At the recent meeting of Sunderland and Everton £634 was the sum taken at the gate, which is only some £60 short of the highest on record. In the south of England I know the game was never half as popular as it is to-day. Woolwich Arsenal, although only a second-rate club, can draw 12,000 spectators on a Saturday afternoon, and quite a third of that number on a week-day. Other clubs who have good gates are Millwall Athletics, London Caledonians, Old Westminsters, Clapton, and Crusaders. The leading clubs in some of the smaller towns like Chatham, Luton, Swindon, Wolverton, Marlow, Reading, and Maidstone can all count upon their followers by thousands. Professionalism has not made much headway in the south of England up to the present, although it is stated that a professional team has been got together to play at Wembley Park, Willesden, the seat of Sir Edward Watkin's great tower. I have no doubt that a good professional team in London would pay, but it would require to be in the heart of a populous district, and not in a cold, neglected shade like Willesden.

## CYCLING.

Is it worth while writing down, or, as they call it, "chalking up" cycling records? The ink is hardly dry on the last record before a fresh one is created. Last week I had to speak of a certain young Pope, who encompassed the mile in 2 min. 5 sec. This was hardly good enough to last more than a day or two, and so A. W. Harris came along



"WELL STOPPED!"

at Herne Hill the other night, and knocked four-fifths of a second off Pope's record. At the same time he reduced the half-mile record to 1 min. 2 1-5 sec. It was only last week that I said that the man who first accomplished the mile in two minutes would immortalise himself, and I hazarded the prediction that, if not accomplished this season, it would be done next year for a certainty.

I am a greater prophet than I knew or intended. On Oct. 4 Willie Windle, of Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., is said to have accomplished a flying mile in 1 min. 58 1-5 sec. Although this feat lacks confirmation, I am disposed to believe that it is perfectly correct, for Windle has been known as a record breaker and one of the fastest men in the world for several years. What I should like to know is whether he accomplished this feat without any artificial aid, such as being screened from the wind by a trotting sulky, which would also act as a pacemaker. It is doubtful whether cycling has yet reached anything like its top speed, for hundreds of busy brains are working every day on new inventions connected with the wingless courier of the air. A pneumatic hub is one of the latest notions. It is said to be a good thing.

Another Brighton-and-back record has gone wrong. W. W. Robertson, of the North Road and Stanley, covered the double journey from London to Brighton and back—distance, 104 miles—on a tricycle, in 7 hrs. 24 min. 2 sec. This, too, in spite of a punctured tyre and heavy rains.

The Essex Beagles, who hold the Southern and National Cross-country Championship, have arranged a splendid programme for the coming season. Two open steeplechases have been decided upon. The first will be held at Forest Gate on Nov. 25, and the other at Grays on July 13. The Southern Championships will be held this season on Feb. 17, and the National on March 3. The Beagles look forward to the coming season in the full expectancy of retaining the double championship.

OLYMPIAN.



## HALF-AN-HOUR WITH MR. F. H. COWEN.

When Mr. Frederic Hymen Cowen first went to Italy, in the days of his ardent youth, he had conquered no artistic worlds, and was beset with no Alexandrine pining for new spheres to vanquish by the magic of his art.



But a man need not necessarily be an Alexander in order to indulge in the luxury of dreams. And young Cowen dreamed—of a musical *tour de force*. He had never forgotten Piccolomini's performance in "La Traviata," which he saw at the age of five. Nay, more. Had not Henry Russell encouraged his childish interest in musical sounds? And had he not completed the music to an opera, entitled "Garibaldi," at the mature age of eight summers? *Aut Caesar, aut nullus*. He would write a grand opera to an Italian libretto on that lachrymal subject, "The Lady of Lyons." But, although the aspiring young Cowen had sketched the outlines of the work, the music was never written; he formed charming acquaintances and a few friendships instead. The reason was that the Italian libretto never proved entirely satisfactory. That incident in his career occurred nearly twenty

years ago, and now the youth, become master, is returning to the land of song and macaroni, to produce his much-debated "Signa" in musical Milan.

Mr. Cowen, when he was born at Kingston, Jamaica, on Jan. 29, 1852, at once began to breathe an artistic atmosphere. But the West Indies had not enough chromatic oxygen, as Mr. Gilbert might say, to sustain his vigorous nature, and accordingly, at the age of four, the generical home of raw sugar and "Old Jamaica Rum" knew him no more. He brought his parents to England, to essay his fortunes amid more congenial surroundings—or, rather, it would, perhaps, be more correct to say that he enlisted the services of his paternal progenitor as a primary essential in that important adventure. But to pass from the mood Pickwickian to the tense immediate, if Mr. Cowen has since given to the world some charming symphonies, it is a happy circumstance that his early environment was distinctly symphonic. As I sat and chatted with the popular composer in his cosy study at Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, a few days ago, nothing was so ubiquitous as that placidity which is the passive mood of obvious success. The story of Mr. Cowen's artistic career has been told before in contemporary musical literature, but the circumstances of the moment make its repetition in brief singularly appropriate.

The initial bent to Mr. Cowen's life may be said to have been given when his father, after his arrival in England in 1856, became treasurer of Her Majesty's Theatre, then under the direction of Mr. Lumley. But Cowen *père* was not a man of one part. He still found leisure to serve Lord Ward (afterwards Earl of Dudley) as secretary for the long period of twenty years. Lord Ward, himself a discriminating lover of music, perceiving the artistic precocity of his secretary's son, took a keen interest in young Cowen's melodic talents. This was just the refreshment that young genius needed, and the Earl revealed his own wisdom by selecting Julius Benedict and John Goss for his mentors. Thus, in 1860, when only eight years old, we find young Cowen commencing serious study under the former master for the pianoforte and under the latter for harmony. At twelve he could play Beethoven's sonata, Op. 106, completely to Benedict's satisfaction. So far back as 1863 dates the record of his first public appearance—at the "Bijou Theatre," inside her Majesty's—even when he was winning the approving opinion of the critics. The year 1865 found him entering the Conservatoire at Leipzig to study the pianoforte under Ignatius Moscheles, harmony under Moritz Hauptmann, and composition under Reinick. From that date his work assumed a more important character. He soon gave the first-fruits of his higher studies to the world—to wit, his first string quartet and his maiden essay for the orchestra, an overture

in D minor. Some songs, too, about this period betrayed, even at that early date, traces of his felicity in that branch of his art to which now adheres no small portion of his popularity. The Austro-Prussian war alarms led to his return to England in the winter of 1866-67, and when he revisited Germany a little later it was to enter the Conservatoire of Professor Stern at Berlin. There he continued his pianoforte studies and studied composition under Friedrich Kiel. The turning point in Mr. Cowen's career may be said to have come in 1869—a great year for him—for at the age of only seventeen his first symphony, a work full of promise, was honoured with public praise. In due course came "The Rose Maiden," followed by commissions from the Liverpool Philharmonic Society and the Norwich Festival Committee. But it was not till 1872, at the Norwich Festival, that he publicly wielded the baton and established the versatility of his talents. Then followed a break in events, occasioned by his visit to Italy, the visit of his ambitious dream. He roamed through Venice, of course, and after leaving Italy added Sweden in his travels. The year 1876 saw him again at work, and "The Corsair" Cantata was the result. Then came "Pauline," for Carl Rosa's English Opera, and, after a visit to the United States for the benefit of his health, the now famous Third Symphony in C minor, "The Scandinavian." The period of transition was now over, and Mr. Cowen took acknowledged rank among contemporary English composers. There is little need to retrace the familiar ground of his later experiences. His brilliant endeavour to establish the Saturday Orchestral Concerts on a sound financial basis, the origin of his orchestral suite, "The Language of Flowers," the production of the "St. Ursula" Cantata, his visit to Vienna—for the first performance, under Hans Richter, of the Scandinavian Symphony—his appearances at Budapest and Stuttgart to conduct his favourite work, the number and order of his many songs, the birth of "The Sleeping Beauty," the coming of the oratorio "Ruth," and the production of Symphony No. 5 at Cambridge by the University Musical Society are at this date as familiar as so many household words.

If one other phase of Mr. Cowen's career remains, it is the right he has established to rank among the conductors of the century. It was as far back as 1880 that he was appointed conductor of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden; but he was soon to be invited, when the post of conductor of the London Philharmonic Society's Concerts fell vacant by the retirement of Sir Arthur Sullivan, to follow in the wake of Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Wagner, Costa, and Sterndale Bennett. His visit to Melbourne to undertake the musical direction of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition may be said to have established a epoch in musical history. So determinedly had the Antipodeans set their hearts upon enlisting him in their service—Mr. Cowen had then entered his name for the Principalship of the Royal Academy of Music, rendered vacant by the death of Sir George Macfarren—that they added to their enticements the unprecedented sum of £5000. Accordingly, Mr. Cowen sailed for the Land of the Fleece in May 1888, taking with him "A Song of Thanksgiving" for chorus and orchestra, which he had composed for the opening of the Exhibition. In Australia he was lionised in one long round of banquets, fêtes, and receptions, and when the farewell performance of "Ruth" was given in Melbourne he was literally pelted with flowers. For the rest there is little more to add. Returned to England, he once more set himself hard at work on composition, and in the following December the "St. John's Eve" Cantata was heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Then followed another opera, "Thorgrim," for Carl Rosa, the composition of which was due to a commission the impresario had given him the year before. And at last we have "Signa," which was written originally for the Royal English Opera. The fate of that establishment led to its indefinite postponement. At one time Mr. Cowen arranged for its production in the garb of an Italian translation at the Carlo Felice Theatre in Genoa, but he was again doomed to be disappointed. Now, as I have said, he is forsaking us for a while, and hieing him away to the softer delights of Milan.

These were the salient facts I gleaned during our conversation, and then from the purely personal we drifted into the reflective mood.

"No," mused Mr. Cowen, "I do not know that I have any startling episode to relate. I have never starved; but I have had my difficulties and my uphill fights. I have always worked hard."

"And now, in the heyday of gratified achievement, which do you consider the most representative of your works? Dickens, you know, loved his 'David Copperfield' best," I suggested.

"Well, I do not know. The work that is considered most representative of me is the Scandinavian Symphony; but I consider that the Symphony in F, No. 5, is the finer work."

"Then, as to the influence of master on pupil—I do not mean as between teacher and student, but in the higher sense—which of the masters do you think has exercised the most influence over you?"

"That is a very subtle point to determine. It is a very difficult matter to examine one's own work in such a connection. I endeavour to be influenced by no one, and try to be as individual as I can. Whether I am influenced by anyone is not for me to say; beyond that, I am influenced by the modern development in music."

"And the modern spirit in the popular sense, how have you found it express itself in response to your work at the Promenade Concerts during the past seven weeks?"

"Ah, the concerts at Covent Garden have been of very great educational value."

"Which nights do you think have drawn best—the purely classical?"

"Well, I should think the Wagner nights have drawn the best,

[Continued on page 585.]



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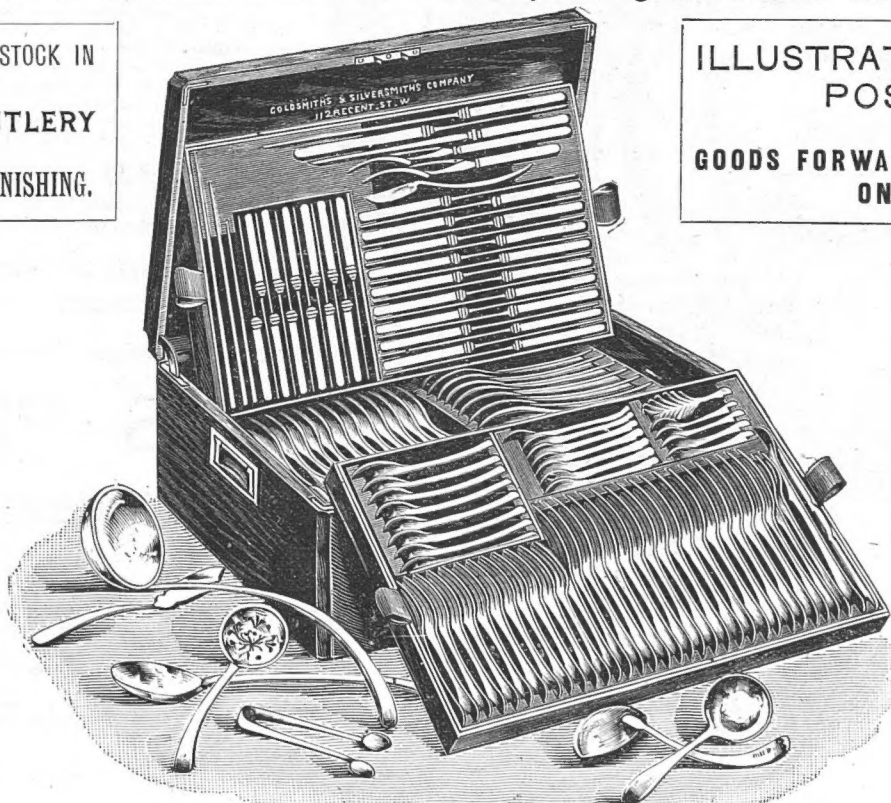
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## DANGERS OF AN EXCESS OF FAT.

An excess of fat not only becomes burdensome and unsightly, but a positive evil; an accumulation of it may occur between the muscles upon the heart, causing embarrassed respiration, or around the kidneys, and persons in this condition are not only rendered uneasy in themselves and unfit to discharge the various duties of life, but are extremely liable to disease in the vital organs. Those suffering from *polysarcia omenti*—that is, an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat—sometimes several inches in depth, carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to the disease known as fatty degeneration of the heart and liver.

The former is the deposition of particles of fat within the *sarcolemma*, substituted for the proper muscular tissue. If the fatty degeneration exists to any amount, the muscular walls present a yellowish colour, and the heart is soft and flabby.

This may be confined to one ventricle, or it may affect the inner layer of fibres, the outer layer remaining unchanged. The degeneration of the left ventricle occasions feebleness of the pulse, and the heart is enfeebled in proportion to the disease. Difficulty in breathing is one symptom of this disease, especially when the right ventricle is affected. Symptoms resembling those of apoplexy, such as pallid surface and feeble circulation, have been observed in persons who have died of this affection.

The above we extract from the book of a well-known writer on obesity, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," an interesting little book which is well worth reading, and only costs six stamps, post free. A person need no longer be abnormally stout, thanks to the vegetable discoveries of this gentleman, who has done much to assist those who suffer from the demon obesity, and has completely refuted the theories of some of the most eminent medical men, who frequently prescribe an alarming change of diet of the most nauseous character, depriving the forbearing victim to stoutness the usual drink which he has been accustomed to take. It seems marvellous that he can accomplish even greater reduction of weight

than other specialists who prescribe a doubly drastic treatment, and to do so with simple harmless roots is the most praiseworthy. It is a curious fact that that his patients generally eat more after losing weight, which shows that starvation is not the orthodox treatment.

The following are extracts from other journals:—

## HOW TO CONCEAL OBESITY.

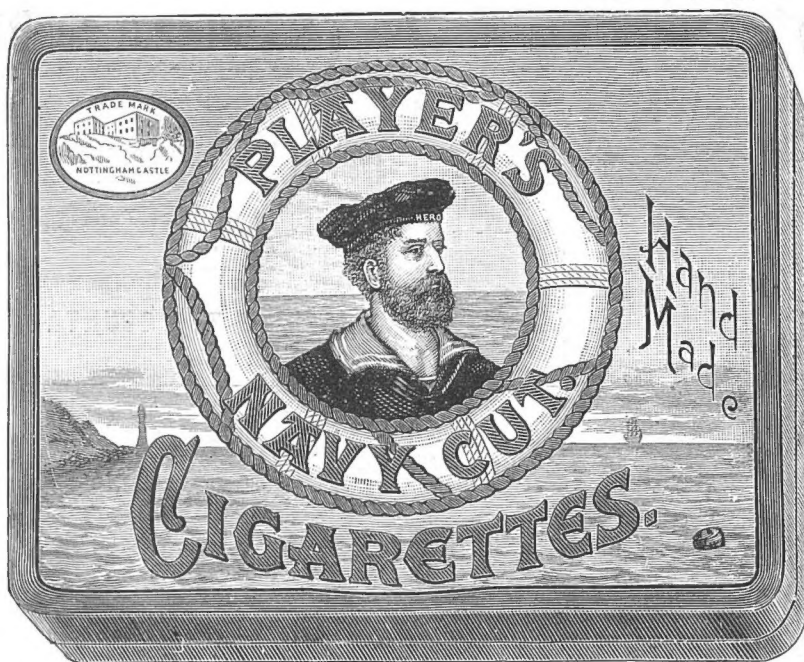
The stout lady is always asking what she shall wear in order that she may appear less bulky. She should not wear tight-fitting tailor-made suits; rosettes should never be worn at her belt, either at the back or front; no lace or ribbon ruffs about the neck, though a soft feather one is permissible if it have long ends. A short skirt will give a queer, dumpy look, which is particularly undesirable. The hair should never be low on her neck; it should be high, and arranged with great smoothness. Strings of beads round the neck are prohibited, and if her fingers are short and fat even rings should not be worn. After all, this is only a makeshift, although large sums are paid by fashionable modistes for artistic designs and blending in order to conceal *embonpoint*. What seems to escape the notice of the stout lady is the fact that the cost of the trickery with the dresses is more than she would have to pay for a real and actual reduction of weight. Thanks to modern chemistry, or rather botanical research, it is not unusual for a stout person to lose in weight 7 lb. in a week, and with a rapid return to perfect health, losing that oppressive feeling which troubles stout persons. As much as 4 lb., in rare cases, have been lost in twenty-four hours. A stout lady, due to attend a garden party, say, in a week's time, would show most perceptibly that she had reduced her weight, for when under Mr. Russell's treatment in particular, the medicine first attacks the parts which are most prominently obese, and she would appear considerably attenuated without the aid of the dressmaker. Many ladies ruin their constitutions by living in a state of semi-starvation to keep their weight down. There is not the slightest necessity, for Mr. Russell, the author of the well-known work, "Corpulency and the Cure," frequently finds that the person eats more, although perhaps losing from 2 lb. to 4 lb. a week; and the decoction, which is absolutely harmless, is a most pleasant, refreshing drink. As this paragraph

may have interested lady readers, the address of the publishers of the little book, which only costs six stamps, may be given here. It is "Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C." This book is most interesting and useful.—From *Midland Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 12, 1893.

## A POSITIVE CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure," and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The Editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a Marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am 'just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'—*Cork Herald*, Aug. 27, 1892.

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## LADY'S PICTORIAL

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK  
INTERESTING TO LADIES.



although we have had really serious music in the first part of every concert each evening. If you went through the file of the programmes I have here, you would see that each evening's programme contains a great deal of classical music. We call Wednesday the classical night, but every other evening has been equally entitled to be so designated, so far as orchestral music is concerned. And the audiences we have had have not been Promenade Concert audiences at all in the old sense of the word. There has been no promenading. The audiences have come at the commencement, and have stayed to the end; they have absolutely listened to every note. Their thoughtful appreciation has been remarkable."

"From all which you gather that the popular taste is improving?"

"Well, I think, given the opportunity, it would improve, because this experience is proof of it. Although the concerts have, of course, been under the management of Mr. Farley Sinkins, the entire details of the programme have been absolutely in my own hands, and it is only by the continual variety which I have been able to give to the public that this fact has been rendered obvious. And it is because I have had an orchestra which has been able to play everything, in many cases with comparatively little rehearsal, that we have been able to give the people this variety. Candidly, I believe there is no other country, no other city in the world, that could give such programmes as we have been giving in the same space of time and under the same conditions."

"How does this contrast with your experience elsewhere?"

"Let me give you a typical case—that is, my experience when I went to Melbourne to conduct the concerts at the Centennial Exhibition in 1888. There were two concerts daily for six months. They were under the direction of the Government, who spent many thousands of pounds; the object being educational, the rendering of the best music in the best possible manner was desired. And the public responded wonderfully, remembering that the field was comparatively barren soil. We used to see the same faces day after day."

"Now, as to the long postponed 'Signal.' Do you go to Milan next month to personally superintend its production?"

"Yes."

"And on your return?"

"We shall start weekly orchestral concerts at the new Queen's Hall, in Langham Place, as a winter series. The Queen's will really be the finest hall in the kingdom."

"And then?"

"I am going to start work on a new opera almost immediately, so that I shall have my hands pretty full. My latest work is that which has been produced at the Norwich Festival this week, 'The Water Lily.'"

"May I lift the curtain on your method in working?"

"Well, I am sometimes a long time in starting. Frequently I am three or four weeks, or longer, before I get the idea of the picture, and comprehend the whole thing in my mind. But when I set to work I work very rapidly, and I work very hard—that is to say, when I am engaged on important work I stick to it for weeks or months until it is finished. Then I may lie fallow for a month or six weeks, and do comparatively nothing, with the exception, perhaps, of a few little songs or compositions of that kind. In my early days I found I could work far into the night, but for the past few years I have never worked beyond twelve or one o'clock. If I am engaged on important work, however, I often write from ten in the morning until eleven or twelve at night, breaking the spell only for meals and a short constitutional. Eleven to twelve hours a day I often work, for weeks at a time. In music, you see, it is very difficult to explain how one works, or when the ideas come. Of course, the same principles apply to music as to all arts—that is to say, ideas grow gradually, and you obtain certain points of support. For instance, in writing you very often get an idea for certain parts of the whole, and then you work up to it or back from it, as the case may be. At other times you can begin at the beginning and go straight away. In music much depends upon whether you are writing purely orchestral music or composing to words, because in the case of words your music must be inspired absolutely by their theme. Even in the case of song composition I always take my words first, and closely study them to obtain their full meaning, and then I wait for the appropriate idea to come. And what is applicable to song is, of course, applicable to a much greater degree to an opera or a cantata."

"And when not composing, your form of relaxation is—"

"Books and a taste for humorous poetry, of which I have written a considerable quantity. But I am a very great lover of books, and, as you see, I have a rare *penchant* for first editions. I have very nearly the whole of the 'firsts' of Dickens and Thackeray, and of the humorous works of Leach and Cruikshank, the Cruikshank collection, indeed, being very large."

"And you have some mementoes, I see."

"Yes; that gold-mounted bâton came with the first performance of 'Ruth.' And I prize a number of beautiful addresses and testimonials I received at Melbourne, together with souvenirs of different kinds I have received from various friends. Portraits, you see, I have without number, both of people in the profession and out of it; but, strange to say, I have a very small musical library."

In this pleasant form of conversational saunter we might have continued for another hour; but the minute was approaching when Mr. Cowen must hurry away to Covent Garden, and with a hearty farewell I left the genial composer to his books, his manuscripts, and his piano.

E. A. T.

## "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The British mission to Afghanistan, led by Sir Mortimer Durand, reached Cabul on the 2nd inst., after a journey of eighteen days from Peshawur, which is only 170 miles away.

The mission received a splendid reception at Cabul. Troops lined the way to the city for some miles, and the Ameer sent his five private carriages to meet the officers. On the parade ground in front of the city about 1000 infantry presented arms, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The members of the mission are staying at Indaki, the palace of the Ameer's eldest son. The Ameer himself, who is residing two miles away in the valley to the west, sent a present of one hundred trays of fruit and confectionery covered with brocades and embroidered velvets, and also some bags filled with specimens of the new Cabul coinage.

The native Indian press now regrets its opposition to Sir Henry Norman's appointment to the Viceroyalty, and suggests that he should reconsider his decision.

Sir A. P. McDonnell, K.C.S.I., of the Bengal Civil Service, has been appointed an Ordinary Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, in succession to Sir Philip Perceval Hutchins, K.C.S.I., who has retired.

The Opium Commission is to meet at Calcutta on Nov. 15. No member will draw a salary or remuneration of any kind, but will be allowed only travelling expenses. The Commission will, possibly, be able to submit a report in March.

The revenues of Victoria and Queensland for the past quarter show decreases on the corresponding quarter last year of £250,000 and £60,000 respectively. The revenue of South Australia shows an increase of £9000.

Some idea of the extraordinary character of the retrenchment policy in Victoria may be gleaned from the fact that the Government has decided that the clock towers of country post-offices are in future to be left in darkness.

Madame Antoinette Sterling has again been distinguishing herself in Melbourne in opposing the amendment in the Crimes Act which would weaken the legal protection accorded to girls. The proposed alteration, she said, would make the Act a "damnable law." The *Argus* declares that throughout the proceedings she was emotional to an hysterical degree. "I am a spirit," she told her admirers at one point. When special words of thanks were being spoken of Madame Sterling she pushed the astonished chairman back in his seat, and protested against any thanks to herself as unnecessary.

Mr. Ernest Favenc takes a new view of the Australian native in the current issue of the *Geographical Journal*. Evidence tends to show, he thinks, that had the self-education of the aborigines not been sharply arrested by the invasion of the European, many tribes, at any rate, would have attained a fair social grade, though others might have remained stationary.

Great damage has been caused in New Brunswick by floods. Many extensive farms have been submerged, and the crops in some parts have been quite destroyed.

The Emigrants' Information Office states that work is very scarce in New South Wales. In Western Australia the main feature of interest of late has been the gold-mining industry, and in the south there is an excellent opening for vine-growers with a little capital. The most hopeful note is sounded from New Zealand, where, though the recent arrivals have been so numerous that there is no pressing demand for more, yet the country has so many resources, and the population is still so small that anyone arriving with the knowledge of a trade and with a little money should do well.

South Africa, according to an Austrian economist, may be looked upon as a permanent source of gold. At present the output is increasing rapidly. Whereas, from 1871 to 1883 the total production did not reach 16,000 kilogrammes, it is expected that three and a-half times that quantity will be produced during the present year, placing South Africa at the head of all gold-producing countries.

The Mashonaland difficulty is not being removed, according to the latest reports. Seven thousand Matabele have passed north-east from Fort Victoria, firing on the police of the Chartered Company of South Africa.

The Chartered Company's troops comprise three bodies of 300 mounted men each, stationed at Forts Salisbury, Victoria, and Charter respectively. The men are well officered and provided with machine guns on galloping carriages. There are about 200 men at each fort.

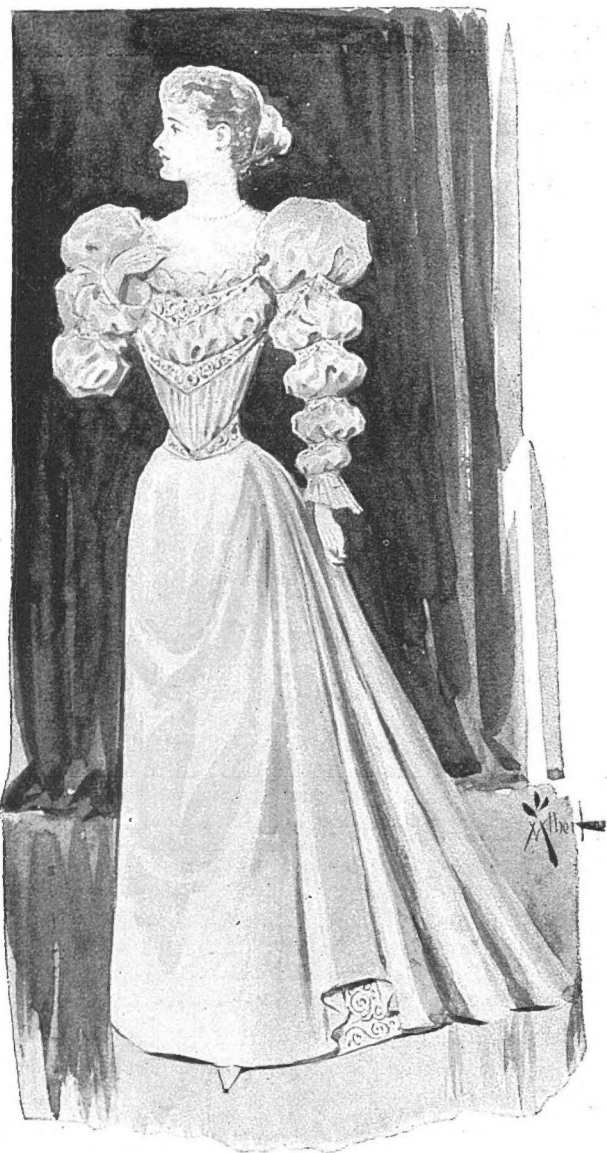
Troubles are also brewing in British West Africa, for it is reported that the Ashantees have defeated the Coranza tribe, and are now threatening the British Protectorate.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Midway in a rapid walk down Regent Street I was arrested by the sight of a veritable poem in colour, a harmony between nature and art—a huge copper vase was filled with clusters of leaves wearing autumn's gorgeously shaded livery, while for background were softly draped folds



of velvet, reproducing faithfully the exquisite shades of the leaves—the deep golden yellows, warm reddish browns, and rich terra-cottas and crimsons. It was one of the most effective and beautifully carried out ideas which I have ever come across, and I think it will be hardly necessary to say that the window before which I stood spellbound with admiration was Liberty's, or that those wondrously hued fabrics were Liberty velveteens.

Under the circumstances, I thought that the very best thing to do was to go inside and make closer acquaintance with these delightful materials, so in a shorter space of time than it takes to write the words I was feasting my eyes on velveteens in every imaginable shade and colour, but colours which appeared in quite a new light to me, softened, deepened, and beautified almost beyond recognition. I never saw before such tender, lovely shades of green, such warmth of russet browns and golds; but there, description is hopeless, and I can only tell you that if you want to enjoy a feast of artistic colour you should go and look at these Liberty velveteens. You need not think, either, that they are beyond the reach of modestly filled purses, for they are only four shillings a yard, though absolutely similar in appearance to the most costly silk velvets.

Once inside those lovely rooms, it was quite an impossibility to go away without some souvenir of my visit in the way of sketches and descriptions of some of the daintily beautiful garments, which are among Liberty's latest productions, so I want you, with the help of the sketch, to try first of all to imagine an evening gown of tea-rose yellow Liberty silk, the gracefully draped skirt caught up slightly at the left side, to show an under petticoat ornamented with bands of gold embroidery. The bodice

is becomingly arranged in puffs, divided by embroidered bands, and the long sleeves, finished off at the wrist by soft frills, are formed of a series of five puffs, caught in by bands of silk, embroidered to match. The delicate colouring and the charming simplicity of this gown make it an ideal garment for a young girl.

The tea gown, which is more elaborate, but equally beautiful, is of rich Thetis brocade, in a lovely shade of green, fitting closely to the figure at the sides, and with a gracefully hanging Watteau back. The front is composed of soft silk in a paler shade of green, embroidered at waist and foot with silk in the two shades, while the revers are turned back with the silk, and the sleeves, with puffs of the brocade at the shoulder and elbow, have prettily shaped cuffs, lined with silk. A full chemisette of white gauze, drawn into an embroidered collar, completes a perfectly beautiful garment.

The new evening cape will, I am sure, find favour in your eyes—it is so delightfully soft and light, and will slip on so easily over any costume, quite apart from its prettiness, which is self-evident. It is made of Liberty velveteen in any desired colour, and has a gauged yoke and full front of soft silk, across which is fastened a daintily embroidered strap. The turned-down collar and shoulder cape are embroidered to match, and the effect altogether is charming.

It would be manifestly unfair to exclude the children from some participation in the good things, so on their behalf I have got a sweet little coat of sage-green Pashmin cloth, made full and straight, and with yoke and shoulder frills of velvet, the full sleeves being also finished off with velvet cuffs. With it is worn a little Puritan bonnet of cloth to match, turned back with velvet, the whole forming an eminently seasonable and becoming outdoor garment for a little girl, as most mothers will, I think, allow. I also fell promptly in love with another cloak, destined for some fortunate small person; it was of olive-green Liberty velveteen, the turned-down collar and double shoulder cape edged with cord, and the lining being of golden peach-coloured silk. Then, again, there was a child's cloak in grass-green "Kamil" cloth.

